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MAKERS OF
NINETEENTH-CENTURY EUROPE



PRINCE METTERNICH.

MAKERS OF NINETEENTH-CENTURY EUROPE

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INTRODUCTION

ACCEPTING Nationality and Democracy as the two greatest influences in the political history of nineteenth-century Europe, this book attempts to illustrate the workings of these forces in the period from the end of the Napoleonic wars to the close of the century by sketching the lives of the leading figures in the process of nation-making and the development of democratic government. It does not include figures from the history of Great Britain because, although Britain shared, and indeed led the way, in the development of popular government, her history followed a course of more continuous and gradual political and social evolution, a course which cannot without distortion be fitted into the plan of Continental European history. Likewise Russia, at the other extreme of Europe politically as geographically, did not follow the general trend of European development, being half Asiatic, as Britain is half Oceanic.

These biographical sketches are meant to be illustrative, complementary, and to a lesser extent introductory, to the history of the period. They do not provide a complete outline of that history, which may be followed in numerous histories and text-books. At the same time, since the sketches are mainly those of the statesmen, rulers or leading figures of the various European countries, a good deal of the histories of these countries is necessarily incorporated. They focus it, however, round the individuals mainly concerned with the various movements of the age, gaining thereby the additional human and personal interest which biography gives to history. It is believed that, for example, the work of Bismarck in Germany, or of Mazzini in Italy, will be rendered more interesting, and even more intelligible, by being placed in a biographical setting, due regard being given also to the placing of that work in national and European history. The limited space available in

the ordinary short histories of Europe for biographical details of even the greatest of men involves the loss of the human interest which such biographies provide.

Yet a mere collection of isolated biographical sketches of European figures would lose half its significance and convey little to the reader, were the lives unrelated to each other and to the general trend of events. Since the volume aims to illustrate the main political and social tendencies of the century, it has been divided into three parts (with an interlude on Napoleon III between the second and third) corresponding to the three main epochs in the history of the period. First come the Legitimists and Conservatives, who held sway in Europe in the era after Waterloo, from 1815 to 1848. Then follow the idealist leaders of the revolutions of 1848, and the story of their abortive efforts to secure national unity and democratic institutions in their different countries. Their efforts having failed, the career of Napoleon III supervened for France. Elsewhere comes the story of the "Nation Makers," the statesmen of Italy, Germany and Hungary who liberated and unified their countries. With the addition of the work of Gambetta in the formation of the democratic republic in France we reach the close of the great changes of the century in the political institutions of Europe. To each of these sections of the book has been prefixed an introductory note explaining the significance of the characters chosen in the general movement of the age.

The nature of the first period (1815-48) is largely determined by the victory over Napoleon and the French Revolution, and by the terms of the treaties and the settlement of Vienna. Most of the ruling figures in Europe had either been in exile and were now restored, or had shared in the fight with and overthrow of Napoleon, or, like Metternich, had helped to build up the coalition against him and to make the terms of the final settlement. They were almost without exception opposed to further change of any sort; for the Liberal and Nationalist sentiment evoked by the Revolution they had no sympathy. Their attitude is illustrated by the careers of the Bourbon rulers of France, Spain and Naples, of the Austrian Minister Metternich, and (a little later in date) the citizen king of France,

Louis Philippe, who, after accepting a very mild infusion of Liberalism in the French Constitution, showed himself as opposed to all further change as the Bourbons to whose place he succeeded.

But although the settlement of 1815 secured peace in Europe for a time, neither that settlement nor its supporters could suppress indefinitely the forces making for change. The revolt of the Central and South American colonies had its effects in Europe; the Greeks fought for and finally secured their independence from Turkey; Belgium revolted from Holland and secured her separation, thus making a great breach in the sacred act of Vienna; Poland rose, though in vain; in Italy, largely through the efforts of Mazzini and his followers, there came the demand for independence, unity and political liberty; Germany could not be expected (save by Metternich) to forget entirely the enthusiasm for unity generated in the war of 1813, and a new school of Liberals, with a radical fringe, began to demand a free German parliament, and popular assemblies in the separate states; whilst in France, home of revolution, were heard both the echoes of the old voices and a new voice which Karl Marx was just beginning (in the Communist Manifesto of 1847) to tune to a keener, sharper note, the voice of the industrial proletariat demanding its "rights," the right to work and the right to subsistence, as well as the right to vote.

The year 1848 seemed to promise the fulfilment of these hopes. A democratic republic which guaranteed the "right to work" arose in France; in Italy Lombardy and Venice expelled the Austrian whitecoats, and the rest of Italy sprang to arms to help, with shouts for unity and constitutions; Mazzini the prophet appeared to be a true prophet even in his own country. In Germany a national parliament sat in Frankfort, the Hohenzollern king of Prussia rode under the national banner, and constitutions rose mushroom-like over the country. In Austria national conventions proclaimed the rights of Magyar and Slav, and the streets of Vienna echoed to the catchwords of democratic government. The careers of Lamartine, of Mazzini, of Kossuth, and of the group of Nationalists in Germany, illustrate the hopes and ambitions of the ecstatic moment. But they also illustrate the sequel. The way was not so easy as these enthusiasts believed. They over-estimated both their

own strength and political wisdom and the virtues of their fellows, and they under-estimated the strength of the forces they had apparently so easily overcome. Strife, disillusionment and disaster followed in quick succession. In Italy, Germany and Austria the old governments and the old methods were restored by force, leaving minor (though not unimportant) results from what had promised so fairly. And France by the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon (December 2nd, 1851) appeared merely to have crossed by way of the Second Republic from a monarchy in which there was some political liberty into an Empire in which there was none. The leaders of 1848 were forced to follow the way their princes had gone, many of them to die in their exile. Lamartine was only saved from the same fate by the fact that he was no longer of any account in French politics. The United States was enriched by the men for whom Europe in the reaction found no place save a prison or a gallows.

There followed a decade of reaction. Yet before that ended Cavour in Italy had taken the corner-stone which Mazzini rejected, the constitutional monarchy of Piedmont, and with no loss of time began to build his Italy. With the aid of Garibaldi and many lesser men, he built so speedily and so well that before his death in 1861 the structure of the union was completed save for Venice and Rome ; these were to be added within the next ten years. Meanwhile in Austria, following the defeat at Sadowa in 1866 by Prussia, Deák the Hungarian by his wise persistence ended the humiliation of his country and secured the famous Compromise which created Austria-Hungary, not a mere change of name, but a real recognition of the long-contested claims of the Magyars to govern themselves under a Hapsburg wearer of the crown of St. Stephen. For Germany, Bismarck in a little over eight years hammered out a federal union under a predominant Prussia whose boundaries he widely extended, defeating and expelling Austria, and finally completed the process by sweeping the Bavarians and Württembergers of South Germany into line with Prussians in a conquering march over French soil which ended with the proclamation of the German Empire at Versailles. It was the most significant political achievement of the nineteenth century, and on it, and on the manner of its making, turned the main developments of the next generation. Not least significant of the events which

made up Bismarck's triumph was the downfall of the Napoleonic Empire in France. The "vacancy of power" which ensued left room, after a struggle, for the fulfilment of the democratic and republican aspirations which now again, and more strongly than in 1848, seethed and fermented in France. With the passing of the Constitutional laws of 1875, and the victory over MacMahon in 1877, Gambetta's vision of the Republic seemed on the way to be realised. Despite weakness and many perils it was to survive and to prove that, as Thiers said, of all forms of government the republican caused least division amongst Frenchmen.

The process of the formation of nation states and government by popular control was not yet complete in Europe. It was to be advanced and completed by the war of 1914-18. But to this side of the history of the nineteenth century the work of Cavour and Deák, Bismarck and Gambetta sets a natural term. In them the statesmanship of the century reached its height. For their successors we have to advance into the new century, and it is yet too soon to estimate fairly the value of the work of men many of whom are still alive.

I

LEGITIMISTS AND CONSERVATIVES



INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THE year 1815 saw the final and complete overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo, and the resettlement of Europe by the allied powers—Great Britain, Russia, Austria and Prussia primarily—at the Congress of Vienna. From that year until 1848 Europe saw a period of comparative calm, not free from minor changes (as the separation of Holland and Belgium) or minor revolutionary efforts (as in France, Spain and Italy), but without great wars and preserving the terms of 1815 largely unchanged. Great Britain, after her gigantic efforts in the revolutionary and Napoleonic wars, now turned to the task of setting her own house in order, and save in moments of crisis took a smaller part in European affairs.

The settlement of 1815, though made against the revolutionary and Napoleonic triumphs, did not completely restore the eighteenth-century system in Europe. Thus whilst Poland was again partitioned amongst Russia, Prussia and Austria, most of Italy redivided amongst its princes and the Pope, and the Bourbons restored in France and Spain, Germany found herself divided into thirty-nine instead of over three hundred states, the Netherlands were not restored to Austria but were joined to Holland, the republics of Venice and Genoa were not restored, and Prussia was given the guardianship of the Rhine against any further aggression by France. Further, whilst the central and eastern European Governments showed little sign of any change, in France a constitutional monarchy

after the then English model was set up, Spain had for a moment the semblance of a Constitution, and even in Italy, though the Pope might suppress street lighting as dangerously modern, things did not quite go back to the conditions prevailing before 1789.

Thus whilst all the restored monarchs looked to the *ancien régime* for their inspiration and models, and detested the revolution and all its fruits, some of them were more reactionary than others. Ferdinand of Spain, his cousin of Naples, and Charles X of France represent the type of ruler who sought as nearly as might be to ignore the fact that a revolution had ever taken place; they were men who had "learnt nothing and forgotten nothing."

Other men, like Metternich and Louis XVIII of France, though possessed by the same hatred of the revolution, had the sense to realise that they could not put back the clock. They accepted the settlement of 1815 and strove to maintain it. Louis of France, warned by the triumph of the Ultra-royalists in 1816, displayed both wisdom and moderation in accommodating himself to a France which had passed through so many changes during his absence of over twenty years. And Metternich, the outstanding figure of the age, bent all his energies to conserve the settlement he had helped to make. In Austria, in Germany, in Italy, he struggled against those "poor dreamers" and "fools" (as he called them) who were not content with things as they were. He regarded himself as a "lantern" to guide the feet of the rulers of Europe, and enjoyed for some years the confidence and co-operation of the Czar of Russia and his own Emperor, whether through the semi-mystical Holy Alliance, or in the congresses held between 1815 and 1823 at Aix-la-Chapelle, Troppau and Verona. Thus he was able to check revolt in Italy and stifle Liberalism in Germany with no small success for some years.

But as time went on Metternich saw the "repose" he regarded as the ideal condition for Europe threatened more and more by forces old and new, which he was unable to comprehend, much less to sympathise with, until in 1848 the outbreak of revolution left him no recourse save hurried flight to England. There he was joined by other refugees of kindred spirit, not least amongst them Louis Philippe of France, whose

reign led up to and finally precipitated the February revolution there. For Louis Philippe, and Guizot with him, had been equally blind to the signs of the times, and their policy of inaction proved as fatal to the July Monarchy as the more vigorous efforts to go against the stream had proved to Charles X and the Bourbons eighteen years earlier. With the revolution of 1848 a new chapter in European history was opened.



THE CHANCELLERY, VIENNA.

METTERNICH

IN the long period of comparative peace which followed the departure of Napoleon to St. Helena, the most outstanding figure in Europe was that of Prince Clement Metternich, Chief Minister of the Austrian Empire from 1809 to 1848. Alexander of Russia was more powerful, Canning more farseeing, Casimir P rier an abler statesman, but Metternich overtopped all the other great figures of his age both in the length of his public career and in the extent of his influence. So much so that historical writers still refer to "Metternich's system," as obtaining in Europe after 1815, as if he created a policy or method of government for the whole Continent. That is perhaps an exaggeration; Metternich neither originated any system of government for Europe nor did he so control the destinies of its different states as to give strict truth to the phrase. Yet its coinage and currency are significant.

We shall best see Prince Clement Wenceslas Nepomuk Lothair Metternich at one of the almost innumerable conferences he attended as Chief Minister of Austria in the years after 1813, or at his house at Vienna, next door to the Imperial palace, or taking the waters, a custom he helped to encourage, at Carlsbad, or Baden, or Ischl. Metternich loved Congresses as he loved conversation, not least his own. He was tall and handsome, with a fine brow and large clear blue eyes, making an impressive and dignified figure. No man wore his many orders and ribands with a better air, for he had learned how to

do this under the *ancien régime*. He was well aware of the flutter his appearance made, and thoroughly enjoyed the sense of his importance. For there was a large spice of vanity in his composition. "It was singular," he wrote complacently from the Congress of Verona, "to see how my appearance caused the greatest expectation amongst all the different parties." "I cannot stir," he remarked in Vienna, "without making a sensation." Yet he was, of course, no fool. He liked Congresses in part because he appreciated and knew how to use for his own ends the social opportunities they presented. He had long ago learnt to engage what feminine influences might be available ; only when the ladies were old or plain, as at Aix, where he found the English ladies "more or less old, *i.e.* between fifty and sixty, quite youthful for London," did he prefer to fill in his evenings with whist.

An Englishwoman who stayed in Vienna in 1816 tells us how his soirées there "begin at ten and last until two or three in the morning . . . the society there is select and chiefly diplomatic. Early in the evening Metternich would walk up and down the room, discussing diplomatic affairs with those who wished to consult him." But the Prince had other than diplomatic attractions, his visitor found. His "elegant address, courtly manners, and deep politeness, joined to a fine person, at once prepossess strangers and secure the affection of those admitted to a closer intimacy. A sparkling wit which never wounds, an easy gaiety which inspires those who talk to him, and the gift of drawing out whatever is agreeable in those with whom he converses (thus making them pleased with themselves) may be used in the Cabinet for political purposes, but it is in intimate society that these gifts inspire an attachment, often feigned but seldom felt, for an absolute Minister. Prince Metternich is beloved to an extraordinary degree by all who do not smart under his diplomatic talents. He is universally admitted to be the most amiable man in Vienna."

The man whom Lady Frances Shelley thus describes was then in the prime of life and power. His arrival at this point, and the views he held, need some explanation. Metternich was born in 1773, four years after Napoleon. His father was a member of the Rhenish landed aristocracy, and held the office of ambassador to the Rhenish elector-princes for Austria. So

Clement grew up in the atmosphere of the *ancien régime*. The French Revolution found him a student at Strassburg, where the violence of the mob gave him a first and wholly unwelcome taste of what revolution meant. The upheaval soon touched his family more nearly, for the most valuable estates of the Metternichs were on the west side of the Rhine, and so were swallowed when revolutionary France made the Rhine its boundary on the east. Some compensation the young man found in Vienna, where he removed in 1795. By his marriage to the granddaughter of the great Austrian Minister Kaunitz, the first of his three wives, he secured the *entrée* to the best society of the capital, and the hope of advancement in the profession of diplomacy which he had chosen. He gained experience as Austrian representative at the Congress of Rastadt, and in turn at Dresden and Berlin. Meanwhile he had travelled further afield, visiting England in 1794. The advent of Napoleon gave him no more reason to welcome the course the revolution was taking in France, but as a rising diplomatist he knew how to make himself agreeable when necessary. So after Austerlitz he represented Austria in Paris by Napoleon's special request, and as Foreign Minister of the Empire in 1809 he helped on the marriage alliance of Marie Louise with the French Emperor. Yet time showed that he was only waiting for the opportunity to seek revenge and compensation for the country he had seen four times defeated, partitioned and expelled from Germany and Italy by the same evil genius. In due course the opportunity presented itself: Metternich was able in the famous interview at Dresden to tell Napoleon that he was a lost man, and to help to prove the truth of his assertion. He drew up the Austrian war manifesto of 1813, represented her in the complicated negotiations of the last coalition, and played a foremost part in the settlement of Europe which was worked out at the great Congress held in his capital.

The nickname of "the butterfly Minister" which he gained there told only part of the truth. If he fluttered about, gayest of the diplomatic throng in days when diplomacy was gayer than it is to-day, finding time to have the familiar portrait painted by Lawrence, he never for a moment lost sight of the ends he had in view, above all of the aims he had for Austria. And he secured a settlement which, on the whole, was tolerably

satisfactory for his country. Nor was it without reward, as well as honour and renown, for himself. For his services in overthrowing Napoleon, and as compensation for the estates lost earlier, the Allied sovereigns presented him with the magnificent estate of Johannisberg on the Rhine, which had formerly belonged to the Church; he was given a portion of the indemnity imposed on France after Waterloo; and the Czar recognised his services by an annual pension of 50,000 francs, increased by half by his successor. Thus 1815 marked the triumph of Metternich's efforts against the Revolution, and his own elevation to a chief place in Austria and Europe. For the rest of his life Metternich's prime concern was to uphold the settlement he had helped to make, and for this purpose to prevent any revival or suggestion of a revival of the Revolution, in France or elsewhere. Where Bismarck after 1870 was visited by the "nightmare of coalitions" Metternich, after 1815, had his "nightmare of revolutions"; secret societies were anathema, radicalism was but another term for revolution, its cousin liberalism was gravely suspect.

Metternich a few years after 1815 drew up for his own ruler and for Alexander of Russia what he called his "Confession of Faith," an analysis of the evils of the day as he saw them, and the remedies he advocated. It is of interest as illustrating both his views and the style of his writing, though the fact that it was written to guide the policy of two emperors must not be forgotten. To-day, he argues, "kings have to calculate the chances of their very existence in the immediate future; passions are let loose and league together to overthrow everything which society respects as the basis of its existence; religion, public morality, laws, customs, rights and duties are all attacked, confounded, overthrown or called in question. . . . Presumption makes every man the guide of his own belief, the arbiter of laws according to which he is pleased to govern himself or to allow someone else to govern him and his neighbours; it makes him, in short, the sole judge of his own faith, his own actions and the principles according to which he guides them." So, and to much greater length, does Metternich paint his gloomy picture. To avoid the chasm which yawned in front of society, Metternich demanded, or advised, "respect for all that is; liberty for every Government to watch over the well-

being of its own people; a league between all Governments against factions in all states; contempt for the meaningless words which have become the rallying cry of the factious; respect for the progressive development of institutions in lawful ways; refusal on the part of every monarch to aid or succour partisans under any mask whatever—such are happily the ideas of the great monarchs: the world will be saved if they bring them into action, it is lost if they do not.”

Pruned of the rhetoric which enveloped this expression of his views, as it did most of his writing, Metternich's political aims after 1815 were fairly simple. He was a Conservative. “Stability” was his watchword: “the basis of modern policy is and must be repose,” he once declared; “a bulwark of order” is his own description of himself. Yet Metternich was no blind reactionary; he can hardly be counted amongst the Ultras; he was defensive rather than aggressive, and showed no militaristic zeal for winning fresh gains. He would compromise with his conservatism to secure an end. Much as he abhorred revolution, he prevented Russian intervention to put down the revolution in Spain, because such intervention would upset the balance of Europe set by the treaties. He was prepared to countenance reform in Austria, and even in Italy, because he saw the danger of refusal. For despite his professions, Metternich was no theorist, but a diplomatist and a statesman.

The political conditions in Austria in and after 1815 provided further guidance for his conduct. In the purely domestic affairs of the Empire, Metternich's influence was less supreme than abroad, even when in 1821 he became Chancellor of the Imperial House, Court and State, the position he held to 1848. The Emperor maintained more control there; other men contended with him for power; and he was ready to give up influence at home to secure fuller control abroad. “I have often governed Europe, but never Austria,” he once remarked in exile. Yet it was, of course, Austrian interests he pursued abroad. The Empire in 1815 had made good her losses in territory during the long wars with France, but she cannot be said to have gained materially in strength or ease of control. The exchange of the indefensible Netherlands for North Italy gave in the long run no added strength. She was made up of many races—Germans, Slavs of different types, Rumans,

Italians and Jews, all of whom save the Germans and the Jews had other centres of loyalty than Vienna. Whilst Austria was socially and politically still in the eighteenth century, unaffected as yet by either the economic changes which were revolutionising England, or the social and political ideas developed in France, nowhere in Europe were democratic or nationalist theories fraught with more danger to the existing autocratic and centralised system of government than in Austria. Metternich knew this very well, and much of his fear of revolution or political movement of any kind was due to fear of their effects in Austria. "Austria," Castlereagh had discovered in 1814, "is both in army and Government a timid Power." The year 1848 was to show, not indeed that her army was timid, quite the contrary in fact, but that to an empire constituted as Austria continued to be, revolution could be as dangerous, as fatal, as Emperor and Chancellor feared.

So established by his work in helping to bring about the downfall of Napoleon and the resettlement of Europe, and with no shadow of doubt as to the correctness of his views, for Metternich was not apt to be troubled with doubts about himself or his work, the Austrian Minister set out on the long stretch of comparative calm which was to end with the thunderclap of 1848. The struggle against Napoleon had united the great states of Europe, save France, and Metternich saw no reason why this alliance should not continue to watch over the interests of peace and order in Europe, guided preferably by himself. There were difficulties in the way, from the "factionous" elements he described in the passage quoted above, from the mixture of imperialist ambition and religious mania in Alexander of Russia, and from the regrettable refusal of England to march with him along the path of safety. Whilst he did not master all of these difficulties, he was so far successful that his fame and influence rose still higher in the years immediately following 1815, and the dread demon of revolution, if not killed, was kept underground for the most part.

The difficulty with Alexander he overcame most easily. Austria became a member of the Holy Alliance, product of Alexander's religious mysticism, but to Metternich the society, whose members swore to govern their relations with each other and their respective kingdoms by the precepts of the Gospels,

was "a loud-sounding nothing," and its pledges "verbiage." But he could not afford to fall out with the most powerful monarch in Europe, who was also a close neighbour to Austria, and so he sought to convert him to his own clearer views, humouring him meanwhile. Events helped him. Alexander's Liberal theories were never very securely enthroned in his mind, and were not in any case meant for application at home. A rude shock was enough to overthrow them. In 1819 Kotzebue, a Russian agent, was assassinated by a half-mad student in Germany. A year later the heir to the throne of France was likewise murdered. A military revolt in Spain was followed by a regimental uprising in Holy Russia itself. Metternich struck while the iron of Alexander's mind was heated by these events, and after a famous interview the Czar recanted his unsound views. Henceforward his might and his convictions were on the side of stability and its apostle in Europe. He burned, rather to Metternich's embarrassment, to crush revolution in Spain or in Italy by Russian arms. The declaration he signed with Austria and Prussia at Troppau in 1820, that they would interfere by force if necessary to put down revolution in Europe, marked both the extent and the rapidity of his conversion. And it may also be regarded as the high-water mark of Metternich's influence on European politics.

With England he was less successful. Of the first of these post-war Congresses, that at Aix-la-Chapelle, Metternich could write: "I have never seen a prettier little Congress . . . our affairs, the rough as well as the smooth, ran as if they went of themselves." But at Troppau, next year, neither Great Britain nor France would sign the agreement regarding intervention, and the adjourned conference at Laibach (1821) increased rather than lessened the breach. The last of this group of conferences, that of Verona, ended all Metternich's hopes of common European action against uprisings whether in Spain or the Balkans. The death of Castlereagh and the succession of Canning made clearer still what had been begun by the former. Metternich regretted the change; Castlereagh, he lamented, "had learnt to understand me, it will be years before another reaches the same stage of confidence." Canning offended both by word and deed. "Every nation for itself and God for us all," left no room for the co-operation Metternich

looked for. And when Canning followed up expressions of this kind by recognising the independence of the revolted Spanish colonies in America, and of the rebellious Greeks at home, he became to Metternich a "malevolent meteor," rending in its flight the seamless fabric of the European confederation. Never again in Metternich's day were its rents to be mended.

In the affairs of Germany and Italy Metternich's interest after 1815 was close and constant. Germany he knew and liked far better than Italy. He had grown up there, he travelled and lived there from time to time. He entertained the Emperor Francis himself at Johannisberg, and he had other property there, besides his several estates in Austria and one he bought in Bohemia. "I have estates which I have never seen, and amongst them some which I hear travellers describe as Paradise," he pleased himself by writing on one occasion. He was always planning and embarking on large and costly alterations and improvements which took years to complete. But his interest in Germany was far greater than that of a landowner. Austria had been the head of the Holy Roman Empire, which included Germany, and Metternich had had the largest share in making the German Confederation of 1815. He had been careful for Austrian interests in so doing, shelving the proposals for a really unified Germany, and setting up a loose union, with a federal Diet or Parliament of which Austria had the Presidency, but with no worked-out constitution, no civil or military executive, and no federal judiciary. True, the Diet was supposed to work out a Constitution, but Metternich saw no reason for haste in that; the predominance of Austria was better secured as things were; and he had other work for the federal Diet, chiefly the suppression of any signs of revolution in Germany.

Germany was not as quiet as he would have liked. The fervid Nationalist sentiment aroused at the time of the War of Liberation against Napoleon was not satisfied by the settlement of Vienna, and there was also a certain Liberal element in Germany which had to be reckoned with. Prussia, fortunately, gave no trouble. Frederick William III had, it is true, given a promise to introduce representative institutions in Prussia, but he displayed no anxiety to fulfil his pledge, and the death of Hardenberg in 1822 brought an end to the danger there for a

time. Nor did Prussia make any attempt to supplant Austria in Germany; the slow-developing *Zollverein* (Customs Union) was no cause of friction as yet. It was rather of the smaller states, chiefly some in the south-west of Germany, that Metternich had cause to be anxious. Six of these had, to his annoyance, granted representative institutions in the few years following 1815. The Universities were not so placid as befitted institutions of higher learning. The *Burschenschaft*, or Student Association, if not quite so dangerous as a secret society like the Carbonaro, had, he considered, a dangerous influence over young Germany. And when, in 1817, it held festival at the Wartburg where Luther had lived, making perfervid speeches and bonfires of symbols of authority, he thought the matter serious enough to bring up at the Conference of Aix in the next year. The murder of Kotzebue in 1819 gave him the handle he needed. He arranged a conference of chosen German princes at Carlsbad, which passed decrees establishing a censorship of the Press, and of both professors and students at the universities, and also set up a federal commission to deal with what they called "revolutionary conspiracy." To the Austrian Minister this conference "heralded a new era of salvation."

Triumphant for the time, Metternich could travel about Germany almost as a monarch for the next few years, interfering in the affairs of the smaller states, and crushing the Liberal elements in the Diet until it became a mere recording office for any decrees he might wish to pass. He could write to his wife, "You have no idea of the effect produced by my presence at the Diet. An affair which would perhaps never have ended has been concluded in three or four days. . . . I have become a species of moral power in Germany, and perhaps even in Europe." The comparative freedom of Germany from revolutionary movements in 1830 testified to the success of his efforts there, when all round the "contagious disease" had spread with dangerous rapidity. Twice in the years that followed did Metternich again secure fulminatory decrees against Liberalism in Germany, once through the Diet after the Hambach festival, where both national unity and even republicanism found a voice, and again through a conference called to Vienna. Gradually, imperceptibly almost, the Chancellor's hold over Germany loosened as the years went on. The

'forties saw new life welling up there, and the Chancellor had grown old and deaf. When revolution came in 1848, the Prince travelled across Germany again; but it was no longer in triumph; the name of Metternich stood for all the things against which men had risen, and he travelled in the greatest secrecy, hidden away at the back of a goods train, on his way to exile in England.

Italy, which he knew less well, gave the Chancellor far more anxiety than Germany. There Austria had secured Lombardy and Venetia, the richest part of the country, and her influence extended much further, since she had Austrian princes on the thrones of Tuscany, Parma and Modena; she garrisoned Romagna; her influence in the College of Cardinals was considerable, and the king of Naples was bound to her by secret treaty. It was Metternich who described Italy after 1815 as "a group of independent states united under the same geographical expression," by which he did not mean that they were to be independent of Austria, but that they were not to be united in any other way, since any unity in Italy would be fatal to Austrian influence there. So whilst Lombardy and Venetia were governed in a way which, by existing Italian standards, was unusually efficient and even, to a point, liberal, the rule was Austrian, and so foreign. "Lombards must forget they are Italians," was the way in which Metternich put it. But that was just what they would not do. To the Italians, with their common name, common language and common traditions waiting to be awakened, their German masters were, as of old, "the barbarians." When Metternich with his easy wisdom explained the rising of Venice in 1848 by saying, "We have bored them. A people . . . wants to be governed with a strong hand—and amused," he merely showed how little he had learnt of Italians and of government in his long period of power.

Nowhere did Metternich's fear of secret societies, to him "a scourge destroying the basis of all social order," receive more lively confirmation than in Italy. The Carbonari were possessed by a fierce hatred of Austria, and in 1820 brought about uprisings in Naples, Sicily and Piedmont. Metternich gained the sanction of the Holy Alliance to repress the rising in Naples by Austrian troops, so ushering in, he declared, "the dawn of a better day" in Italy. But the stiffening of Austrian rule in

Lombardy only brought greater hatred for it there. When the revolution of 1830 broke out in France, the Austrian Chancellor recognised the danger in Italy, remarking, "It is there that the revolutionary impulse will unquestionably tend to spread." Spread it did, though disjointedly, and not in the Austrian provinces. Again Austrian troops crushed the uprising, this time in the Papal States. At first seeming the Austrian triumph and the Austrian rule remained almost undisturbed for the next seventeen years. Actually her position gradually worsened, as the new movement embodied in Mazzini spread, until all Italy united in detestation of the "system of Austria." And the man associated most closely with that system was, of course, Metternich. In fact Metternich was himself to some extent a slave of the system, which was based not merely on the danger to the whole Austrian Empire of revolution in any one of its many parts, but also on the stagnant policy of the Crown, whose motto was, "let sleeping dogs lie." Yet Metternich was Chief Minister, and when the storm broke in 1848, Italy was the last place for him to take refuge in.

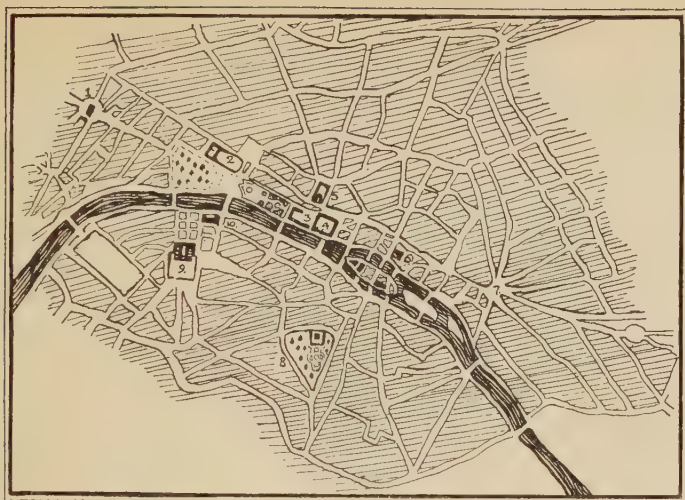
The decline and fall of the Austrian Prince Chancellor need no long accounting: the decline was as gradual as the old age which crept over him; the fall came with dramatic suddenness. The change of Emperor in Austria in 1835 weakened his position; rivalries at Court and council table became more serious as his own powers declined; growing nationalism in Bohemia, Hungary, Italy and Germany made the old course more difficult. The Mehemet Ali crisis in 1840 illustrated the way in which his prestige in Europe had fallen. He had long ago declared that the Greek insurrection was "beyond the pale of civilisation." But that insurrection succeeded, and now this new crisis was settled by Russia and Great Britain; never again was the Austrian Chancellor to hold the position he had occupied in 1815.

When 1848 came, both Minister and Empire seemed to be in danger of extinction. But systems outlast individuals: Austria, though badly shaken, survived for two generations; Metternich fell to rise no more. When the cries of "Down with Metternich" rang through the streets of Vienna on March 13th, 1848, the old Chancellor shrugged his shoulders. But as the clamour spread he resigned, not without dignity, and wisely

fled next day by devious routes to seek refuge in the land of whose government he most disapproved, whose people, save a chosen few such as Wellington or Castlereagh, he had declared to be "slightly mad." People were madder still in Vienna in the summer and autumn of that year.

Yet Metternich was more fortunate than some of those who were forced to fly into exile at that time. In due course the reaction triumphed in Austria, and after a stay in Brussels, where his bad health had driven him from Richmond, he was able in 1851 to return to Vienna and live again amongst his own people. Power and office he did not recover, but he lived in much comfort and some repute in his pleasant villa on the Landstrasse, with its grounds where he could busy himself, as of old, with improvements. After the death of his first wife he had married the daughter of an artist in Vienna, but she died in little more than a year, and he married again, this time a Hungarian lady of good family, Mélanie, Countess Zichy-Ferraris, who lived until 1854. His favourite daughter, the beautiful Princess Marie, painted by Lawrence, had died in early womanhood, and other children also to his great grief, for he was an affectionate father. But three sons survived him, one of them to become Austrian Ambassador in Paris, accredited to a Napoleon like his father, in 1859, the very year in which the old Prince, full of years, said farewell to the world.

Metternich pronounced judgment on himself with that mixture of truth and falsity which marked so much of his diplomacy. "I have come into the world either too early or too late. Earlier I would have enjoyed the age; later I should have helped to reconstruct it. To-day I have to give my life to propping up the mouldering edifice." No one will doubt his capacity for enjoying the life of the *ancien régime* in which he was brought up. But to see in Metternich a would-be reformer, driven by a relentless fate into the opposite camp to that into which his desires and sympathies would have taken him, demands more of imagination, and less of fact, than his record will allow. Metternich's great work was his share in the overthrow of Napoleon. It was a misfortune for his reputation and for Europe that he remained in office and in power for another thirty-three years.



PARIS AFTER 1815.

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|---------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Arc de Triomphe de L'Etoile. | 6. Hôtel de Ville. |
| 2. Palais de l'Elysée. | 7. Place de la Bastille. |
| 3. Tuileries. | 8. Luxembourg. |
| 4. Louvre. | 9. Les Invalides. |
| 5. Palais-Royal. | 10. Palais-Bourbon. |

LOUIS XVIII AND CHARLES X

It was the ever-astute Talleyrand who found a "principle" by which Bourbons should be restored to France in 1814. Elsewhere, in Spain and Italy, Bourbon and other claims to restoration presented no great difficulty. But in France not merely was there no demand for the Bourbons after a gap of a score of years, but rivals to the throne existed. There was Napoleon's son for one, and the all-powerful Alexander of Russia, who was hostile to the Bourbons, proposed a French general, Bernadotte, now king of Sweden. Talleyrand, however, argued that "a government 'imposed' would be weak. With a principle we are strong. Louis XVIII is a principle. He is legitimate king of France." So Louis XVIII came back to rule over France in April 1814, and the first treaty of Paris was signed between France and the allies a month later.

The "restored" monarch, who followed Charles II of England in dating his reign from the execution of the last king of his line, had been out of France since his flight in 1791. As an *émigré*, with the title of the Count of Provence, later that of King of France to all who followed the Bourbon lilies, he had wandered uneasily about Europe, sojourning in Russia and in Italy, until in 1807 he found an asylum at Hartwell, near London, where he lived for the next seven years, a pensioner of the British Government, surrounded by a few faithful. Now at the age of fifty-nine he returned as "King of France by the grace of God," but accepted rather than desired by the majority of his subjects. He was gouty, so fat that he moved with difficulty, and, dreadful thing for a Bourbon ruler, he could no longer ride on horseback. In this as in other things he failed to conform to his *émigré* supporters' ideas of royal greatness. Yet he was not unkingly; he had a high, a very high, sense of his own position. If he was lazy and had a dislike to business, he was shrewd enough, far shrewder than his brother Charles of Artois. A sceptic, yet with a firm belief in his "divine right" to rule, he realised, as that brother and his friends did not, that the *ancien régime* had gone for ever. "The system which I have adopted," he said in 1818, "is based on the maxim that it will never do to be the king of two peoples, and to the ultimate fusion of these two all the efforts of my Government are directed." And, unlike some of his contemporaries, he meant what he said.

Both the Allied sovereigns and Napoleon had contributed to confirm him in this sensible view. The return of the Emperor in 1815 from Elba made it clear that the French would not fight for the Bourbons. Louis was forced to fly ignominiously, and his return to Paris in July was by Allied not French effort; he came, said the unkindly disposed, "in their baggage"; "between vice and crime" (Talleyrand and Fouché) added Chateaubriand. Clearly a Bourbon anxious that his travelling days should be over must walk warily. The allies, Great Britain, Russia, Austria and Prussia, had further helped to prevent a return to the old absolutist system of government. The Constitutional Charter issued in June 1814, whilst it was, by the preamble, "accorded, granted and conceded voluntarily and by the free exercise of our royal authority," proceeded to

establish a form of constitutional monarchy after the British pattern, with a king, a Chamber of hereditary peers chosen by him, and an elected Chamber of Deputies with a restricted franchise; the king was to choose the Ministers, who could in theory be impeached by the Chamber; bills had to pass through both houses and the lower house had control of finance; Parliament was to be called and dissolved by the king, but must meet each year. The Constitution, like its English model of that date, was incomplete; much if not all the smoothness with which the new machinery might run would depend on the interpretation of the Constitution, and the attitude of the different parties towards it.

In the Charter too we find a further answer to the question whether Louis essayed to restore the *ancien régime* in other matters than political machinery. He showed, in fact, no hesitation at all in accepting the greater part of the Napoleonic state—its codes of law, its judicial system, its centralised administration, its concordat with the Church, its titles of honour and of nobility. And like that state the restored Bourbon regime took over from the Revolution such things as the division of France into Departments, the equality of all men before the law, and, not least important, the confiscation of noble and ecclesiastical estates, though where they had not been disposed of they were to return to the original owners. Louis even retained for a time the Imperial Ministers—Talleyrand, Fouché, St. Cyr, Pasquier. His Court, it is true, was organised on the model of the old régime with its Almoner, Chamberlain, Master of Ceremonies and all the hierarchy and ceremonial. But never again was the Court to absorb the life of France as it had done all too fatally before 1789.

The France to which Louis returned after the Hundred Days was a defeated country, its wealth and manhood wasted and scarred by the long and in the end disastrous wars; its soil invaded for the second time in fifteen months and now occupied by foreign troops. France had lost territory, she had an indemnity to pay. She wanted rest and repose above all things. Both to the peasants who formed the vast majority of her thirty million people, and to the middle class who saw their rivals across the Channel increasing so rapidly in wealth and power, peace and security were the primary need and desire. Divisions



LOUIS XVIII.

and party feelings existed, not all of them coherent or clearly visible for the moment either in the country or the Chambers. But whether flowing full and free or trickling underground, these streams of opinion forecast the political history of France in the nineteenth century. There were the Conservatives, led by the Ultras, who had now after long waiting "arrived"; the Liberal *bourgeoisie*, using the term loosely, who were to over-

throw the former in 1830; the Radicals and Republicans, who were in their turn to triumph for the moment in 1848 and again more permanently in 1871; and lastly the Bonapartists, whose star was to blaze out in 1851, to set at Sedan.

In the Chambers which met in the autumn of 1815, far the strongest party, with a five to one majority in the Chamber of Deputies and the preponderance in the peers, was that of the ultra-royalists, *émigré* nobles, Conservatives and landed gentry. They were, as Louis soon found to his cost, "plus royal que le roi"; to them, said their opponents, "nothing had passed save twenty-five years"; they had "learnt nothing and forgotten nothing." These men wanted not merely restoration of rights and privileges, but also vengeance, or at least compensation, for the sufferings, losses and exile the Revolution had inflicted upon them and which the Empire had not wiped out. To their political conservatism they united a strong attachment to the Church; they stood for the "union of throne and altar." Their real leader was not the king, but the king's younger brother and heir, Charles Duke of Artois, who in his succession, character and tragic end corresponded to James II of England even more than did Louis to Charles II. In earlier days he had identified himself with that extremist section of the *émigrés* which was ready to surrender country before privileges. Like James II of England, more logical and uncompromising in his claims of Divine right for the monarchy than his brother, more bigoted if more devout in his religion—he had not always been so pious—he saw as his mission the restoration of the ancient monarchy to France and of France to the Church. The Charter of 1814 he hated almost as much as he hated the Revolution: "I should prefer," he said, "to saw wood rather than be in the position of an English king." When in 1824, at the age of sixty-seven, he came to the throne, he would not rest until he had been crowned, like the kings of old France, at Rheims. Louis summed him up truly if cruelly: "He conspired against Louis XVI; he conspired against me: he will conspire against himself." So successfully did he do this, that in six years he had run his course as king, and the Revolution of 1830 closed for ever the Bourbon rule in France.

The most effective opposition to the Ultras in the early years of Louis' reign came from the king and the Constitutional

Royalists led by Decazes, the Duc de Richelieu and Royer-Collard with their "Doctrinaire" followers, who feared extreme reaction almost as much as revolutionary anarchy. They wished to "royalise the nation, nationalise the Crown." Beyond them were the "Independent" or bourgeois Liberals, men like Lafitte or Casimir Périer, opposed not merely to the Ultras but also to the more moderate Bourbon claims, though as strongly opposed to Jacobinism. Of this last there was not indeed much danger in 1815. The Radicals and Republicans, who were to father the "Socialists" of the next generation, were hardly a party in 1815, though they had leaders such as Lafayette, Foy, Constant, Cavaignac and Carnot. Nor was Bonapartism a formal creed as yet, despite the declaration of Napoleon at St. Helena during these years, that "the universe is looking at us, we remain the martyrs of an immortal cause. Millions of men weep for us and glory is in mourning."

The Ultras had their first innings in 1815, a short one, but long enough for both king and country to see their temper and aims, and to draw back. With their huge majority in both Houses they opened a "White Terror" of proscription and death, assisted by the violence of royalist mobs in the south and by the military tribunals they set up to secure safe and speedy condemnation of their enemies. To the exile of men whose names were household words in the France of the Republic and Empire they added the unforgettable crime of the execution of Ney, "the bravest of the brave." They gave back control of schools and University to the Church, abolished the divorce laws, and breathed threats of far greater breaches in the Charter, as of revenge for their injuries. But they went too fast and too far: the watching allies were disturbed; the king saw his regained throne threatened by their violence; and opinion, voice and action throughout the country condemned them. Louis dissolved their "Incredible Chamber," and in the new one the Ultras found their majority gone.

For four years Louis ruled, somewhat uneasily it is true, with the moderate royalists led by Richelieu and Decazes. They remade the army, freed the country from the foreign army of occupation, paid the war indemnity, freed the Press, secured the admission of France to the concert of Europe, and tried to

devise a satisfactory electoral law. But by 1820 the tide had turned towards the Conservatives again, helped by the reactions after the murder of the Duc de Berri, heir to the throne after the Count of Artois, and by the revolution in Spain. They returned to power, to rule over the king until his death in 1824, and over France for a decade. Fortunately for them, Villèle, now their political head as Chief Minister, had discretion. It was a necessary gift, especially after the old king, with dismal forebodings of the future, had died in 1824.

Once crowned and anointed, Charles could hasten the restoration, so far as might be, of the earlier glories of king, Church and nobles. The process was carried on more slowly than in 1815, and not without opposition, or indeed dispute amongst the Conservatives themselves. Changes in the electoral law and a free use of the administrative machinery served for a time to secure a Chamber of the right composition; and the Press censorship was restored to check criticism. The Church entered into its own; the monastic orders revived, not least the Jesuits; a Ministry for Ecclesiastical Affairs was created and the Abbé de Frayssinous put at its head; the abbé was made the head of the educational system; teachers of known or suspected Liberal views, like Cousin or Guizot, were expelled from the University, and priests were appointed to lead young France in the ways of true enlightenment. The financial prosperity which Villèle's skilful rule helped to promote was used to provide a cash indemnity for the *émigré* losses in the Revolution, a clear and notable sign of their triumph. Abroad, Chateaubriand sought to regild the monarchy with military glory; "the white cockade will take its place firmly when once it has been under fire." Hence the intervention against the revolutionaries in Spain, which brought easily earned glory. The share of the French ships of war in the battle of Navarino for years later (1827) was acclaimed by both Ultras and friends of freedom. The former even began to talk of recovering the left bank of the Rhine.

For that there was no time. The path trodden by the king and his Ministers led far away from that reconciliation of Bourbonism with nineteenth-century France which Louis had for a season aspired to bring about. Perhaps the Bourbon lilies

could never have been grafted on to the tricolour, but Charles saw no reason for trying. Neither Paris nor France appeared satisfied with the trend of events. Opposition grew from all quarters—Liberal bourgeois, Imperialist and Republican. “We are but seven within these walls,” said Casimir Périer for the Liberals in the Chamber, “but outside the whole nation is behind us.” Lamartine observed in 1828 that, “Republicanism, which I thought dead, is germinating again amongst the younger men.” The year 1827 brought a Chamber half full of Liberals. A temporary effort at conciliation by the king with Martignac as Chief Minister failed, and the calling to that office of Polignac, a notorious extremist, in 1829, was a declaration of war. The old Duke of Wellington said bluntly when he heard the news, “that means a change of dynasty”; even Metternich stigmatised the move as a “counter revolution.” The issue quickly became clear: either a *coup d’état* by the Crown to destroy the hated Charter of 1814, or a blow against the Ultras, perhaps a revolution against the Bourbon king. A dissolution and new election showed Charles by its large Liberal majority the hopelessness of trying to win by constitutional means. On July 25th, 1830, came the Royal Ordinances which precipitated a revolution. They suspended the liberty of the Press, dissolved the newly-elected Chamber of Deputies and altered the franchise again for a new election. There came first protests by journalists and deputies, then movement in the streets of Paris. The tricolour appeared; there were cries of “Up with the Charter! Down with the Ministry.” While the king played chess at St. Cloud the mob rose and seized the Tuileries, not without bloodshed. The bourgeois opposition, to avoid the republic which they saw threatened under Lafayette at the head of the Paris mob, put forward the Duc d’Orléans as a “popular” monarch, and after some hesitation got him accepted. Charles, still out of Paris and refusing to believe in the possibility of revolution, simply faded out of the picture. Too late he discovered his error. But there was no road left save that he had trodden nearly forty years before—to exile. On August 4th, 1830, he left Paris, and the restored Bourbon monarchy and its dreams passed away.



CADIZ.

FERDINAND VII OF SPAIN

PICTURE “a stout, well-built, fresh-coloured young man of twenty-three, of singularly sinister aspect. His forehead was white and well shaped, and over his dark eyes lowered conspicuously heavy, smooth, jet-black eyebrows, glossy like leeches; but it was the lower part of his face which mainly attracted attention. The point of the drooping Bourbon nose descended over a very short upper lip to the level of the straight-slit mouth; whilst the nether jaw, underhung like those of the princes of the House of Austria, stood clear out, so that the under-lip was on a level with the point of his nose.

“This was Ferdinand, Prince of Asturias, who in his own person united all the evil qualities of both his Bourbon and Hapsburg ancestors without any of their virtues: a man of undoubted ability, beloved to frenzy by a generous, loyal people, who made greater sacrifices for him than a nation ever made for a ruler; but a prince who yet, through the whole of a long life, belied every promise, betrayed every friend, repaid every

sacrifice by persecution, rewarded love and attachment by cruelty and injustice; and who thus early began by treason to an over-indulgent father an evil career which was to bring untold misery to his country and a heritage of war of which the end has not yet been reached."

Thus a distinguished historian of Spain describes Prince Ferdinand in 1808, engaged in a plot against his father, Charles IV. Goya's portrait of him does indeed show a sinister-looking young man; his reign did not belie the portrait. Ferdinand VII must divide with the Bourbon Ferdinand I of Sicily the dishonour of being the worst of the rulers restored to their thrones by the sacred principle of Legitimacy on the downfall of Napoleon. The French Bourbons were as angels of light compared to them. We may perhaps find more excuse for the Spanish prince than for his uncle in Naples, but, on the other hand, his responsibilities were greater—his kingdom was larger and the splendour of her great fight for independence hung over her in 1814. Ferdinand not merely saw that brightness fade into the light of common day, but carried his country into the gloom of a phantom-ridden darkness where king, favourites and spies made a war of independence a mockery, a Liberal idea something from another world.

What excuse there is for Ferdinand, begging the question of inherited qualities, lies in his upbringing and in the mistakes of the Spanish Liberals. He had been brought up under intolerable conditions which might have spoilt a better youth and man. For years his mother's favourite, Godoy, ruled the country, and Ferdinand gains most sympathy as leader of the opposition to this state of affairs. For a moment he reigned as king when in 1808 his father, frightened by a Madrid riot, abdicated in his favour, little as he loved him. This did not suit Napoleon, now bent on mastering Spain and inevitably hostile to Bourbons wherever he found them. Father and son were brought to France, the father persuaded to revoke his abdication and cede his dominions to the Emperor, the son bullied into acquiescence and left to kick his heels as a prisoner in France for five and a half years. Then indeed Napoleon restored him on terms (December 1813). But the tide ran too strongly against the Emperor; Ferdinand was restored indeed, but by British and Spanish arms in 1814.



FERDINAND VII OF SPAIN.

In his years of absence the Spaniards had helped to defeat the French and free their country; they had also sought to add political to national freedom, following the example of their enemies across the Pyrenees, calling a would-be National Assembly, drawing up a bad Constitution, that of 1812, and making an almost clean sweep of the *ancien régime*. It was all hastily and not very wisely done, and the measures passed were not particularly adapted to Spain, in especial the hasty measures against Church and nobles in a land where both occupied so large a place. But Ferdinand on his return did not trouble to examine the wisdom of the measures passed by the reforming Cortes; it sufficed that under them the Crown lost the position it had occupied before: he was no Bourbon to play the rôle of a constitutional king. Counting on the Church, the bulk of the nobles and that large part of the common people of the realm who knew nothing of constitutions and cried "Long live the Absolute King," Ferdinand at once repudiated a half-promise given before entering Spain, and declared roundly, "Not only do I refuse to swear to observe the Constitution or to recognise any decrees of the Cortes, ordinary or extraordinary . . . but I declare Constitution and decrees alike null and void to-day and for ever, as though they had never been and could be blotted out for ever."

This was clear enough: the king, absolute by a word, proceeded to back up his words by acts; prominent Liberals were arrested and imprisoned, many more were banished—twelve thousand in one decree; the old regime in Church and State was restored; the Inquisition was set up again, seigniorial rights re-established. To govern, Ferdinand relied mainly on his own somewhat capricious head and hands. He had rather Secretaries than Ministers, who rose to fall again with startling suddenness and frequency. Behind them was the backstairs camarilla of men whom the king, if no one else, delighted to honour for the moment, because they amused him or pandered to his vices. Underneath and around all was the spy system which stamps so fatally the Government which lives by it. Spain had been practically bankrupt in 1808; the war naturally did nothing to improve matters, though the need for financial reform was pressing, not least to provide money for effort against the colonies in South America which had revolted. The

succession of nine Ministers of Finance in two and a half years achieved nothing save to illustrate the royal reluctance to engage in any steady policy.

Ferdinand was more concerned to "blot out Liberalism" at home than to reduce revolted colonies across the Atlantic. Try as he might and did, however, he was unable to subdue the opposition, helped as it was by the economic and financial disorder. Forceful repression but encouraged violence in opposition; in the first five years after the restoration there were as many revolts. The year 1820 saw a more serious effort begun in and led by the army which had its own grievances of neglect and its recent memories of glory—memories in which Ferdinand had no share. The outbreak began in an expeditionary force collected to subdue the colonial rebellion, an unpopular task rendered more so by the long voyage involved, the pooriness of the transport arrangements and a long delay in idleness at Cadiz. A Major Rafael Riego started the rising in the south; after a short delay the Liberals in the coast towns of the north-west declared for the Constitution of 1812. They were followed by Saragossa and Barcelona, and the capital echoed the demand. There was no republicanism and very little violence.

Ferdinand saw that for the moment he was powerless and came to terms, accepting the Constitution and a provisional Ministry, and abolishing the Inquisition. "Like a tender father I have granted that which my children consider conducive to their happiness," said the royal debauchee, tongue in cheek. He speedily saw how to defeat the Liberals, lacking in leadership and statesmanship and bound by their impossible Constitution of 1812. Within the country he made the most of his support of the Church, encouraged the royalists, and played skilfully on the division which quickly appeared between the moderate and the more violent Liberals. Abroad he could call upon the Holy Alliance to suppress a menace to royal power in Europe. It was, however, the Bourbons of France who intervened to save their cousin of Spain, and incidentally to gain easy credit for themselves. Almost without resistance the French troops marched through Madrid on to Cadiz and released the king. Ferdinand had promised security for Liberal persons and measures, but as promptly repudiated his pledge. As indifferent to the humiliation of foreign invasion and occupation which

followed, as to his pledges, insensible to reason as to mercy, Ferdinand set out to undo the work of the last three years, "to stamp out for ever from Spanish soil," as he put it, "the last and faintest trace of the idea that sovereignty can reside elsewhere than in the royal person." Calomarde, a Judge Jeffreys with larger powers and a longer tenure of office, for he was Minister of Justice for the next ten years, was a fitting instrument for the Terror which stalked through Spain unchecked. He used courts-martial which were as speedy as they were biased. The first eighteen days of reaction saw over one hundred executions: the prisons filled and emptied again, and by 1830 there were over 20,000 exiles from Spain.

It is unnecessary to follow the story of Ferdinand's rule further. His absolutism was not again seriously challenged, though had the king's brother, Don Carlos, been aught but loyal, the revolutions of 1830 elsewhere in Europe might have had more serious echoes in the Peninsula. The death of the king came in 1833, after the birth, from his fourth wife, of a daughter whose succession he had sought to ensure. The Carlist succession wars which followed that demise formed an epitaph unhappily all too fitting to the reign which had flouted the loyalty of a passionately royalist people, had sealed the doom of the Spanish colonial empire, and had discredited, perhaps more than anything else, the cause of Legitimacy in Europe.



NAPLES.

FERDINAND OF NAPLES AND SICILY

THE year 1815 saw restoration in five of the eight states into which Italy was divided by the settlement. Victor Emmanuel I came back to Piedmont, Ferdinand III to Tuscany, Francis IV to Modena, Pope Pius VII to Rome and the Papal States, and Ferdinand (Fourth of Naples, Third of Sicily and First of the two Sicilies as he later styled himself) to Naples. These restorations differed as their rulers and the circumstances they faced varied. In Parma, Tuscany and Piedmont we see the better side of the restoration; in Modena, Naples and the Papal States the worse. Of Lombardy-Venetia under Austrian rule something has already been said. The career of Ferdinand I will serve to illustrate the nature of the restoration in Naples and Sicily, and to show how far the south of Italy had to go ere it could join to make a free and united Italy.

Ferdinand was a Bourbon, and ruled over Naples from 1759 to 1825. An Englishman, Admiral Collingwood, credited him with "the appearance and manners of an English country gentleman." It was small compliment to the English squires, even as to manners, for Ferdinand's manners, like his character and education generally, had been neglected in his youth. He would eat macaroni in his box at the theatre like a Neapolitan beggar, or sell his catch of fish in the open market with the skill of one brought up to the art. But of royal dignity, and, more serious still, of kingly character, he had not a trace.

He was unfortunate in his marriage to Maria Caroline, daughter of Maria Theresa, who became before her death in 1814 "the evil genius" of the kingdom. And the kingdom to which he succeeded was one of the most backward in Europe, its two parts divided not merely by the straits between the mainland and Sicily, but by history and sentiment. The revolutionary and Napoleonic age had not lessened that separation, for the French had occupied and ruled Naples, whilst British sea power had kept Sicily to be a refuge for the dethroned monarch. Whilst the French, first Joseph and then Murat, had swept away the old regime in Naples, substituting French law, administration and military methods, the Sicilians, detesting Ferdinand in person as they detested Neapolitan rule, had secured a Constitution (1812) by British help. A lurid light had been thrown on the character of the king in 1799, when, after being driven out by the French, he returned to Naples after their temporary withdrawal, marking his return by a veritable orgy of proscription which was never forgotten. Yet he was not so much a monster of evil and fiendishly cruel as callous and unscrupulous, shrinking from nothing to retain his power unimpaired. For Liberal institutions he had as little liking as he had for revolution. His special vice was faithlessness; neither honour nor honesty held him in the slightest; duplicity and treachery came more naturally to him and for a time served his turn.

It must not, however, be assumed from all this that Ferdinand celebrated his return to Naples in 1815 behind Austrian bayonets by any such outburst as that of 1799. True, he withdrew as no longer necessary a partly promised Constitution for Naples, and in the following year got rid of the Sicilian one to which he had sworn allegiance, by uniting Sicily to Naples more completely. He had promised "a most complete, most extensive and most general amnesty and eternal forgiveness" ere his return. But in general he found the changes made by the French useful and profitable for a despot. Much of their Code went, but the outstanding change was that from efficiency to inefficiency. The Government rapidly became one of the worst, if not the worst, in Europe. The monarch was served by a secret and irresponsible Council of State and a Cabinet which ruled or tried to rule by an elaborate system of police and spies

under a man notorious for his cruelty ; to keep order, brigands were employed to catch other brigands and were then treacherously caught and executed themselves ; the Press was gagged, education stifled and contact with the thought or literature of the outside world practically non-existent. Disordered finances were made worse by a Concordat with the Pope which gave compensation to the Church for damage suffered at the hands of the French, and pledged the State both to pay a Papal subsidy as of old and to provide the salaries of bishops and priests.

It was small wonder that secret societies grew and flourished. Chief of them, that of the Carbonari, or Charcoal Burners, had grown up in opposition to French rule, had even aided the return of the Bourbons to Naples. Now, however, it spread more rapidly through the Neapolitan kingdom and thence throughout Italy, enshrouding in the secret folds of its ritual and faith both those who hated the absolutist regime and those who hated the Austrian rule which lay like a dark shadow over sunny Italy. In the general discontent with the restored Governments, the Spanish revolt of 1820 gave the Carbonari in Naples their opportunity. As in Spain, a movement began in the army, but it passed at once into the hands of the eager Carbonari. " For God, the King and the Constitution " was the cry in the streets of Naples. The tricolour of the society—black or charcoal for faith, blue or smoke for hope, and red or fire for charity—appeared as if by magic in the windows of the houses ; the royal palace was threatened. Ferdinand promptly took to his bed, but finding this an insufficient answer to the popular demands he came to terms. Of course he would grant a Constitution to his beloved subjects. If he had only known earlier that they wanted one—but he thanked God he still lived to gratify their desires. With hand on the altar, tears in his eyes, his face raised towards heaven, Ferdinand took oath to the Constitution, adding, " Omnipotent God . . . do Thou, if I speak falsely, or intend to break my oath, in this moment direct the thunders of Thy vengeance on my head." Thus in Naples was the revolution accomplished, without bloodshed, almost without violence. It was otherwise in Sicily, where, after orgies of blood, the inhabitants were given the same Constitution but no increase of independence.

The choice of a Constitution was unfortunate, for that chosen, the Spanish of 1812, was one of the most unworkable products of inexperienced hands. Those who demanded it apparently knew little of it; the British Minister indeed reported that no one of those who advised its acceptance had even read it. Nor did the revolutionary zeal of the Carbonari and their leaders and friends give much promise of a capacity for making the most of a defective instrument. They grew beards and long hair, but the violence of the rhetoric of the extremists soon disclosed a cleavage in the newly-elected National Parliament, where the efforts of the Moderates to provide an efficient Government were overwhelmed by the misguided violence of the Extremists and their supporters outside the Chamber. Not in this way was the victory over absolutism to be won.

For Ferdinand had not merely the divisions and inexperience of the Government within the State on his side, but might count on assistance from insulted majesty without. Chiefly did he look to Austria, champion of absolutism in Europe and easily alarmed for her own Italian provinces, for the news of the revolution in Naples had stirred the whole country. It was indeed fairly certain that Metternich would try to intervene directly in Neapolitan affairs, and with the hope of this Ferdinand betook himself to the Congress of Laibach in answer to a summons to attend there. Whilst writing home trivialities to keep his Ministers in good humour, Ferdinand worked to get the Congress to restore him and punish his rebellious subjects. Metternich extorted the blessing of the Congress, or most of it, on Austrian arms, which within a month were on the march southwards, to enter Naples after one engagement. They were to remain there for six years. Ferdinand thoughtfully kept out of the way until the revolution was safely suppressed, using the Prince of Canosa, notorious as his Prefect of Police some years earlier, to clear the way for his return. The Constitution of course went; all the acts of the ill-fated Parliament were annulled; and lengthy proscription lists were drawn up for the use of the special tribunals established. That there was no massacre as thirty years earlier was due not to Ferdinand's clemency but to outside pressure. Short of that everything was done to secure revenge and to hound Liberalism out of the country. Public scourging was revived to drive home the

moral; the galleys took many, the scaffold more. Bonfires of literature, confiscations of the property of suspects, prepared for the third homecoming of the king.

For four years more he ruled in Naples until his death in 1825, absolute indeed with no one to question his rule, but hated and despised, a prey to fear and to superstition, trusted by and trusting no one, a bad man and a worse king. There was significance in the fact that he was the last monarch in Europe to keep a Court jester; he had indeed something of the baser side of the mediæval spirit in him. Had he indeed lived centuries earlier, Dante might have found a place for him in that very bottom pit of hell whose icy floor he reserved for the faithless and treacherous. Yet his death brought no happier future to Naples. The son who succeeded him bore only too plainly the stamp of his parenthood, and added to his father's villainy a craven fear which made him the most despised monarch in Europe and his people among the most unfortunate.



ARC DE TRIOMPHE DE L'ÉTOILE.

Completed 1836.

LOUIS PHILIPPE AND GUIZOT

ACCORDING to a story of Heine, the English tourist to Paris in 1830 found it very easy to see the new king of the French. Standing outside the Palais Royal he had but to give five francs to the idlers there for them to raise a chorus of "Vive le Roi" which brought the king on to the terrace to bow his acknowledgments. For ten francs the cheers were louder and the king would look up to heaven with his hand on his breast; for twenty francs the traveller would see the king, eyes raised and hand on heart, join in the *Marseillaise*, keeping time with his foot. Some truth there is behind the story. Louis Philippe was the king of the French people, not, like his predecessor, king of France. He had not come to the throne by election or plebiscite or widespread popular demand. Nor was the throne his by direct descent, for there were Bourbons still alive—the ex-king Charles X and his grandson. Louis Philippe had been put forward in the July Revolution as the nominee of some bourgeois Liberals who feared the Republic almost as much as they feared the triumph of Charles X. And Lafayette, who might have made a republic, had agreed to accept him and had embraced him under the tricolour at the Hôtel de Ville. The Paris crowd had applauded and accepted him for France, in the Paris way of giving rulers to the country. So Louis Philippe was the bourgeois king. He walked the streets of his capital armed with a big green umbrella, and shook hands with whichever of his citizens wished that honour. His sons attended the Paris

schools and competed there for prizes with the sons of the middle class. Queen Marie invited the wives of these same bourgeoisie to plain sewing parties. Disraeli, visiting Paris in 1842, passed an evening in the "domesticity of the Court," then in mourning. The Queen and her ladies were seated "round a large round table, working. Ices were handed round and the king commenced speaking a few words to each."

This monarch of the House of Orleans, the last king of France, was not merely acting a part in this rôle of middle-class king. Nor was he a fool. He was but fulfilling what he conceived to be his duty as constitutional king of France. In his youth his father, Philippe Égalité, had taught him to sing the *Ça ira*, the great revolutionary song; at the age of eighteen he had become a colonel in the revolutionary army; he had fought at Valmy and at Jemappes. True he had gone into exile with Dumouriez, but he had neither fought nor intrigued against the Revolution. He had, in exile, earned his living as Professor in a Swiss college; he had travelled much, even through the forests of North America. He had found a wife in Sicily, daughter of the king of Naples; and he had at length found a peaceful exile in Twickenham on Thames, "old Twick" as he affectionately called it. After his restoration he had returned to France, recovering his estates and rank, though he was never in favour with either Louis XVIII or his brother.

This was in part due to his political views. He believed himself to be a Liberal, and so he was by contrast with the ultra-conservative Charles X. He favoured and was known to favour government by the Charter of 1814, was even prepared to see that Charter amended slightly in a Liberal direction; but only slightly. Louis Philippe was no democrat. Despite his affability and the simple good-humour which, with his known courage, his virtues as husband and father, helped to create and maintain personal liking for him amongst his subjects, he yet had a quite high opinion of his position, and also of his own ability to rule as well as to reign. Unfortunately, whilst with experience of affairs his own conviction as to the wisdom of his rule increased, he was unable by temperament and advancing years either to change with the times or to appreciate that times were changing. At the age of seventy-five, in 1848, he was as rigid in his way as Charles X had been in his, and like

Charles X he went down before the ideas of a new age. One quality he possessed which is especially worthy of recall to-day : he was a lover of peace, the "Napoleon of Peace," Heine calls him. If he destroyed the *entente* with England in 1847 by the affair of the Spanish marriages, he at least did much to create it and to maintain it for some years. In appearance, his tall figure was not unimpressive, though the caricaturist found easy material in his pear-shaped head, and the Legitimists made puns on Philippe-pomme and Philippe-poire.

The triumph of 1830 was not merely for the citizen king but also for the bourgeoisie, whose leaders, or some of them, had in fact placed Louis Philippe on the throne. The few changes which took place in the Charter of 1814 were in their favour. For whilst the preamble was suppressed because it appeared, as the revised Charter expressed it, "to grant to Frenchmen the rights which essentially belong to them," both the slight lowering of the franchise-tax and the making of the chamber of peers non-hereditary simply registered their victory. The franchise, held before by less than 100,000 people, was now extended to about 200,000 out of over thirty millions of people—England in the next year extended her franchise to over a million, with a smaller population. The French bourgeoisie, having by 1830 ousted the landed aristocracy, were zealous to retain power for themselves, and in fact for the next eighteen years they dominated France far more completely than the Ultras had ever done. De Tocqueville describes the triumph of this middle class in 1830. "Its triumph had been so final and complete that all political power, all electoral rights, all special privileges, the whole administrative machine, had been absorbed bodily into one small class, all below being ignored by law, all above it in fact. It found its way into all offices, the number of which it increased enormously ; it soon learned to live almost as much on the public money as on its own industry."

So far as we may briefly generalise about its views, this prosperous middle class wanted above all, order and settled government under themselves and their king. Their Napoleon, Casimir Périer, Chief Minister from 1831-32, declared that "France needs but one thing—to be governed." And again, "within the country, order and no sacrifice for liberty ; without, peace but at no cost to honour." They disliked despotism (by a

king) and aristocracy (of birth), but saw nothing wrong in rule by their own class, which had wealth, not too recently acquired, as its touchstone. They sought the material prosperity of France; Marshal Soult, another of their leaders, acclaimed theirs as a "National policy." France during these years was passing through the great industrial changes which had already taken place in England, and these men built railways, the first in 1832, provided capital for large-scale manufacture by machinery, built factories and industrial towns, extended commerce and shipping. They tried to keep on good terms with the lesser bourgeoisie of the lower middle class, especially those who had the franchise. But radicalism or republicanism they disliked just as much as they did absolutism; irreligion was as detestable to them as clericalism. For militarism, or the military glory of which France had drunk so deeply, they found no place. The National Guard sufficed to give them both a uniform and a defender against disorder. A more serious defect of their rule to the modern view was the corruption of political life which accompanied it. Their leaders were manufacturers like Casimir Périer or Delessert, bankers like Lafitte, Dupin the lawyer, Bertin the journalist. Thiers and Guizot won their way into their ranks by sheer ability.

In their views of what policy was best for France both at home and abroad, this powerful middle class differed little with the king save in one important particular. They wished him to reign whilst they ruled; he wished both to rule as well as reign. Hence came frequent disputes between king, Ministers and Chambers. In the ten years which followed the revolution of 1830 there were as many Ministries, led after Casimir Périer's death by Marshal Soult, Thiers, Molé in succession; for some years it seemed in a sort of rotation. The struggle was ended in 1840 by the appointment of Guizot, then ambassador in London, who remained Minister for the next eight years, when king and Minister went down together before the Revolution.

The Prime Minister whose name is always, and rightly, associated with that of Louis Philippe was a Protestant, an historian of repute in the great age of French historians, who had been a Professor of History at the Sorbonne. Disraeli found his manner "repulsive, not exactly pedantic but pro-



LOUIS PHILIPPE.

fessional, hard, dogmatic, arrogant." But he also found "his countenance very fine; a brow of beaming intellect and a wondrous flashing eye." More important for his new office than either his scholarship or the probity which marked his private life was the fact that he saw eye to eye with the king, not merely in the crisis of 1840 but in foreign and domestic affairs generally. "He is my mouthpiece," said the king, happy at last to find a Minister with whom he could get on so amicably. Louis flattered himself a little, for it was not subservience but similarity of view that enabled the two to remain in partnership so long. Abroad, "I detest war," said the king. "Revolution and war are obsolete for France," chimed in the Minister. Nothing could be more harmonious and agreeable. For a season at least the policy was successful. A change of government in England made it easier to replace the recent estrangement by the first *entente cordiale*. The youthful Queen Victoria visited the French king in France and Louis Philippe returned the visit (1843). But the affair of the Spanish marriages (1847), in which king and Minister, going back on their word, married to a French prince the probable heiress to the Spanish throne, and so threatened the balance of Western Europe as Louis XIV had done a century and a half earlier, effectually split the *entente* in twain.

At home Guizot, like the king, found the Charter of 1814 admirable and unchangeable. If the franchise was limited, at least no effort was made, they argued, to limit it further; and it was obtainable by those who grew rich enough. Guizot defined his policy as "the establishment of a free government under the preponderating influence of the middle classes," and bent his efforts to secure what he mellifluously termed "the consolidation of the gains of liberty." Unfortunately for his reputation as a statesman, he not merely committed himself to a policy of stagnation, but he used, or allowed the use of, corrupt methods in elections and elsewhere to maintain a system which was rapidly becoming both obsolete and despised. As the 'forties went on, opposition began to well up from all sides. "There is no need for Ministers, a stone post could carry it out," said Lamartine of the Government policy. Naturally while the franchise was so limited and the government used its control of the administrative machinery of the country to

secure the return of members favourable to them, the Opposition within the Chamber did not mirror truly the feeling throughout the country.

Yet even within the Chamber this Opposition was far from negligible. The revolution of 1830 had created a new Opposition party, the Legitimists of the extreme Right, led by the great orator Berryer. This party had its strength in the chateaux of the country, and, whilst neither numerous nor strong politically, could not be disregarded; for they counted with them the Ultramontanist clergy whom Guizot tried not very successfully to placate, and were capable of union with the Left in order to strike a blow at the Orleanist bourgeoisie. Nor could the Government count on the undivided support of the bourgeoisie. Thiers was now the leader of the main Opposition party in the Chamber, a party made up of the discontented, the more intellectual and Liberal middle class in the main. To the left sat the avowed Radicals like Arago, Ledru-Rollin, Carnot, with confessed Republicans like Garnier-Pages. Lamartine was fast gravitating in this direction.

Outside the Chamber the opposition was more serious if less vocal. Bonapartism, it is true, was still rather a sentiment than a political force though it was gaining strength, stimulated by writings such as Thiers' great history of the Consulate and Empire. Paris was "bored"; the younger generation wanted change, partly for the sake of change. The lower middle class was jealous of political power, the working classes were discontented, and in 1847 hungry. The great industrial development of the period had brought, as in Britain, misery as well as wealth, with its large-scale production and machinery. To the general difficulties of over-production, ill-regulated conditions of labour, or life in factory towns, were added in 1846-47 the effects of two bad harvests and of floods in the Loire valley; these followed a series of severe financial crises which brought bankruptcies and unemployment. "The lower classes," wrote an observer in 1847, "are becoming very impatient."

In their impatience it was small wonder that they abused the Government and turned elsewhere for remedies. The first revolution provided a whole armoury of precept and example. Republicanism became once more a living creed; the publication

of Lamartine's history of the Girondins in 1847 had an immense influence. But the Radicals were not content merely to go back to the first revolution and republic for models and remedies. The new regime of capitalism and free competition demanded new remedies, more social than political. So there appeared "socialism" and "communism," though not clearly defined as yet. The Communist Manifesto of Marx and Engels published in this same year 1847 had little effect on immediate events in France. But the writings of Saint Simon, Fourier, Louis Blanc and others, especially of the last of these, who in his *Organisation du Travail* (1839) had condemned free competition and preached "the right to work" and state organisation of industry, were of no small influence. They were backed by an increasingly revolutionary Press, by societies open and secret, and by propaganda which fed on Government weakness and corruption, scandals in the bourgeoisie, and the hardships of the time.

"We are at this moment sleeping on a volcano," said De Tocqueville in the Chamber at the beginning of 1848. "Do you not feel a breath of revolution in the air?" There began throughout the country a series of "banquets" at which political reform was advocated, nay demanded. The aged king declared that the leaders of this demand were "excited by blind or hostile passion." But it was rather the king and his Ministers who were blind. Louis Philippe's government had rested for so long on its narrow base that he forgot how small its foundations were. A mere puff of that revolutionary wind of which De Tocqueville spoke was enough to send it toppling. As in 1830 there was no long-planned uprising; it was almost "an accident" that revolution came when it did. A political dinner and reform demonstration forbidden in Paris, the inevitable crowd of all the diverse elements Paris could supply, cries of "Vive la Réforme," "Down with Guizot," the failure of the National Guard to stand by the authorities, a clash on the night of February 23rd between the crowd and the regular soldiers, which killed a number of the former—and the revolution was begun. Barricades sprang up everywhere. Instead of "Down with Guizot" men shouted "Vive la République." The king, unwilling to use strong measures which would have meant bloodshed, tried successive changes of Ministry—dis-

missed Guizot and replaced him by Molé, and next day by Thiers. This failing he took the next step—abdication in favour of his grandson. But events moved too fast for this; the mob overwhelmed the Chamber and the Republic became a fact. A few days later a minor official of the British Foreign Office met at Dover a bowed and pathetic figure, muffled and heavily bespectacled: the old king of France had come thus disguised to die in exile in the country where he had earlier spent so many years. France had gone beyond him and the Charter he so cherished. Yet he had done much for her. Called on to fill a somewhat discredited throne, he had given the country eighteen years of pacific rule—rule which, with all its faults, allowed and encouraged not merely the growth of industry and commerce, but also fostered that flowering of literature and the arts which made the period the great age of French Romanticism.

II

RADICALS AND NATIONALISTS OF 1848-50



THE year 1848 was the year of revolutions in Europe. It is true that at the two extremes, East and West, Russia and Great Britain were scarcely moved. There was a very little wild talk in Czarist Russia of the 'forties, enough to send the future novelist Dostoevsky to Siberia, and others to the gallows; but that was all. In Great Britain the belated efforts of Chartism to secure its "six points" came to naught, and in Ireland the activities of a section of the Young Ireland party under John Mitchell were equally futile. British history did not in 1848 march in step with that of the Continent, for whose exiles she provided an asylum, first for princes shaken from their thrones, then in turn for the revolutionists themselves.

In Central and Western Europe, however, the shock was tremendous. From Vienna to Paris, from Berlin to Naples, there were popular uprisings which testified to the strength of the revolutionary spirit. That spirit had grown up, largely underground, in the years after 1815, and now rose to surge irresistibly over crowns, tiaras and barracks, submerging all alike for the moment.

The revolution differed from country to country in course and cause. In France there was a demand for political equality, a demand with the gospel of rights of 1789 behind it, running logically to a republican form of government. There was revolt against a regime which had obstinately refused to see any need for domestic change and which had allowed the ancient

glory of France to be forgotten abroad. And there was the protest against the hardships of the new industrial order, with its low wages, its factory system, its periodic unemployment, its riches and its poverty. St. Simon and Fourier had called for a new social order, and Louis Blanc professed to be able to defeat capitalistic enterprise by association of the working class. It was Lamartine who, when the storm broke out, and Louis Philippe showed his incapacity to govern it, essayed to ride the whirlwind he had helped to raise. His career as a politician illustrates all too well the nature of the revolution and the causes which brought its speedy downfall. His statesmanship, like the Second Republic itself, was too much an improvisation, and could not stand the strain put upon it, so that he fell almost as quickly as he had risen. Nor was the collapse of the Republic long delayed.

In Italy the desire for popular government, though present, as in Piedmont, was not in 1848 as strong as two other closely connected desires. There was discontent with existing tyranny, whether of a Bourbon in Sicily and Naples, or against the Austrians in Lombardy and Venetia. And there was the passion for a united Italy, free from outside control. It was above all Mazzini who inspired the high fervour which Italians had first felt for their country, and turned it so fiercely against the foreigner. He added thereto an element of republican democracy which found scope, for a moment, in the establishment of the Roman Republic of 1849, and perished when that fell before French arms. In his strength, as in his weakness, he was characteristic of the Italian episode of 1848-49, and with its passing he passed also, for, as someone said, his clock had stopped in 1848.

The Italian revolt against Austria was but one, and hardly the chief, of the Nationalist uprisings of 1848 which assailed the Hapsburgs, chief foe of Nationalism in Europe. In Hungary, in Bohemia, amongst the South Slavs, in all the states into which that Empire is to-day divided, Nationalist feeling had been growing during the 'thirties and 'forties, despite all the efforts of the Government in Vienna. Now the demand for self-government came to a head, and for a time the Empire seemed to have dissolved. In the capital, Vienna, and to a lesser extent elsewhere, there was also a demand for parliamentary govern-

ment with a wide franchise, as opposed to the beaureaucratic government which stifled all political life. Metternich and the Emperor fled, and in Vienna, in Budapest, Prague and Agram (as well as in North Italy) the revolutionaries triumphed for a brief season. But the rival nationalities (especially the Magyars and the South Slavs) clashed and fought, the Empire played off one against the other, the army stood fast, the revolutionary leaders in Vienna and elsewhere showed their inexperience, a new Emperor, Francis Joseph, rallied supporters round him, and the Russian bayonets by the hundred thousand appeared from over the Carpathians to aid in crushing the Magyars. The soul of the Magyar resistance was Kossuth, who had by his fiery words first precipitated the revolution there. In its zeal, as in its errors, he represented the Magyar effort. When it failed he escaped, to live an exile, to see the Empire arise again in all its former strength and Hungary ravaged and humiliated, leaving to the cooler, wiser Deák the task of rehabilitation and ultimate success.

Germany could not but be influenced by revolution all about her. She had too her own reasons for movement. The Confederation set up in 1815 satisfied neither those who wished for unity nor that newer generation which combined with that the desire for a fuller and freer political life. Frederick William IV, coming to the throne of Prussia in 1840, found his peace of mind increasingly disturbed by the demand of his subjects for a Parliament, and the south-western states bred even bolder champions of unity on a democratic basis. In the sketch of Frederick William and in that of the Rhenish Nationalists may be found the story of the course revolution took in Germany, and, in brief, the explanation of the failure which overtook it. The old Diet and the old order reappeared, and a fresh tide of exiles found their way to England and the United States, leaving the stage clear for Bismarck. Not for over half a century was the vision of the men of 1848 in Germany to obtain the possibility of fulfilment.



CHÂTEAU LAMARTINE AT MONCEAU.

LAMARTINE AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1848

ALPHONSE MARIE LOUIS LAMARTINE was born in 1790 at Mâcon in the south-east of France. He was the only son of Pierre de Lamartine, a member of the lesser provincial nobility of France, Mâcon being their family château. His childhood and early youth were spent in the manor-house at Milly, a hamlet close by, not in luxury but in an atmosphere of learning and refinement, for his father, the Chevalier, was a lover of literature and a classical scholar. Here in childhood and in the holidays from school the boy drew his fervent and passionate love of nature. He read voraciously French, English and German literary works and early tried his hand at verse-making. He had the more leisure for this as his family's loyalty to the Bourbons and dislike of the Napoleonic regime prevented the young Alphonse from seeking employment in the Imperial service or at the Bar. Reading, travel in France and Italy, and certain youthful romantic adventures preceded, for him, the return of the Bourbons in 1814. With that return the young Royalist found a place for a time in the royal bodyguard. But he disliked military life, at any rate during peace, and soon resigned his commission. There followed a few restless years, ended in 1820 by the publication of *Les Méditations*, his marriage to an Englishwoman, and his appointment as secretary of Legation at Naples.

The first of these events was the most important. It not merely at once made Lamartine's reputation as a poet, but the character of the verse marked him as a Romantic. His youth and early manhood had shown that he had the characteristics of the poets of the new era—their sensibility and sentimentality, their wide ranging and untrammelled imagination. He had been deeply impressed by the writings of Chateaubriand, Byron and Sir Walter Scott. Now with the publication of this slim volume of verse he at once took the place he has ever since held as one of the leading poets of the movement. Never had there been such a sudden literary success in France. He became famous in a day; the great Talleyrand stayed up half the night reading his poems. His later poetical writings deepened but scarcely enhanced his reputation. In 1823 he published *Les Nouvelles Méditations*, in 1836 *Jocelyn*, in 1839 *La Chute d'un Ange*, to mention but the chief of these.

Yet whilst Lamartine thus made a reputation, an enduring one, as poet, his ambitions were not in the least satisfied thereby. He burned to play a part in public life. This to him meant a far greater career than that of a man of letters, and he had no doubts as to his capacity to play a great part. "My reputation as a poet," he wrote to a friend in 1837, "is but a slight affair; it hardly touches me. But the reputation to which I hold immensely, because I know that I merit it, is that of a specialist, a man of business. And I will confess to you that the functions for which I consider myself most apt are those of a Minister of Finance or of the Interior." And again, "Consider the immense superiority of the statesman over the poet. The one racks and exhausts his brain in marshalling and harmonising sounds, the other is the real word, that is, the thought, the word, the act, in one. He makes real what the poet only dreams; sees all that is great and good converted into facts, beneficent facts, which not only benefit the present generation, but often extend into distant posterity. Do you know what it means to be a great statesman? He is a poet in the act of transferring words into deeds."

In the fullness of time Lamartine had the opportunity of putting this formula to the test in his own person. He failed, and conspicuously, to identify the poet and the statesman. That failure was due to many forces, some of them beyond the

control of any statesman of the century. But it may be confessed from the start that Lamartine had not the qualities of a statesman. It should, of course, be remembered that a man who wrote so much and so freely about himself as Lamartine did is liable to be misjudged from quotation. Nor did his memory always serve him well in his writing; truth and fiction are almost as intermingled in his autobiographical writings as in his poetry. Yet there are facts in plenty by which to test his political career. There have been Finance Ministers who have been unable to manage their own private affairs, Pitt the younger for example. But Lamartine, who was notoriously unable to conduct his own finances, would probably have proved just as incapable of managing the affairs of France. Close and hard thinking was not his line. Though he claimed to understand and interpret the economic and industrial conditions of his age, he never acquired a very deep or exact knowledge of them. A high idealism he possessed, and through his oratory the power of influencing and inspiring others. But it was through the heart rather than the head. He was inescapably poet and orator first and last. And more serious than lack of knowledge was his lack of judgment both of men and of events. "I possess the instinct of the masses; that is my sole political virtue," he once claimed. His catastrophic downfall in 1848 showed how great was his error.

This downfall lay far in front of him as he journeyed leisurely southward to Naples to fill his first diplomatic appointment. That appointment he held but a short time ere returning to France somewhat disillusioned as to his hopes of an ambassadorial career. A few years later he was made secretary to the Florentine Legation, but there too his ambitions were disappointed, despite his growing literary reputation. As the revolution of 1830 drew near his interest in politics increased. When Polignac was made Chief Minister he wrote to his great friend Virieu: "Now I believe in the possibility of a revolution which will sweep away the dynasty; I did not believe in it yesterday." But he was in no position to play any part in the revolution which duly came in the next year. A chance seemed to come in 1831 when he was invited to stand for election to the Chamber for a district of French Flanders. But he refused to commit himself to unqualified support of the new dynasty and

so lost the seat. Entry into the Chamber was to be further delayed by his voyage to the Near East, whither he set off in July 1832 from Marseilles, having chartered a brig to take himself, his wife and ailing daughter, three friends and six servants through the Mediterranean. It was on this journey, just after the death of his second child, that Lamartine received the news that he had been elected deputy for Bergues, largely through family influence there. He returned to take his seat at the end of 1833. A few years later he was elected member by his own district of Mâcon, for which place he sat until the revolution of 1848.

When Lamartine entered the Chamber of Deputies he was, as someone remarked, "a comet whose orbit has not been calculated." Lamartine might have preferred comparison to a new-found star. "Where will you sit?" he was asked, on being presented to the Chamber. "On the ceiling," he replied jestingly. He took an isolated seat high up on the extreme right, not as a Conservative, but to show that he belonged to no party. In his first election address and in a pamphlet which he published before entering the Chamber, he made it clear that he would not commit himself to membership of any of the existing parties. He regarded himself rather as called upon to found a new party, *le parti social*, opposed to despotism, desiring reform but not anarchy, greater freedom of the Press, of thought, of education, larger representation of the people in Parliament, laws to ameliorate social conditions. Thus, although Lamartine's family connections were with the Conservative Legitimists, he could not join their party. Nor had he much more in common with the bourgeois Conservatives now dominant under Louis Philippe, although he was not at first in open or continuous hostility to them. As late as 1840 he was considered for office, and would have accepted the Ministry of the Interior had it been offered him, though it is not likely that he would have held office long. In 1843 he finally broke with the Government. "Henceforth and for always," he declared, "I place myself on the side of the Opposition." Yet although his earliest declarations and the general direction of his course from 1834 to 1848 alike suggested union with the Radical left wing of the Chamber, he hardly regarded himself, and was not regarded, as a leader or member of their party. He would not accept their political



LAMARTINE IN 1848.

or social shibboleths, nor would they follow the somewhat enigmatic and visionary lead of the aristocrat poet and orator. So Lamartine stood for the most part alone.

Triumphs he had in plenty. He entered the Chamber with an established reputation as a poet; he had a fine and commanding figure and presence, and he rapidly became known as a superb orator. He found examples for his oratory both in the classical models and in the speeches of the English Fox and Pitt. Untrammelled by party ties, confident in his own powers, with a gift for improvisation which was a positive danger to him, the floods of his rhetoric overwhelmed a Chamber by no means deficient in oratorical ability. But when the floods had passed the Government would emerge again less damaged than the poet orator thought, for his eloquence was often of better weight than his arguments. Yet though his greatest triumphs of speech were to come in 1848, the fulminations he delivered against Guizot's Ministry after 1843 helped to discredit that Ministry in the Chamber, in Paris and in the country. Guizot himself declared that, "Lamartine possessed not only a rich and seductive flow of language, his mind was singularly rich, broad, sagacious without subtlety and combining grace with grandeur. Overflowing with ideas generally lofty and ingenious, often profound, he paints with a broad brush, sometimes with as much truth as brilliancy, situations, events and men, while he excels by instinct as much as by skill, in marshalling exalted arguments in support of unworthy causes."

Since Lamartine was increasingly hostile to Guizot, attacking him in season and out, we should not expect the latter's judgment to be unbiassed or wholly favourable. "If," said Lamartine of the Government on one occasion, "immobility is the one thing required of a Government, it is quite superfluous to have Ministers, boundary stones would suffice." Yet he found these boundary or mile-stones very difficult to overturn. More and more he came to use the Chamber as a window by which he could speak to France. He founded a newspaper, *Le Bien Public* (The Public Weal), for the expression of his views. Repute in the country came to him, and the series of reform banquets which immediately preceded the revolution of 1848 was in part inspired by one held at Mâcon, where six thousand people assembled to hear Lamartine speak, which he did in the

midst of a terrific thunderstorm. More influential still, in this same year 1847 he published *Les Girondins*, an imaginative and highly lyrical panegyric of the heroes of the first revolution and republic. "If you held a revolution in your hand, would you open it?" he asked a friend whilst writing the book. And the publication of the book, which at once became wildly popular, undoubtedly helped to open the revolution of the following year. "The book is a revolution," wrote Mme. de Girardin.

There is another side to Lamartine's life during these years, the side presented by his private life in Paris, where Madame Lamartine's *salon* was the meeting-place for men of every point of view and from most of the countries of Europe, where in his tiny study in the early dawn Lamartine worked at his literary or political writings, surrounded by his greyhounds, of which half a dozen or so constantly followed him about the house. Happier still to Lamartine was the time spent in the country, the summers at Mâcon or Saint Pont, whether writing in the vaulted tower chamber in the early morning, or acting as host to the many guests who came to see him, or playing the squire to the neighbourhood. This was the life he loved above all, though it required the Chamber in Paris to point the contrast.

The approach of the year 1848 left him scant leisure for the peaceful life of Mâcon. The royal speech opening the Chamber in December 1847 referred to the "blind and hostile passions" which had fomented the demand for reform, a phrase which both defined afresh the attitude of the Government and further alienated the reformers. Lamartine attacked the government with fresh vigour both in his paper and in the country. The Government forbade what was to have been a final "reform banquet" in Paris itself. The Opposition members in the Chamber, led by Lamartine and others, decided to defy the order. "We are placed," said the orator, "between shame and peril by the provocation of the Government . . . we cannot, we must not, neither in honour nor in conscience, accept such shame for the country. . . . Let us deliberate no more, but act." Years afterwards Lamartine acknowledged that he was unwisely carried away by the spirit of the moment. In the event most of the deputies who had agreed with him withdrew their support, but Lamartine persisted in his attitude, despite the formal prohibition of the banquet which now ap-

peared. No banquet was held, but in the excitement there occurred the clash between the Paris crowd and the soldiery which opened the revolution. This was on the night of February 23-24th.

Next day, in the hostile atmosphere which the removal of Guizot and the succession of Molé, Thiers and Barrot as Chief Ministers in turn did nothing to improve, the aged king Louis Philippe abdicated in favour of his child grandson, the little Comte de Paris. This meant a Regency, which it remained for the Chamber to proclaim after accepting the abdication. Lamartine, who had been indisposed and confined to his house during the two preceding days, found his way to the Palais Bourbon, which was now surrounded by the mob. Ere taking his seat he was approached by the Republicans, who wished to seize the opportunity to establish the Republic and who realised the importance of securing his aid. The orator was not as yet publicly committed to their programme, but he gave them enough encouragement for them to put his name on their list of provisional Ministers. And so compromised he entered the Chamber, to play at last a really decisive rôle.

Hardly had he entered when the Duchess of Orleans appeared, leading the king-designate by the hand. Behind and about her pressed a tumultuous though not hostile crowd. Lamartine demanded that the session be suspended during the presence of the Duchess. The sovereign people—National Guards, workmen, students and idlers—increased both their numbers and their tumult. Through it Lamartine fought his way to the speaking desk. The moment was critical: would he support the Regency or no? It is doubtful whether, despite any support of his, the Regency could have lived a day. But Lamartine stifled what slight chances of life it had. The appeals of the Duchess of Orleans on behalf of her son were drowned in the roar of mob applause with which Lamartine was greeted. After a sentence of pity and respect for the unhappy lady who sat thus pathetically awaiting a verdict, the orator proceeded to demand a Provisional Government which should give the country time to declare its will. Further speech was rendered impossible by the invasion of another mob, heated by its invasion of the Tuileries, entering with shouts of "Down with the Chamber!" "Down with the Deputies!" Thus shouted

at, threatened and hustled, the Assembly took to its heels; the Duchess of Orleans and her son disappeared, and with them the last hopes for the monarchy; there remained but a score of deputies, including Lamartine, and the mob.

The monarchy dead and the Assembly thus scattered, anarchy threatened. Lamartine, always courageous, essayed to ride the whirlwind. In answer to calls for him he stepped forward and read to the crowd for approval the names of those suggested for the Provisional Government—Dupont de l'Eure, Crémieux, Arago, Ledru-Rollin, Marie and himself. The mob applauded. But being a Paris mob it hardly felt at home in the Palais Bourbon: "*À l'Hôtel de Ville! Lamartine en tête!*" they shouted, Lamartine agreeing with no less enthusiasm. So the procession set out on its march along the river-bank, preceded by drums and flags. So great was the crowd that swarmed about the newly-elected members of the Government that they could scarcely move. Across the Seine could be seen regular soldiers marching in the opposite direction, knowing naught of their change of masters. With immense labour the "Government" reached the Hôtel de Ville, the heart of the tumult and disorder, where only the surging of the mob carried them into the courtyard. Separated from his companions, Lamartine struggled past the corpses and wounded lying on the stones, to the accompaniment of shrieks, groans, the noise of fire-arms and the ringing of bells, into the building itself, where the pandemonium was hardly less.

With difficulty escaping from the swarming mob, the now reunited group of deputies set about the preparation of a Manifesto under the Presidency of the aged Dupont de l'Eure, Lamartine acting as draughtsman. This Proclamation to the People of France, Lamartine's first State Paper, declared that

"a retrograde and oligarchical Government has been overthrown by the heroism of the people of Paris. This Government has fled, leaving behind it a trail of blood which for ever forbids its return. The blood of the people has flowed as in July. But this time the generous people will not be deceived. A Provisional Government . . . is invested for the moment with the task of organising and assuring the national victory. . . . Frenchmen! give to

the world the example Paris has given to you. Prepare by order and by confidence in yourselves for the strong institutions you are called to give yourselves. The Provisional Government declares that the republican form of government is provisionally adopted by the people of Paris and by it . . . but they do not pretend to substitute their opinion for that of the citizens on the definitive form of their government. National unity based henceforth on all classes of the people; the government of the nation by itself; liberty, equality and fraternity for principles; the people for motto—that is the government France owes herself and which our efforts are made to secure for her. The era of the people begins February 24th, 1848.”

This first step was not taken without difficulty. It was objected that a Provisional Government had no right to proclaim the Republic before the nation had declared its will; and the proclamation was amended to say that the Government “desired” the Republic, subject to the will of the people. A more serious difficulty was the claim put forward by Louis Blanc to enter the Government as representing the “social” republic desired by the people of Paris. After a sharp division of opinion and the threat by Blanc to appeal to the mob filling and surrounding the Hôtel de Ville, he and a working man, Albert, were taken into the Government. But the conjunction only meant that from the beginning there were two parties in the Government, one led by Lamartine, and including the political, bourgeois republicans, Marrast, Arago, Marie and Garnier-Pages; the other, that of the “socialist” republicans, led by Louis Blanc and including Ledru-Rollin, Flocon and Albert. To Blanc the revolution meant the opportunity to put into practice the theories he had outlined in his *Organisation du Travail* nine years earlier, the suppression of the capitalist and individualist regime in industry by the creation of “Social Workshops” organised and backed by the State, and the recognition of “the right to work.”

For the moment, to the mob outside at least, there was some appearance of harmony. The amended proclamation was printed in all haste and distributed by thousands through the windows and doors to the crowd outside; couriers were sent

with copies to the provinces; the Government was organised, Lamartine being unanimously chosen for the Ministry of Foreign Affairs; above all the Government essayed to calm the passions aroused by the events of the last few days in Paris, to avert the danger of violence from the mob. Here Lamartine played a great, indeed a truly heroic part. Again and again through the night he left the tiny room which was all the Provisional Government had been able to secure for partial privacy, and pressed through the crowded halls and corridors to the courtyard. The mob was drunk, some with liquor, all with excitement. He was met with imprecations, threats, jeers and violence; his clothes were torn almost to rags; his face was begrimed with smoke and dirt; a youth was shot at his side. But each time he succeeded in overcoming and silencing the storm. From "*À bas Lamartine!*" the shouts turned to "*Vive Lamartine!*" His eloquence, address and bearing, and above all his courage, saved himself and the Government, and helped to save France, from the unchained passions which, like the smoke from the firing which had gone on all day and night, filled the courtyard and the chambers of the Hôtel de Ville. "It was Lamartine," says an eye-witness, "who, without other help than his courage and the genius of his eloquence, created order out of an overwhelming chaos. Alone against the hostile waves he calmed them with voice and gesture."

The most redoubtable of these triumphs came on the next day. The mob, hunger added to its passions, was more threatening than ever. Someone found a red curtain and made of it a flag which was waved in the courtyard as the banner of the new republic; red caps and red sashes appeared as if by magic; the corpses were laid in the corridors and halls of the Hôtel de Ville; the whole scene was tinged with blood and the colour of blood. Lamartine pushed through the press down the stairs into the courtyard, mounted on a chair and addressed the crowd, which was far from friendly. He lauded the victory which had been won, pled for moderation, and boldly refused to accept the red flag in place of the tricolour.

"Until death overtakes me I will refuse to accept this banner of blood. And you ought likewise to repudiate it, for this red flag has made only the circuit of the Champ

de Mars, dragged in the blood of the people in '91 and '93, whilst the tricolour has made the round of the whole world, inscribed with the name of our country, our glory, and liberty."

Again he triumphed, the crowd applauded, and another rock had been safely passed.

It was time, for in addition to these troubles and the divisions in the Government, already acute, Lamartine as Minister of Foreign Affairs had to face Europe, a Europe on the eve of revolution, whose rulers were naturally alarmed at so swift and complete an overthrow in France. There had been a revolution in Paris in 1830, but no Republic; in the earlier revolution of 1789 the coming of the Republic had heralded twenty years of war. It was one of Lamartine's services to his country and age that he at once made it clear that, so far as the Provisional Government was concerned, the Republic did not mean war. In a lengthy and rather verbose Manifesto to Europe which he issued on March 15th, 1848, he declared that "the proclamation of the French Republic is not an act of aggression against any form of government in the world . . . war is not the principle of the French Republic as it became in 1792 of necessity." There was much about the treaties of 1815, which were condemned, as was the foreign policy of Louis Philippe. Palmerston's comment was pithy



BIRTHPLACE OF LAMARTINE, MÂCON.

if contemptuous : " I should say that if you were to put the whole of it into a crucible, and evaporate the gaseous parts, and scum off the dross, you would find the residue to be peace and good-fellowship towards other Governments." True, the Second Republic was to wage aggressive war, but not in Lamartine's term of office, and in flagrant departure from the principles he upheld. During the months Lamartine was in charge of the foreign affairs of the Republic, France was, in fact, as pacific as he declared she would be. Alarums and excursions there were inevitably when all Europe was in revolution and part of it at war. But not more, despite the efforts of revolutionaries from Poland and elsewhere to gain the support of the French Republic. Lamartine displayed no little skill in handling the various deputations which came to ask for help for their local revolutions. The British Government acknowledged his " handsome and friendly conduct about the Irish deputation. His answer was most honourable and gentlemanlike, and just what might have been expected from a high-minded man like him." Lamartine's conduct certainly contributed not a little to make the various Governments recognise the new Republic without difficulty. He would have liked to restore and develop into a definite treaty the earlier *entente* with England, but that was further than the British Government was prepared to go.

Yet whilst Lamartine's share in thus sponsoring the infant Republic before the adult states of Europe must not be overlooked, the real test of his statesmanship lay in the domestic situation. The opinion of France on the revolution was as yet unknown. In the Government, since Dupont de l'Eure was both aged and infirm, Lamartine was for the moment the outstanding figure. But he was by no means supreme there, for Louis Blanc and his Socialist labour group interpreted the revolution not after his, but after their own fashion. The history of the Republic from February to June 1848 is to a large extent the history of the clash and struggle of the two sections of the Government. Despite the protests of Lamartine the Government had on February 25th passed a decree drawn up by Blanc promising to provide work for all citizens in need of it, and ear-marking a million francs for the working man. This was a trick to the Socialists. A decree of the

next day ordered the setting up of "National Workshops," where all who required work could be enrolled and secure work, or a dole in place of it. Under Émile Thomas the "workshops" were organised on military lines. They never approximated to Louis Blanc's "Social Workshops," though they were confused with them. In the end, so enormous did the numbers of the enrolled become that the "workshops" became a menace to society and were dissolved, so precipitating the June Days.

After a moment of agreement on a decree proposed by Lamartine for the abolition of the death penalty for political offences, the two reformers fell out over the Socialists' proposal to create a Ministry of Labour. Lamartine opposed this, and only to keep the peace would he agree to the compromise measure of appointing a commission, the "Luxembourg Commission," to study social and economic questions. Nor did Lamartine like particularly the decree establishing universal and direct suffrage with the secret ballot; he preferred indirect election with a graded franchise, though he did not clearly define his views. The gulf between the two sections of the Government widened as the elections neared. On March 17th came the first of four crises, each graver than the last. A demonstration was organised to intimidate the Lamartinists in the Government. It failed of its object and, to the outsider at all events, Lamartine appeared stronger than ever. Greville in England noted that "his position at this moment is something superhuman; the eyes of the universe are upon him, and he is not only the theme of general admiration and praise, but on him almost alone the hopes of the world are placed. . . . His labour has been stupendous, his eloquence wonderful."

In truth, however, Lamartine's control over affairs outside his own Ministry was soon to be on the wane, though not visibly as yet. The pressure of the Paris clubs became more threatening and Lamartine unwisely began to veer in their direction, giving secret interviews to Blanqui, the noted revolutionary. Yet when a second demonstration was organised by these clubs with the connivance of Louis Blanc and others in the Government, for April 16th, he took prompt measures against it. Aided by Changarnier he called out the

reconstituted and now faithful National Guard, which met and surrounded the popular procession with bayonets ere it reached the Hôtel de Ville. Thus countered the threat disappeared; the shouts of "*Vive Louis Blanc! À bas Lamartine!*" were drowned in cries of "*Vive Lamartine! À bas Louis Blanc! À l'eau les Communistes!*" The country echoed the cry in the elections to the National Assembly which took place shortly afterwards. In Paris Lamartine headed the poll with over a quarter of a million votes, whilst Ledru-Rollin and Louis Blanc came at the bottom of the poll. In the country he was elected by ten Departments, receiving 1,600,000 votes in all. "I am greater by a head than Alexander or Cæsar," he remarked on hearing the news. In fact the victory was less personal than he thought; it was a vote for moderation and against the Jacobins of Paris. Yet it marked the apogee of Lamartine's career.

When the Assembly met and Lamartine delivered the address of welcome, he felt himself to be, he tells us, "the man of the hour, the unique head and predestined to power," backed by so many votes and received with such enthusiasm. He deceived himself; there was no move or thought to make him dictator; there was, in fact, a certain suspicion of him, a suspicion which his efforts to compromise with the Left of the Assembly rather increased. In the election of an executive commission of five, his name came but fourth on the list. A final momentary triumph on May 15th but marked the decline of his influence. The mob which invaded the Assembly on that day hailed him as "Traitor." "You have made poetry and fine phrases for long enough now," jeered Albert, "the people want something more." Lamartine replied by leading the way to the Hôtel de Ville on horseback with the Garde Mobile behind him. The mob gave way everywhere, the rebel leaders were arrested and Lamartine returned in triumph to the Assembly, the idol for a last moment of the crowd he had subdued. The Assembly was less pleased, especially when he pled for moderation towards the insurgents. He felt the hostile atmosphere and seemed to lose some of his confidence and powers of speech. Shortly afterwards the Assembly voted against his motion for the exclusion of Louis Napoleon from France. He resigned office, and though persuaded to return,

felt himself, as he wrote to a friend, "at the bottom of the wheel of public fortune."

Then came the "June Days," the last and decisive conflict between the two parties to the Republic. In the street fighting of June 23rd, Lamartine on horseback led an attack on the barricades, his horse being wounded and he himself narrowly escaping death. The victory of the forces of order for which he fought did not stay his downfall, but rather confirmed it. The executive commission was superseded by the military dictatorship of General Cavaignac, which ended Lamartine's membership of the Government. He had instead to meet attacks on his stewardship during the spring months. Some influence he still retained as an orator, unfortunately not always wisely used. In the debates on the drafting of the new Constitution he spoke and with effect in favour of a single chamber legislature, though he confessed afterwards that his views were less clear than his speech declared. With regard to the other important question, the method of election to the Presidency of the Republic, he likewise supported the method finally adopted, direct election by the people, with more rhetoric than good sense. "Even supposing," he argued, "that the people choose unwisely: no matter; *alea jacta est!* Let God and the people pronounce."

When the election to the Presidency came Lamartine believed that, despite his loss of power in the Assembly, the country still looked to him as in May, and so he allowed his name to be placed on the list of candidates. He refused credit to Louis Napoleon's chances of election. The result of the election of December 10th came as a terrific blow to him: he received but 17,910 votes against the colossal total of nearly five and a half million cast for Louis Napoleon; even Ledru-Rollin received 370,119; his was the smallest vote cast. He might protest that "the country has gone mad," but he had no longer any power to check its lunatic progress: his comet had paled and disappeared before the rising star of Bonapartism.

The extent of his eclipse was shown in the elections of the spring of 1849 to the new Legislative Assembly. The choice of Paris and France a year ago, he failed now to secure even a nomination. A seat in a bye-election a few months later

allowed him to enter the Chamber, but although he sat there at intervals until the end of the Republic, he played no part of any importance in its deliberations. He supported Louis Napoleon because he saw in him the only possible President; but for Bonapartism as such, leading to the Empire, he had nothing but enmity. When the *coup d'état* of December 2nd, 1851, came, he saw in it the natural result of the conduct of the Assembly. He hoped that "despotism, punishment for excess of freedom, would return to a balance between liberty and authority. Let us leave it to time, servant of Providence."

The last twenty years of Lamartine's life were years of incessant and tragic effort, no longer in the realm of public affairs, but to repair and maintain his private fortunes, deeply embarrassed by his disregard of the elementary principles of personal economy. His sole weapon was his pen, which he wielded with unflagging energy though not with equal skill or wisdom. He wrote too much for his credit, and thought too highly of what he wrote. But the tragic thing was that, try as he might, he sank ever deeper into the slough. In the end, having refused aid from the Emperor's private purse, he accepted in 1860 from the city of Paris a villa at Passy, and seven years later a sum which the Corps Législatif offered him. He died March 1st, 1869, to be buried not in state as the Government suggested, but at his old home, Saint-Pont.

It is easy to say that Lamartine was not a statesman: his lack of knowledge and errors of judgment lie open even in so brief a sketch as this. His most enduring reputation, that of poet, was the one he valued least. Yet whilst that title must come first, he has some claim to a place in the mid-country which in history has always separated poet and statesman. For if he was, as he later declared, "*un républicain improvisé*" in 1848, once the Republic had been declared, his improvisation was a notable and worthy one. No one can say what would have happened had there been no Lamartine to check the impulses of the mob or the application of the untested theories of Louis Blanc, but certainly the shock of the revolution would have been much more violent and dangerous both for France and for Europe. And he acted not merely with great courage, but with little thought for himself in the crisis, highly as he rated his own capacity for governing. Mention has been

made of his oratory. It would not have suited English taste either of the middle nineteenth century or later. But its exuberance was less noticeable to Gallic ears. And it was never false or stilted any more than was the man. His faults were of the head, not of the heart. And his ideals were high and noble, though his actions were often unwise. It was much to have been poet, idealist and orator.





MAZZINI is in some ways the most attractive and interesting of all the great figures of the nineteenth century. He was not always wise, he did not always face facts, his prophecies were often wrong, his views were not in his own day and have not since been accepted as sound in every particular. Yet whilst it is not possible to estimate exactly his influence on Italian history, he is rightly placed first in the list of the makers of that country in the nineteenth century. Nor was his influence confined to Italy. The fact that he lived much in England, wrote much in our tongue and had many friends there, strengthens the appeal of his career to us. Yet his great qualities—his high idealism, hatred of evil, abounding love of mankind, self-sacrifice, simplicity and purity of character, his passionate faith in and unremitting devotion to a great cause—these belong neither to Italy nor England exclusively, but have a universal appeal. And Mazzini had beyond these, and beyond his high intellectual gifts, a personal magnetism which it is difficult if not impossible to convey by the printed word, which his portraits hardly reveal to us, but of which there is no doubt.

Joseph Mazzini was born in Genoa in 1805, the year in which this ancient republic was annexed by Napoleon. His father was a doctor attached to the University of that city. As a boy he saw the triumph of Europe over the great Emperor in 1814 bring not the hoped-for free republic again, but merely a change of masters, for Genoa was handed over to Piedmont to stiffen that kingdom against possible French aggression. His father, like most Genoese, hated the Piedmontese yoke. He had memories of earlier freedom; then of the French Revolution; then of a rule which, if despotic, had not been petty or illiberal, and which had united much of Italy under one rule. There was all this to set off against the illiberal paternalism of the restored king of Savoy, in which all (save

Genoese freedom) was to be as it was before 1789. Was it any wonder that the boy grew to manhood protesting against despotic monarchy?

Mazzini's services to his country and his century were in the realm of ideas and inspiration. Action he longed for, and desperately. But whilst all his attempts at action failed, his voice, pen and example were potent weapons. His ideas were developed and expanded in scores of articles, pamphlets and letters, public and private, over forty years. Whilst it is impossible even to summarise in a few lines his teachings—for he was above all a prophet and teacher—some attempt must be made to explain his faith; for in Mazzini the faith and the man were one.

The task to which Mazzini devoted his life was the making of the Italian nation, "a task," he says, "like the task of God, the creation of a people," to make "an Italy one, free and powerful, independent of all foreign supremacy, and morally worthy of her great mission." The setting was provided by nature—the sea on three sides, the mighty hills which he loved on the fourth; these were the "sublime and indisputable boundaries." The elements or raw materials of which a nation could be made were present also in language and literature, race and tradition. But something more was necessary to fuse these elements into a nation. The basis of Mazzini's belief in nationality, as of his belief in all else, was religion.

Mazzini was essentially a religious man. He refused to call himself a Christian, greatly though he admired the example and teaching of Christ. Still less would he hold to either any Protestant creed or the Papacy, which latter became to him "the basis of every tyrannic authority." "God and the People" was his war-cry, to be inscribed on the banners of the revolutionaries of 1848. Faith in God was necessary, because without it a people could not possess a sense of duty. The Gospel of Rights of the French Revolution of 1789 had been a failure just because it was a Gospel of Rights. The new Italian nation must be founded on a Gospel of Duty or it would not, he argued, be a nation at all. And that implied belief in God.

From his faith in God Mazzini drew a belief in Progress. He took issue with Christianity because in it he found no place for such a belief. "From the idea of God," he says,



MAZZINI'S TOMB.

"I descended to the idea of progress; from the conception of progress to a true conception of life." Progress to Mazzini was part of God's plan for mankind which "slowly, progressively makes men Divine." The "fundamental character" of the moral law for society was "progress unlimited and continuous from age to age; progress in every branch of human activity, in every manifestation of thought, from religion down to industry and the distribution of wealth."

From belief in progress as a Divine law to a belief in nationality was for Mazzini but a step, and a short one. The individual cannot progress alone, but God has made the nation as the instrument for working out the progress of mankind. "Your country," he said to the Italian working men, "is the token of the mission which God has given you to fulfil in humanity." So the nation is sacred, and sacred too is man's duty towards his country. Here in particular was Mazzini's great service to Italy and to his age. The fervour with which he championed the cause of Italian nationality was due to his lofty conception of the origin and functions of the nation. And the enthusiasm which his words aroused

was due not merely to the low estate of divided and subjugated Italy or the eloquence of his appeal, but also in part to the deeply religious spirit which shone through his trumpet-like call. "Love your country," he said to the Italians, "it is your name, your glory, your sign among the nations. Give it your thoughts, your counsel, your blood. Raise it up great and beautiful as it was foretold by our great men. And see that you leave it uncontaminated by any trace of falsehood or of servitude, unprofaned by dismemberment. Let it be one as the thought of God." In 1831 Mazzini, already an exile, wrote a famous letter to the new king of Piedmont in which he said, "Place yourself at the head of the nation, write on your flag, 'Union, Liberty, Independence.' Free Italy from the barbarian, build up the future, be the Napoleon of Italian freedom." From this date, and indeed before, Mazzini not merely wrote but worked for the one cause, often in failure, often mistakenly, but ever with the same burning faith. Yet Mazzini never conceived of the nation as all in all, or an end in itself; he was no narrow or exclusive nationalist. The nation was the instrument for the progress of humanity: through the nation was to be accomplished "the brotherhood of all the peoples of Europe, and through Europe of all humanity." Nations were not merely to abstain from oppression, but were to aid positively in the diffusion of the spirit of freedom.

Mazzini's nation was to be a democracy. His definition of a people as "a fellowship of free and equal men, bound together in a brotherly concord of labour towards a common end," implied that. "Your country should be your Temple, God at the summit, a people of equals at the base," he said to the Italians. Only a democracy could fulfil Mazzini's ideal of the nation state fostering civil, religious and economic freedom, encouraging the open and peaceful association of its citizens for the common good, educating all its members for their duties as citizens. He went further: he wanted a republican democracy. It is to be remembered that when Mazzini formed his political ideas, neither in Italy nor in Europe had monarchy shown itself friendly to his principles of political, civil or religious liberty; in fact monarchy generally was much the reverse. Much less had it been shown as yet that a monarchy may be as democratic as any republic. To him monarchy had had its day, like the Papacy. It was based

on a system of inequality and led to stagnation; even constitutional monarchy was "incompatible with progress." So Mazzini became a Republican, for, he argued, "the republic is the most logical form of democracy." What he hoped for from a united democratic Italy—and he hoped everything—could best be fulfilled under a republican flag.



MAZZINI'S BIRTHPLACE, GENOA.

Yet just as he tempered his nationalism by a belief in a common humanity, so he could on occasion modify his republican tenets. Here, of course, he was responding to facts, for not merely was the monarchical idea and sentiment strongly entrenched in Italy, but as time went on it became more and more clear that Italy would be united under the Piedmontese crown. Mazzini was not blind to some at least of the dangers of democratic rule, and the republics of France and the United States met with more criticism than approval from his pen. Yet whilst from time to time he checked his republican propaganda he never abandoned his belief in this form of government. As a concession to popular liberty he would have liked to see Italy decide on its Constitution deliberately and in full freedom when united—an im-

practicable plan, for unity only came under the Piedmontese monarchy directed by Cavour.

The more immediate applications of Mazzini's belief are obvious enough. Italy must be united, not into a federal state as some men thought best, but completely. And for this Austria must be fought—relentlessly and continuously, until she was driven out of the peninsula and her influence there destroyed. The people of Italy must be educated for

their high mission as citizens of a great nation, and that nation stirred to a recognition of its responsible position in the world. Education, social reform and association, on all of which Mazzini has much to say, are to weld the free and united nation together to make the land of his ideals.

Mazzini's ideas were developed and expressed in and through forty years of writing and speaking. But the root of the matter was in him from the first beginning of his long exile. In 1831 he was implicated in the Carbonaro revolt in Piedmont, was imprisoned and then forced to leave the country. We have a pen picture of him about this time which is worth quoting.

“He was about five feet eight inches high and slightly made; he was dressed in black Genoa velvet with a large ‘republican’ hat; his long curling black hair, which fell upon his shoulders, the extreme freshness of his clear olive complexion, the chiselled delicacy of his regular and beautiful features, aided by his very youthful look and sweetness and openness of expression, would have made his appearance almost too feminine if it had not been for his noble forehead, the power of firmness and decision that was mingled with their gaiety and sweetness in the bright flashes of his dark eyes and in the varying expression of his mouth, together with his small and beautiful moustachios and beard. Altogether he was at this time the most beautiful being, male or female, that I had ever seen, and I have not since seen his equal.”

But Mazzini himself was concerned with far other things than his personal appearance as he lay in Marseilles amongst the other Italian exiles. Realising the weakness of the Carbonaro movement, he proceeded to establish in its place a society to be known as “Young Italy.” The oath to be taken by all members shows what Mazzini believed in 1831. A member swore “To dedicate myself wholly and for ever to the endeavour . . . to constitute Italy one free, independent and republican nation, to promote by every means in my power, whether by written or by spoken word or by action,

the education of my Italian brothers towards the aim of 'Young Italy'; towards association, the sole means of its accomplishment, and to virtue, which alone can render the conquest lasting." It is not possible to measure the influence of this society, membership in which spread rapidly through Italy and among the exiles from its different states. But it unquestionably contributed a great deal to arouse the spirit which not merely made possible the Italian struggle for independence and unity, but also helped to give it the lustre of heroic idealism which made that struggle the great epic of the nineteenth century. The youthful Garibaldi, for example, hearing of the society, came to Marseilles, saw Mazzini, and found in membership of the society scope for his burning patriotism. And Garibaldi was but one of many young men of Italy of all classes and gifts who took the oath and who lived and died for the faith Mazzini and the cause inspired in them.

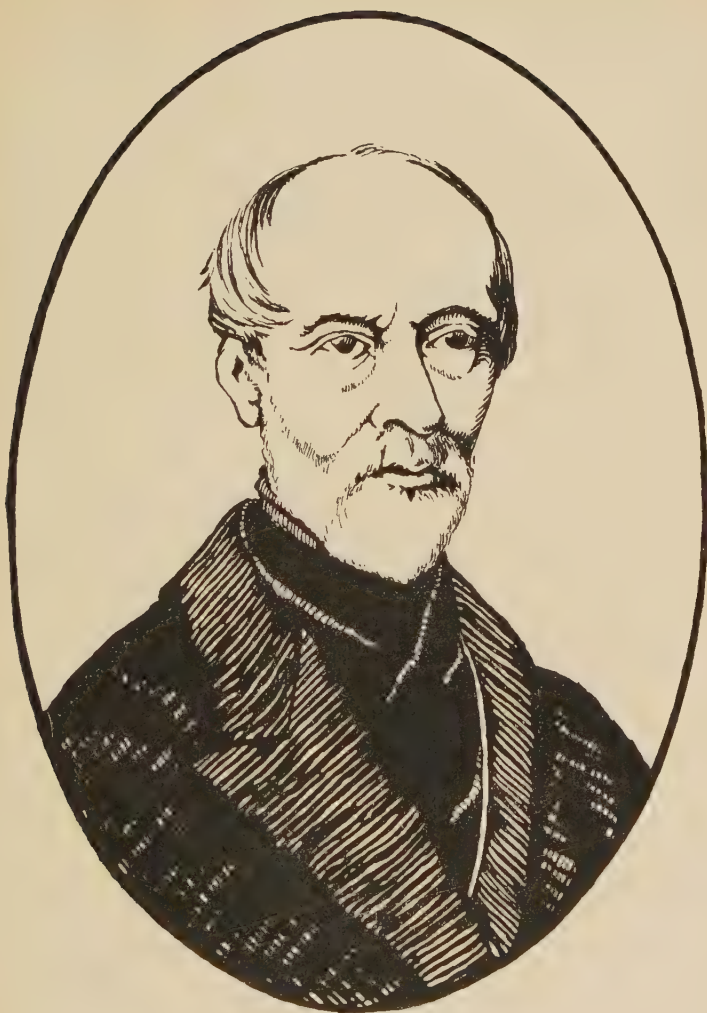
Mazzini now became engrossed in the work of the society, the planting of lodges in Italy and elsewhere, the expounding of its doctrines, the advocacy of its programme of education and insurrection. The stream of articles which began to flow from his pen was heralded by the famous letter to Charles Albert referred to above, which had, of course, no effect. No more effectual were the efforts made to foster revolt in Piedmont, which would, he and his companions hoped, be the signal for risings throughout Italy. To further this Mazzini moved from France to Switzerland, for his continued plottings made return to Piedmont impossible save at the risk of his life. At first he lived in Geneva, then for three years more or less in hiding. He published the journal *Young Italy* for a time, wrote there and elsewhere, corresponded a great deal, organised both a Young Switzerland Society which concerned itself unasked with Swiss federal politics, and a Young Europe which was to unite Italians, Poles, Magyars and Germans on the common ground of nationality and republicanism. He also wrote essays on purely literary subjects and planned more ambitious literary efforts which were never to reach fulfilment. In 1837 he left Switzerland and with his friends the Ruffinis came to England, an exile still, further away indeed from his country, very poor, but not hunted from refuge to refuge.

Thus began his long sojourn in England. It was interrupted by journeys to Paris or by attempts at action in Italy, when he would secretly disappear from London, to reappear or remain hidden in Switzerland or Italy itself. The all too persistent failures of his plots would send him back to England, depressed indeed but unshaken in faith, to gather means and await opportunity for a fresh attempt. Slowly he acclimatised himself to the London fogs. His poverty he accepted as part of his mission. For a time he experienced to the full the loneliness of an alien in a great foreign capital. But gradually he came to feel more at home there; at a later date he even went so far as to declare that, "individually speaking I was evidently intended for an Englishman." This was when he had made friends, some of them the most intimate he ever had. The Carlyles were amongst his early friends, but later he became more intimate with the Ashursts, Stansfelds and others. For English ideas and institutions he had much criticism, mellowed later by his friendships and by the support his friends there gave to his ideas and plans for Italy. A Society of the Friends of Italy was founded in 1851, and both contributed money and helped to modify English opinion in favour of Mazzini and the Italian cause. For while the exile might find friends and a home in England he slackened not a bit in his aims. He was always the missionary for the cause as he saw it, and prophet to his own people, the irreconcilable revolutionary and hater of Austria. Yet he found time for such enterprises as the foundation of a night school for the children of the Italian poor in London (1841), carrying it on for years with the help of English and Italian friends.

His efforts at revolution failed one after the other. Through their long and tortuous succession we cannot follow him. Some of them led but to proscription and death for the faithful who in Genoa or Turin, in Milan or Florence, essayed to carry out his schemes. His own escapes and adventures made an exciting story which cannot be told here, though his coolness in danger and his skill in evading arrest in Italy and Switzerland were remarkable and noteworthy. The most outstanding and for the moment the most promising of these enterprises in which Mazzini took a leading part was that of the years 1848-49. Europe was in revolution, Italy not least nor last.

From Genoa to Venice, from Milan to Naples was heard the cry for independence and political liberty. Austria was thrust out of Milan and most of Lombardy-Venetia, Piedmont secured a Constitution from Charles Albert and after hesitation declared war on Austria. In Tuscany and the lesser states of Northern Italy there was likewise revolution and war. In the south Sicily won a momentary independence and Ferdinand of Naples was forced to grant a Constitution. In Rome itself Pope Pius IX, who had already disappointed the Liberal hopes aroused after his accession, had nevertheless taken the same step. It looked as if part at least of Mazzini's dreams might come true. The prophet hastened to Italy, prepared to sink his republican views in order to secure freedom and unity first. After a stay in Milan, where he became involved in party politics, not, it must be admitted, to his credit for political wisdom, the defeat of the Italian forces by the Austrians drove him to Rome. There the war of parties had ended in the flight of the Pope and the proclamation of the Republic (February 1849), which took Mazzini's own cry of "God and the People" as its motto, elected him a citizen and invited his presence.

"Rome," he tells us, "was the dream of my young years; the generating idea of my mental conception; the keystone of my intellectual edifice; the religion of my soul; and I entered the city one evening, early in March, with a deep sense of awe, almost of worship." He had little time for reflection in the four months of life that remained to the Roman Republic. Elected a Triumvir, he became at once almost supreme within Rome. The course of events elsewhere in Italy and Europe was to crush the infant Republic ere it had had time to justify its existence. All it could do was, as Mazzini put it, to "leave a great republican example." Despite the accusations of Terrorism and Communism hurled at the Republic by the Pope and other reactionaries, Mazzini's government was, in fact, singularly liberal and enlightened. He did, it is true, confiscate Church lands, but it was to give small holdings at low rents to the peasants; and in the same spirit he essayed to remedy the discrepancies in clerical salaries. But there was no attack on the spiritual functions of the Church, no doctrinal changes—though Mazzini was not a Catholic—no persecution



MAZZINI.

of the clergy. They were, on the contrary, protected, as was the property of their churches. The Government erred on the side of leniency. "We governed," said Mazzini later, "without need of tribunals or prisons." But no amount of idealism could at once transform all the people of Rome and the Papal States into saints like Mazzini himself: their earlier systems of government had not prepared for this; the times were too agitated, the outside danger too pressing, for so gentle a rule. Yet it gained adherents from all classes and it was typical of Mazzini.

By the time the Government was installed clouds of no small dimensions had gathered on its horizon. To the north the battle of Novara (March 23rd, 1849) had ended the Piedmontese effort against Austria, and the whitecoats might shortly be expected to march on Rome. To the south, where the Pope had taken refuge with King Bomba of Naples, his invectives were to be supported by Neapolitan arms. Yet, as events showed, Naples was not to be feared. It was the cloud rising from the western sea which was to bring the fatal storm. Because Louis Napoleon wished to gain clerical support and forestall Austrian intervention, troops of the year-old French Republic were sent to destroy its Roman fellow. The fight against Oudinot's forces belongs to Garibaldi's career rather than to that of Mazzini, though the latter did much to inspirit the defence. When at the end of June further resistance was clearly hopeless, Mazzini resigned his office rather than surrender, and a few days after the French entry, escaped to exile in England again. It was inevitable that in the triumph of the reaction all over Europe, the little Republic should fall, and whether by French or Austrian arms mattered not a great deal. Yet Mazzini was right in his claim that its history and defence made "the first line of a gigantic poem which will be concluded come what may."

That conclusion—a monarchical, not a republican one—was to come with the departure of the French troops and the entry of the Italian kings into Rome in 1870. But long ere that date, whilst the "tired waves" of Mazzini's indefatigable efforts from England and Switzerland gained "no painful inch," "the main" of Italian freedom and unity came flooding in from sources to him anathema or at least suspect, from his

own state indeed, but by the work of Cavour, whom he distrusted and a king, Victor Emmanuel, whom he disliked, mainly, it must be confessed, because he was a king. The story is theirs and Italy's rather than Mazzini's, though he lived to see the united nation made. His watch, as someone said, had stopped in 1848. He was as incapable of understanding Cavour and his policy of building up the Piedmontese monarchy, now liberalised by the Constitution of 1848, as Cavour was of sympathising with Mazzini's uncompromising republicanism. Mazzini hated France; Cavour saw in her the only possible ally against Austria. When that alliance was cemented and the war with Austria came in 1859, Mazzini, aged and depressed by the failure of 1849 and by two subsequent failures in 1852 and 1854, yet went to Florence. For the moment, as in 1848, he was prepared to sink his differences with Piedmont to get the war extended into central Italy. Though this effort too failed, events moved faster now, and after a brief return to England Mazzini was back in Italy, this time in Genoa, to concern himself, though not as a principal, in the Garibaldian expedition to Sicily. He had been in close touch with the revolutionaries there for the past ten years through Crispi, Pilo and others. Now in March 1860 he wrote them :

“ It is no longer a question of Republic or Monarchy ; it is a question of National Unity, of existence or non-existence . . . what we all require is that Italy should be made. . . . Wait ? For what ? Do you really think that Napoleon or Cavour is coming to set you free ? . . . Dare and you will be followed. But dare in the name of National Unity ; it is the condition *sine qua non*. . . . Garibaldi is bound to come to your help.”

This stirring appeal, backed by his work of the past decade, had its effect in helping to bring about the rising, and so Garibaldi's expedition.

When that expedition succeeded he again essayed to raise and lead a force from Tuscany towards Rome, the goal for him as for Garibaldi. Whilst he and his fellow-workers failed in their effort, that effort forced Cavour into the decisive step of invading the Papal States himself. Mazzini meanwhile

journeyed to Naples, where, it must be confessed, his presence rather stirred up strife than aided unity. Indeed once the Sicilian expedition had succeeded Mazzini becomes rather a pathetic figure. The warrior and the statesman filled the stage, the popular chorus of the centre and south was for annexation with Piedmont, and there was no room for him now as actor or prompter, revered as his name and person were.

For the first half of the decade that followed the year of triumph, 1860, ere Venice and Rome were gained, Mazzini lived in England, working as of old for Italy, though more and more at home in London. After the military failure of 1866, when only the Prussian victory over Austria in the north gave Venice to Italy, he moved to Lugano. He was more critical than ever of the monarchy which had done so badly in the war, and refused to accept the amnesty now offered him or the seat in the Italian Chamber to which Messina gratefully elected him. Aged and failing now in health he yet organised a "Republican Alliance" to set up the government of his ideals in Rome. But the French were on guard there, and when the Franco-Prussian war took them away in 1870, Mazzini was imprisoned in Sicily. Rome when he reached it was united with the rest of Italy under the monarchy.

Two-thirds of his programme for Italy—freedom and unity—were accomplished facts. Free now to move where he would in Italy, though still refusing to accept the amnesty, he realised that the third part of his political creed—the republic—would not come in his day and he ceased to agitate for it. He was indeed too frail now to agitate for anything. The marvel is that his body had supported him so long. In 1872, at the age of sixty-six, he found in death the peace which life had denied him. Mazzini himself was more conscious of failure than of success. But in addition to the large part he actually played in freeing and making Italy, it was no small matter for his own country and for Europe that against the triumph of Bismarck in Germany, the struggle for Italian unity should have been illumined by the light of Mazzini's noble self-sacrifice and high idealism.



KOSSUTH AND THE REVOLUTION OF 1848-49 IN HUNGARY

THE career of Louis Kossuth illustrates the general nature and the complexity of the revolution of 1848-49 in the Hapsburg dominions. It does not bring us into very direct contact with the revolution in Vienna itself, nor does it take us into that other centre of Nationalist feeling, Bohemia. But it does show admirably the strength and the weakness of the movement. Any revolution in Austria was bound to be very complicated, for the Austrian state was the most complicated in Europe. And it was likely to be violent, in reaction against the illiberal system of government which had obtained in the Hapsburg dominions.

Without describing the whole of that system or the composition of the Austrian Empire, it is necessary for an understanding of Kossuth's career to appreciate first the relation of Hungary to the Hapsburgs and second the elements of the situation in Hungary. The crown of St. Stephen, the real founder of the Magyar monarchy, had come to the Hapsburgs in the year 1526, somewhat as the crown of England had come to the Stuarts of Scotland. But there had been no complete "Union" of the sort England and Scotland worked out in 1707. So that although the Hapsburgs succeeded in turn to the Magyar throne, they received it not in Vienna but in Pressburg, the ancient Hungarian capital, taking oath to preserve the liberties of Hungary, riding after the old fashion to the top of the King's Mound near the city and waving the sacred sword of St. Stephen himself north, south, east

and west to signify their determination to protect Hungary against all invaders. Hungary had her own Parliament or Diet of two houses which originated in mediæval times, and was in this more advanced than absolutist Austria: she had her own laws, her own system of administration with its County Assemblies of notables, her own army, her own Magyar tongue. Hungary had been declared in 1790 "a free and independent nation, in no way dependent on any other people or kingdom." Yet whilst in theory Hungary thus enjoyed so large a measure of independence, in practice the Hapsburg rulers were inclined to regard that independence as formal. They were wont to override her privileges, to neglect to call together her Diet, to Germanise her laws and institutions, and to attempt to govern Hungary from Vienna like any other of their many provinces. The Emperor Joseph II was never crowned with the Magyar crown, Francis I summoned no Diet from 1812 to 1825, and the government of his successor Ferdinand from 1835 continued the same policy.

It was in opposition to this system that the Magyar Nationalist movement which culminated in 1848-49 arose. But the situation was by no means so simple as the foregoing lines might suggest. For the Magyar crown included within its sway about as many nationalities as were contained in the whole Austrian dominions. Of the fourteen million people who in 1848 inhabited the Magyar realm less than five million were Magyars. The rest were mainly Germans, Rumanians and Slavs. And the Slavs were again divided; in the north were the Slovaks and in the south the Croats and Serbs. Transylvania, the south-eastern province of Hungary, contained four distinct racial groups. And of course there were "islands" of peoples scattered inextricably throughout the country. Nor were all these groups on the same footing—Croatia had her own local Parliament, and Transylvania had hers, though the most numerous race in Transylvania, the Rumanians, had no voice or part in it. All these groups differed not merely in race but also in language, in tradition, often in religion, in degree of civilisation—in fact in most if not all the qualities which go to make up nationalities.

Linked up with and scarcely less important than this mixture

of peoples was the fact that Hungary was still socially and politically in the Middle Ages. The peasants paid all the taxes and were bound to the soil; they fought in the army, performed feudal duties for the landlords and had no political rights. All political power was in the hands of the "nobles," which class included not merely titled families but those who could claim Magyar descent. They were exempt from all taxation and owned four-fifths of the land. And rich or poor—for of course there were poor Magyars—they possessed an inborn and cultivated belief in the superiority of their race, a belief based partly on their past, bound up with their loyalty to their king and their warlike qualities. Yet whilst they were influenced on the one side by the Nationalist spirit of the age, many of them, and Kossuth, as we shall see, not least, felt also the liberalising tendencies more apparent in Western Europe and proposed to sweep away the old privileges and the burdens by which the millions of peasants were in servitude.

Unhappily the Magyar leaders, and again we must add not least Kossuth, were unable to see that with a policy of greater freedom for the peasant and less privilege for the noble should go not a less but a greater degree of freedom for the subject nationalities of Hungary and a lessening of Magyar racial privilege. On the contrary, whilst up to 1830 they maintained a fairly liberal attitude towards these subject peoples, after that date their nationalism took an increasingly exclusive form, of which the substitution of Magyar for Latin as the official language of Hungary in 1840 is an example. It was inevitable in any case that Croats, Serbs or Rumanians should be touched by the Nationalist aspirations of the age. The Magyar policy still further encouraged the growth of national self-consciousness. The result was the racial war of 1848, which was fatal to Magyar, Slav and Rumanian alike and but played into the hands of Austria. The history of Kossuth is the history of that tragedy.

Louis Kossuth was the eldest son of a member of an untitled Magyar family and was born in 1802. He early gave promise of brilliance in the study of law. As a "notable" he sat in the local county assembly—an outstanding feature of the Hungarian Constitution—and rapidly gained a reputation for

knowledge and eloquence. An outbreak of cholera in 1831, followed by peasant rioting and massacre, brought him to the front in his locality, and in the following year he was sent to the Diet at Pressburg as a delegate (though without a vote) for an absentee magnate. Here he attached himself to what may be called the Liberal or Reform Party led by Count Szechenyi, "the greatest of the Magyars," Francis Deák, Count Beothy, Wesselenyi and others, which party was now pressing for changes in the relations of lord and peasant.

But Kossuth's main work during the next fifteen years was done outside the Parliament. The Press in Hungary was far from free and no reports of the proceedings of its Diet were ever published. Kossuth set himself to supply the deficiency by editing a paper which recounted and discussed the doings of the Diet. As the Press censorship prevented his printing it he had his reports lithographed. Again the Government interfered; so, not to be defeated, he hired secretaries to make hundreds and even thousands of written copies of his journal, which copies were distributed secretly and by hand, since the post offices confiscated any they got hold of. He wrote not in the official Latin but in Magyar, whose use the Lower Chamber of the Diet was now extending. From his effort came an enormous development of political interest throughout the country. To Kossuth himself the work brought in 1837 arrest and imprisonment, without trial, for two years, solitary and without books. In 1839 he was tried and condemned to four years' imprisonment in the fortress of Buda. It was in this later period of his imprisonment that, being allowed books of no political importance, he acquired his amazing knowledge of the English language from the Bible and Shakespeare.

The strong feeling aroused in the Diet by his imprisonment and that of Wesselenyi, the bold Transylvanian noble, led to their release in 1840; Kossuth a popular hero because of his sufferings. Again he turned to journalism, this time as the permitted editor of a newly-founded paper, the *Pest Journal*. For four years this was his organ, in which his somewhat unrestrained eloquence and journalistic ability found scope in pressing for change which would lessen the gap between

the nobility and the peasantry, in stimulating national or more truly Magyar feeling, and in advocating economic changes to make Hungary more self-supporting. Before he lost the position of editor in 1844 the paper was the best-known journal in all Hungary and Kossuth a marked man. "In every corner of the kingdom at this time the first question on a subject was, 'What does Kossuth say?'" In this earlier work, as throughout his career, it is difficult if not impossible to estimate Kossuth's motives. That he was ambitious need not be denied, whether we attribute his ambitions in part to the influence of the wife he married in 1841 or no. Any radical reformer and Nationalist was sure to be regarded with hostility by the Austrian Government and with suspicion by many of the nobles at whose expense reform must be made. When in 1847 he was elected a member of the new Diet for Pest itself against strong Government effort, he is reported to have said, "Now that I am a deputy I will cease to be an agitator." It was not unnatural that men like Szechenyi looked with some suspicion on a man of such influence, capable of leading Hungary into uncharted seas. In the Diet he quickly became the leading speaker of the Opposition, championing alike the cause of the peasantry against the nobles and of Magyarism against the Government with Metternich and the Austrian Council behind it.

Next year came the challenge and the opportunity. It would be quite impossible in a few paragraphs to describe the course of the revolution of 1848, which struck the Austrian dominions like a tornado, uprooting the old system and carrying storm and violence from Lemberg to Milan, Prague to Agram. Nor is it necessary for our purpose. Yet the fall of Metternich, which came on March 13th, had been hastened by the great speech of Kossuth in the Hungarian Diet ten days earlier, though that speech was concerned with Hungarian affairs. Kossuth's speech gave a lead indeed to the revolution in all Central Europe besides starting a new era in Hungary. Its occasion was a debate on the financial situation. As Cavour in Piedmont broadened a minor issue to demand a Constitution, so Kossuth seized the opportunity provided, when the news of the French Revolution had stirred all men's

minds, to discuss the whole position of Hungary under the Austrian Emperor. Quotation from the speech will explain its context and illustrate Kossuth's oratorical style.

"If an entire change were to take place in the policy adopted by the Government, we need be under no anxiety respecting the bank. . . . The suffocating vapour of a heavy curse hangs over us, and out of the leaden chambers of the Cabinet of Vienna a pestilential air sweeps across, benumbing our nerves and repressing our enthusiasm. . . . I grieve to think that the stagnant bureaucratic policy which, embodied in the State Council of Vienna, is leading the Empire on to destruction, should also compromise the future existence of our beloved Dynasty. . . . The men of a past generation to-day or to-morrow descend into their graves, but the people is everlasting and a glorious future awaits both the nation and the throne which derives its strength from the freedom of its subjects. Loyalty and enthusiasm for the dynasty can exist only in the hearts of free men whose interests are indissolubly bound up with that dynasty; for a bureaucracy no such sentiments can be entertained. . . . The bureau and the bayonet are miserable weapons with which to unite the different parts of the Empire."

This direct if rhetorical attack on the Austrian Government was followed by the moving of an Address to the Emperor. In this the remedy for the existing state of affairs was declared to be the establishment for Hungary of "an independent national government, exempt from foreign interference." The Lower House, fired by Kossuth's speech as by the heat of the occasion, passed the Address unanimously. The Upper House of Magnates was less moved, but after some delay it likewise passed it and a deputation of eighty members of the Diet, including Kossuth, Szechenyi and other notables, set off for Vienna amidst tremendous enthusiasm. For days there was wild excitement in Pest. A manifesto of popular demands was drawn up which ended with a demand for "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"—whatever these might mean

in Pest—and national feeling rose to its height in the singing of the “Magyar Marseillaise”:

“Magyars, up! Your country calls you!
Break the chain which now enthralls you,
Free men be, or slaves for ever;
Choose ye, Magyars, now or never.”

Meanwhile in Vienna the deputation was received no less vociferously. Kossuth, whose speech had preceded him, was the hero of the hour. He later declared that at that moment he “held the fate of the Hapsburg dynasty in the hollow of his hand,” and there was some truth in the statement. But though Kossuth was later to avow himself a republican, neither he nor his compatriots were then in the least anxious to destroy the Hapsburg dynasty. And for the moment that pathetic figure the Emperor Ferdinand, overwhelmed by events in Vienna as elsewhere in his dominions, professed himself ready to grant the requests of “his beloved Hungary.” The Archduke Stephen was appointed Viceroy there and a responsible Ministry was appointed from both houses of the Diet, led by Count Batthyany and including Szechenyi, Deák, Eötvös and Kossuth, a “Ministry of all the talents” indeed, for all were men of distinction in different ways, and all of them devoted to Hungary. The new era had begun.

Before the old Diet ended to make way for a new one elected on a wide but not a universal suffrage, the new regime was defined in laws. By these Hungary was to be governed by a responsible Ministry, Parliament was to sit every year at Budapest, the new franchise was defined, the nobles’ exemption from taxation was ended, as likewise was the payment of feudal dues by the peasants, one result of which was to turn half a million peasants into small independent farmers. Trial by jury was to be introduced, all recognised religions were to be on the same footing of equality, the Press was to be free—and so on. These were the famous March Laws. With their passing Kossuth, exhausted with his labours, withdrew from Pest for a short time. Apparently the struggle with Austria had been won and the ends for which he stood secured, and this practically without violence.

In fact this was very far from being the case. The Haps-



KOSSUTH.

burgs had but bowed to the storm, and when that storm had blown over they were not likely to accept changes so little in accordance with their traditions or likings. Therein lay one danger for Hungary. Another danger, or at least a difficulty, lay in the rapidity with which the modernisation of Hungary had been carried out. Such radical and far-reaching changes needed a long period of peace to be worked out. But outweighing both these was the racial or nationalist difficulty: to Croats, Slovaks, Serbs and Rumanians the Magyar triumph was a menace to be resisted and overthrown, for it meant, or appeared to mean, the death of their own similar aspirations.

Feeling in Croatia had been aroused in the 'thirties and 'forties and from the beginning was anti-Magyar. In 1832 a pamphlet with the title, *Are we to become Magyars?* had stirred a good deal of feeling there. The Croatian Diet protested that Croatia was an associated not a subject kingdom, that Hungary was not its mother but its sister, indeed that Croatia had existed as an independent nation long before Hungary. In 1840, when Magyar was substituted for Latin as the official language of the country, they protested, as again three years later when the Hungarian Diet laid it down that Magyar was to be used in all communications from Croatia to Pest and was to be taught in Croatian schools. Croatia made claims for its own language, inspired thereto by the poet Kollar and the local patriot and agitator Gaj, who preached "Illyrism" for the south Slavs—Croats, Slovenes and Serbs. The Croatian Diet of 1847 declared that their own language was to be taught in every school of Croatia. The Croatian delegates to the Hungarian Diet refused to speak Magyar there and the Diet thereupon refused to hear them. This action did not help matters, and Kossuth's phrase, "I know no Croatian nationality," added insult to injury. It needed but little in March 1848 to set Croatia ablaze, and that little was supplied by events in other parts of Hungary and in Austria.

The Serbs, another branch of the south Slavs, dwelling some in Pest, the majority near the southern frontier of Hungary, felt the influence of the same movement and the same hostility to Magyar policy. On April 8th, 1848, a deputation of Serbs appeared before the Hungarian Diet to claim recognition for their national language and customs. Kossuth met their

demands by recognising their rights to equality with all other citizens of Hungary, but declared that only the Magyar language could unite the different nationalities of Hungary into one people. "Then," said the leader of the Serb delegation, "we must look for recognition elsewhere than in the Diet." "In that case," returned Kossuth to the threat, "the sword must decide." He spoke only too truly. The Serbs returned home, and a month later met in a "National" Congress at Carlowitz, encouraged by Serbs from across the frontier as by the Slav movement elsewhere. Conflict with the Magyar authorities became inevitable, and on June 11th the first clash of armed forces took place, thus beginning the racial war.

Before this happened the Magyar predominance for which Kossuth and the majority in the Hungarian Diet stood had been challenged elsewhere. "The Magyars," Gaj had said some years ago, "are but an island in the Slav ocean." Now the tide of Slav nationalism rose in the north of Hungary as well as in the south. The Magyars exaggerated the dangers of Pan-Slavism, but they had reason to be disturbed. For beyond the Croats and Serbs Hungary had nearly two million Slovaks within her northern limits. And next to them, though outside Hungary, were the most progressive and politically self-conscious of all the Slav groups in Austria, the Czechs of Bohemia. It is outside our scope to follow the course of the revolution there, but it complicated the Hungarian situation in that in June an all-Austrian Slav Congress met in Prague, and ere it ended in disorder and violence, suppressed by Austrian troops, the Slovaks had presented before it a list of their grievances against the Magyars in the matter of language, representation in the Hungarian Parliament and the like. Yet the Slovaks presented the least serious of the elements in the racial problem and were in the coming days for the most part loyal to Hungary.

Far more serious to Kossuth and his fellow-Ministers was the new sound which was now added to the beating of the waves of the Slav ocean—the surgings of the Rumanian sea in Transylvania. The March Laws passed by the Hungarian Diet had recommended the abolition of the Transylvanian Diet and the complete reunion of that province with Hungary.

The Rumanians had no share in their local Diet and no representation there. But they had both aspirations and grievances. They were in the majority in Transylvania and wanted representation in the local Diet, not its incorporation in the Pest Parliament. They raised the claims of their own language and feared for their Church. But though the Saxons of Transylvania supported their claims, the Magyars and Szeklers there, reinforced by the headstrong and warlike Magyar nationalists of Pest, succeeded in passing through the Transylvanian Diet the motion for complete union with Hungary, contemptuously refusing to listen to a deputation of Rumanians. The feelings of the latter were further excited over the social changes decreed by the March Laws, which they welcomed as they were nearly all peasants. But the combination of these wide changes in their status with the general ferment aroused led to violence and strife. A few days before the outbreak between Magyar and Serb, Magyar and Rumanian came to blows; civil war broke out, to be waged there and by the Serbs with a ferocity which bore no relation to the grievances suffered, but which has helped to alienate the Magyar from these other races from that day to this.

Because of the bitterness aroused by this civil war of 1848-49 and the championship of one side or the other by historians, it is very difficult even to-day to be fair and just to both sides. Magyar policy in regard to language had been provocative, and Kossuth must bear some of the responsibility for the encouragement of excessive Magyarism. It is possible these grievances would have been remedied had the various races co-operated in the new Diet, in which they were given far larger representation under the new laws. Kossuth and the Liberals had shown themselves ready to concede this; they had declared for religious equality and they had passed wide and far-reaching reforms for the benefit of the peasantry. It was natural enough that as patriots they should wish to secure the maximum of national unity in order to keep the liberties they had so recently gained from Austria. And whilst a higher wisdom would have tried to found the unity of Hungary on the basis of greater civil and even political freedom for the different nationalities contained within it, it must be confessed

that there was at that date no precedent in Europe for such enlightenment, least of all in the nearest example, that of Austrian rule. They were, also, weakened by the fact that the Magyar forces were largely engaged in the Austrian cause away from Hungary. It is one of the many contradictions in Kossuth that he agreed to the use of Magyar troops against the Italians despite the similarity of their cause to that of Hungary, and the sympathy he had with it.

How much reason Kossuth and his colleagues had in fearing that disunion would weaken their stand against Austria was soon clear. The Croatian nationalists led by Gaj increased their demands. Kossuth declared himself willing to make concessions but denounced their separatist aims, which were defined at their Diet opened at Agram on March 25th. They appealed for aid to the Emperor Ferdinand, who replied evasively but without reference to the Hungarian Government, appointed as Viceroy of Croatia Baron Jellacić, a Croatian, but a Colonel in the Austrian army and a favourite of the Imperial Court. The appointment and the manner of it implied that the Imperial Government intended to use the anti-Magyar feeling in Croatia to defeat the Hungarians. This was the old policy of "Divide and rule" which the Hapsburgs had practised for centuries. Jellacić promptly took the lead in the south Slav movement, declaring for the separation of Croatia and the other southern Slav regions from the Hungarian Crown, and issued a manifesto calling on the Slovaks likewise to rebel, an invitation which the Slovaks refused to consider.

This, in brief, with the flight of Ferdinand from Vienna added, was the situation which faced the new Hungarian Diet when it met on July 2nd. Nine days later Kossuth, so unwell that he was scarcely able to stand, brought forward a motion for the defence of the country. He began by pointing out the dangers which threatened from the Serbs, the Croats, the Austrian Government. As for the Serbs, he said, "Whoever would establish a separate power on the territory of Hungary herself is a traitor and a rebel." The Croats had rights and privileges as a nation and their fears resulted from "misconception and error," for Hungary had no intention of trying to remove those rights. They were even willing

to accept Jellacić's appointment. Referring to Croatia's relations with Austria, he professed himself unable to understand how a country could claim its freedom in order to "submit itself to the yoke of Absolutism." He had looked for help for Hungary without, in Europe, but no matter. "That nation alone can survive which possesses vital force within itself; the nation which lacks such force, but is dependent on the help of others, has no future." He wound up by demanding a grant for 200,000 men and forty-two million florins. Carried away by the eloquence of his appeal the whole Diet rose to its feet, led by the leader of the Opposition himself, shouting, "We grant them." "I bow before the greatness of the nation," responded Kossuth; "let your energy be proportionate to your enthusiasm and I dare swear that the gates of hell itself shall not prevail against Hungary." Never had a Hungarian Parliament shown so great an enthusiasm. "Now for the first time I believe in the future existence of Hungary," said one hearer: the oldest member of the Diet repeated his *Nunc Dimittis*.

Yet fine speeches, even Kossuth's speeches, availed little alone to end the civil war which Serbs, Croats and Rumanians carried on. And following the victory in Prague and the more important gain of the battle of Custozza in Italy (July 25th), the Hapsburg Government became more openly hostile to Hungary. Further negotiations with the Vienna Government led to nothing. The king of Hungary refused to come to his Magyar capital, and his Austrian Ministers now declared that he had had no right to grant a responsible Ministry for Hungary. An interview between the Prime Minister Batthyany and Jellacić achieved nothing at all. Meanwhile Kossuth, still loyal to the Hungarian dynasty and not so extreme in his views as some of the hotheads of Pest, yet championed resistance against partition on the one hand and mere absorption into Austria on the other. "Shall Hungary then not be a state? Shall each of the races inhabiting it demand an entirely separate existence? With such principles either Hungary will go to the wall or the sword will decide." This was in August 1848, when in fact the sword was already drawn.

On September 10th Jellacić crossed the river Drave, the boundary between Croatia and Hungary proper. The Pest

Cabinet, above all anxious to reach a compromise with Vienna, resigned on their failure to do so. But the popular demand for Kossuth was so strong that he withdrew his resignation and by unanimous vote of the Diet took steps, as President of the Committee of Defence, to provide new forces and supplies. Though he was not included in the new Cabinet formed by Batthyany, since the latter still hoped to conciliate Austria, Kossuth became more and more the effective ruler of Hungary. As President of the Committee of Defence in Pest he was increasingly responsible for the conduct of the war, whilst he founded a journal called *Kossuth's Journal*, wherein he preached resistance to the invader. In a more official manifesto he issued an impassioned appeal for volunteers. Claiming that whereas the Hungarians had the law of God on their side, Jellaciç had no support outside the soldiers he led, Kossuth continued :

“The Magyars have two duties to fulfil. One is to rise in their thousands to crush the invaders of their soil; the other is to remember. If they fail in these duties, then are they cowardly and disgraced for ever, having disgraced the sacred memory of their forefathers. Accursed by God they will wander homeless over the face of the earth, begging for bread in vain. . . . In vain likewise will the Magyar look to religion for consolation. The maiden to whom he lifts his eyes will spurn him from her door with a broom like an unclean beast; his wife will spit in his face; the first words his children will learn will be a curse upon their father. . . . To arms, therefore, if you are men! Let the women dig a deep grave in which to bury either an enemy or the Magyar name, Magyar honour and the Magyar nation.”

Such appeals and the need behind them brought volunteers for the national cause from all over Hungary, to be organised into “Honved” battalions, “the defenders of their country.” In Pest the violence and excitement of the mob led to the murder of Count Lamberg, a Magyar, but who had been appointed from Vienna as Commander-in-Chief in Hungary. This still further alienated the two Governments. Within

a few days appeared an Imperial order condemning the Hungarian Parliament, and especially the activities of Kossuth, dissolving the Diet, annulling the March Laws and placing Jellaciç as Commander-in-Chief in Hungary. The triumph at this time of the revolution in Vienna prevented effect being given to this order and changed the course of the war in Hungary. Jellaciç, whose advance towards Pest had been checked by a Magyar victory, turned towards Vienna, now in the hands of the revolutionaries, and the Magyar force followed to their own frontier. But instead of pushing on to join hands with the Viennese, they hesitated, kept back by their scruples, and not until it was too late did they advance and attack Jellaciç's force at Schwechat on October 30th, the very day Vienna decided to capitulate. Bad generalship and a panic which seized a large number of the Hungarian peasant soldiers led to their failure and retreat.

This was bad enough. The abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand marked a further attack on Hungary led by the Hapsburgs. The youthful Francis Joseph claimed to be king of Hungary without Magyar consent or coronation, and in his first proclamation declared Kossuth and the Committee of Defence to be outlaws and rebels. "The kingdom of Hungary," said the Government journal in Vienna, "lies in the agonies of death, after existing a thousand years. Its history is ended; its future belongs to Austria."

Though this seemed not unlikely it was a statement of policy rather than of fact. "History," said Kossuth, "has shown us Hungary involved in many wars, and surrounded by many adversities, but every war which she has waged for freedom's sake has ended not in defeat but in a compromise." This war might end likewise. The Diet issued a declaration stating that "the nation will defend its existence as a state, its independence, its constitution and its nationality to the last man and the last drop of blood." By January 5th, 1849, however, Windischgrätz had advanced into Hungary and occupied Budapest, and the Diet had removed to Debreczen. But despite the Magyar inferiority in men, training and supplies, despite too the difficulty of securing concerted action between the different generals, or of controlling the uncontrollable General Görgei, the war went on for another

seven months. The story of the endless quarrels between the different Hungarian generals, and the fatal effects of those quarrels, is too intricate to describe here, nor is description necessary. In the long run, given the Russian intervention with 150,000 men, the Magyars were bound to be defeated even had Kossuth been able to secure or maintain harmony between Görgei, Dembinski, Bem and the other generals. Opinions will differ as to Kossuth's share in the war as in regard to his career as a whole. Certainly he was never able to get whole-hearted union of effort despite the absence of political rivals created by the resignation of the earlier leaders of the Diet. He never had the whole nation behind him, nor were his attempts to dictate the strategy of the campaign always wise or sound.

Kossuth reached the highest position in his career, his enemies said the height of his ambition, in April 1849. In March Francis Joseph had dismissed the Austrian Parliament at Kremsier and issued a new constitution for the whole of the Hapsburg dominions. Believing that the Hungarian resistance was almost at an end, the Constitution reduced that country to the level of all the other provinces in "the one and indissoluble Austrian Empire," cutting off Transylvania and Croatia. The Hungarian cause, however, revived, and on April 14th the Diet, under Kossuth's influence, replied by a Declaration of Independence, based on the American declaration of 1776. The Declaration recited the successive betrayals of Magyar freedom resulting from the connection with Austria made three hundred years ago, and concluded that the only remedy lay in separation. Hungary was therefore declared "a free, independent, sovereign state," its territory "invulnerable and indivisible," with the title of "The United States of Hungary and Transylvania." The form of her government was to be determined by the Diet; until then she was to be under a Governor with responsible Ministers. There was only one possible man for the Governorship—Kossuth. Alive to the charge of ambition and self-seeking, he denied it strenuously in accepting the unanimous offer of the dictatorship of the Diet. "Let my words be noted in the pages of the Book of Judgment; beyond my earnest desire for the happiness of my country I have no wish save that I may be free to rest.

Until the nation is completely assured of its future, so long will I be your Governor and President if such be your will; but I swear by the living God and my own honour that so soon as the period of uncertainty is over I will be nothing, not even for a single second, but a poor and humble private citizen."

Certainly it was to no easy or pleasant office that Kossuth had now risen. Whilst the resentment of the South Slavs towards Hungary, or at any rate their attachment to Austria, had been considerably lessened by the dismissal of the Kremsier Diet and the publication of the new Constitution, civil war still distracted the country in Transylvania and elsewhere; its capital and most of its territory was in the hands of the Austrians, its finances were in a desperate state, its generals were divided in opinion, the new Governor was suspected or disliked by many of his subjects. And beyond and above all the rest lay across the Carpathians the shadow of the menace of Russian intervention.

The activities of the new Governor at this period have been described by an eye-witness, one of his secretaries, whose record may be quoted from :

"There is hardly ever a pause in the course of the Governor's activity. Yesterday morning after I had breakfasted I hastened to Kossuth's house. . . . Three couriers, with despatches, were in the room as I entered; and Kossuth sat in his usual place, with a pen in his right hand, and in his left the despatches just brought him. I had come rather late, for it was already a quarter past five o'clock, and another secretary had prepared in my place two despatches which had already been sent off. As I came in Kossuth was occupied in several ways; his hand was writing, his mouth was dictating and his eye glanced at and read the open despatches, whilst his mind directed and followed all the operations of those who worked under him. He looked paler and worse in health than usual. A glass of medicine stood beside him, of which he tasted from time to time, as if to keep up his physical existence. Indeed, though I have often worked at his side from early in the morning till late at night, I

do not remember to have seen him stop to take any nourishment except this mixture, and the quantity of food consumed by him would hardly be enough to keep a young child from starving. . . . I had scarcely taken my place when the Governor began to dictate a letter to General Bem, and we were similarly engaged for about four hours. . . . After nine o'clock, leaving us work enough for the whole day, he went to the National Assembly. . . . He returned at about four o'clock in the afternoon, accompanied by several Representatives, with whom he held a Conference of four hours, answering their questions and suggestions. This, however, did not prevent him from examining the documents we had prepared during his absence, or from dictating more letters. While he was thus dictating to us three or four letters on totally different subjects, we had to be exceedingly careful in committing them to paper, so rapid was his utterance. At six o'clock came more despatches and verbal inquiries, all of which were answered promptly. . . . To give some idea of the labours of the evening I will mention that from half-past seven to half-past eight he dictated to us, at the same time, five important letters, all of different contents. . . . Two were in German, one in French and one in Hungarian. After this Kossuth was for some time engaged with figures, which he reckoned in a state of almost perfect abstraction. While thus occupied his friend and family physician came in and interrupted him. He greeted the doctor kindly, pointed to a chair, and returned to his occupation. The doctor took his left hand . . . feeling the beating of the pulse, after which he retired without being noticed by the patient. The clock struck twelve and the noise of the departure of the copyists roused the Governor from his reflections . . . he did not seem to think it was time to be seeking rest. . . . Finally, after waiting another hour . . . he went into his bedroom and we arranged ourselves on the benches and slept with our fatigue as soundly as in the softest bed, but our rest was not of long duration; between three and four o'clock the despatches arrived; still half asleep we took our places, and Kossuth, that watchman of his

country, dictated to us as before. At six in the morning we received permission to go away while he went for a bath, though we were to be there again by eight o'clock."

Work as he might, however, Kossuth could not avail to produce greater harmony amongst his generals or remove the ever-darkening cloud over the Carpathians. It is true the fortress of Buda was recaptured from the Austrians in May, but this success could only be temporary against the forces of two Empires, for the Russian intervention was formally requested in the same month, and 150,000 Russian troops were on their way across the border. In July Kossuth tried to gain for the Magyar cause the support of the other nationalities in Hungary by offering them complete equality with the Magyars. The offer was a year too late, though indeed Kossuth was not given time to find this out. General Görgei, the outstanding military commander on the Hungarian side, declared that in the supreme crisis civil and military power must be united in the same hands; only after the resignation of Kossuth and his Ministers could he secure the salvation of the country. The resignation was given. A few days afterwards Görgei, believing that further resistance would be futile, surrendered his army to the Russians at Vilagos (August 13th). It was the end of independent Hungary, of her March Laws, her separate Constitution and ancient rights, the end too of the political career of Louis Kossuth.

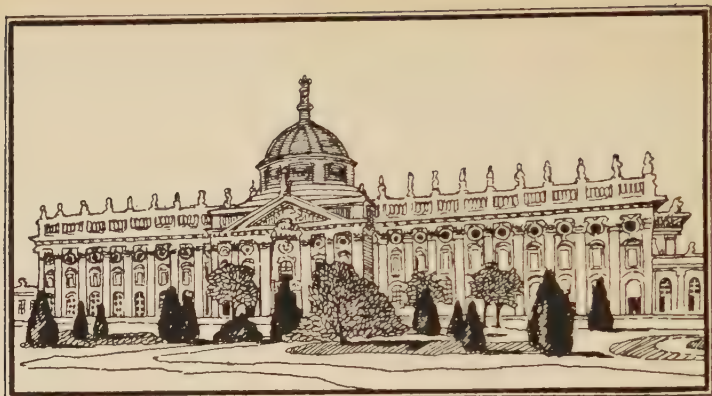
The Austrian vengeance was the more bitter because the Hungarian surrender had been to Russia. Generals were shot or hanged, among them the gallant Count Leiningen. General Haynau, "the hyena of Brescia," lived up to the nickname acquired in Italy. Even Count Batthyany, the ex-Prime Minister and never disloyal to the Austrian monarchy, was executed. Kossuth, declared rebel and outlaw, would most certainly have suffered the same fate had he not escaped, with some 5,000 others, across the Turkish frontier. The Russian and Austrian Governments demanded that Kossuth and the Hungarian generals and leaders with him should be surrendered by the Sultan, who, however, backed by England, refused to comply. On the contrary, he provided both shelter and subsistence for the fugitives. Meanwhile Kossuth's three

children were imprisoned for a time; his wife, with a price on her head, contrived after hairbreadth escapes to cross the frontier and join her husband. In 1851 an American ship carried Kossuth and his family away from Turkey and they came to England.

Kossuth had over forty years of life in front of him when he left Hungary. Henceforth he was an exile like Mazzini, with whom he was indeed in fairly close touch for a while. Both were exiles, both were republicans, both hoped and worked for the freeing of their respective countries from the same ruler, Austria. Both possessed and maintained a degree of influence which, though not insignificant, is difficult to determine. And though both failed in their complete aims, they saw appear in the Italian case complete freedom from Austria, in the Hungarian a large measure of independence; and this within the year 1866-67. But Kossuth and Mazzini differed too much in temperament and character ever to be close friends. Kossuth, though neither as deep nor as attractive a personality as Mazzini, had, of course, far wider political experience and had occupied a high state position, whereas Mazzini had had no experience of political life at all. So Kossuth was naturally a far more public figure in England; and when he went to the United States in 1851 he was accorded honours as "Governor of Hungary." His oratorical skill and his ability to speak English made him known to thousands who heard him deliver addresses in places like Manchester or Birmingham, though his presence and activities were not without embarrassment for the British Government, and there were those to whom he made little appeal: Gladstone, for example, defined "Kossuthism" as "Mazzinism *plus* imposture." But whilst we may admit that Kossuth was ambitious and egotistical, that his oratory is sometimes bombastic to English ears, that he was mistaken in some of his actions and narrow in some of his views, he can hardly be called an impostor. One of his outstanding qualities was his patriotism. And if that patriotism was the product of too narrow a nationalism, at least it may be said that in this his error was that of his time. Nor has the nationalism of later generations of either Magyars or Slavs been so vastly wider or wiser than his. He did at least learn by experience. "Who-

ever," he wrote in 1862, "instead of resting content with a position of leadership for the Magyars, would lord it over other nationalities, digs a grave for the future of our race and for the liberty of our nation." The present political arrangements of the Austrian realm in a measure show the truth of the later views of Kossuth. Unfortunately for him his opportunity had passed long before.





THE NEW PALACE, POTSDAM.

FREDERICK WILLIAM IV OF PRUSSIA AND THE REVOLUTION IN BERLIN

At first sight it may appear absurd to place Frederick William IV of Prussia alongside the Radicals and Nationalists whose efforts he opposed. Yet he cannot strictly be classed with the men of the Metternichian era, greatly though he admired and was influenced by the Viennese statesman. He was an idealist of sorts, though his ideals were not those of the men of 1848. He was the central figure of the Berlin Revolution. And unlike Louis Philippe, Metternich, or Ferdinand of Austria, whose careers ended in 1848, he survived to reign over Prussia for more than a dozen years. Frederick William indeed stands by himself among nineteenth-century rulers, resembling his contemporaries as little as he resembled his Hohenzollern forbears or successors.

Born in 1796 he had as a boy seen his country crushed by Napoleon. As a youth he had seen the uprising of the War of Liberation, and after the peace, as Crown Prince, he had presided, though without much real power, over his father's Council of State. Now, at the age of nearly forty-five, he was called upon to rule the Prussian state. The long reign of his father (1797 to 1840) had left unfulfilled the hope aroused by the struggle for freedom against Napoleon. Beyond

the hopes of German unity there had been promises of a Constitution for Prussia by Frederick William III, who had, however, neither supported the one nor fulfilled the other. Now he was dead, and, in the words of Treitschke, "the long-repressed grievances and hopes of the Prussians found tumultuous expression, effervescing and foaming like molten metal when the plug has been knocked out." Change was in the air. The death of Frederick William III marked not merely the close of a long reign, but the end of a regime which went back into the eighteenth century. It is worth recalling that a similar break with an old regime had come three years earlier in England, where a young girl of unknown capacities and aspirations had ascended the throne. But she was young. Because of that and because of the relations established between Crown, Ministers and Parliament, as also by the fact that a series of great reforming measures had been passed a few years before her accession, no great changes were to be looked for, at any rate for a time. The new king of Prussia, however, was a man of mature years, he was an absolute monarch over his subjects, and "reform" was, it was felt, long overdue. All eyes in Prussia, as in Germany, were on him, and the rulers of Austria and Russia were no less interested to see what he would do.

The fat, beardless, short-sighted king of Prussia was of course no stranger to his people or indeed to Europe. He was known to be a man of no mean intellectual gifts, quite able to hold his own in discussion with men like von Humboldt or Bunsen, versatile, brilliant indeed, of ready speech, keenly interested in art and architecture, kindly, a devout Protestant and a devoted husband. Of his capacity for ruling or his political views less was known, for under his father's firm control of both family and State alike there had been little scope for him in this direction. Pride of race, some degree of kingly dignity, fervent patriotism might be expected. He was no mean speaker, possessing an inexhaustible flow of exuberant language, a dangerous gift for a Prussian king, which rapidly became an embarrassment to himself as to his Ministers. As a king, he was no less pious, no less good a husband than as Crown Prince. He loved at Christmas time to wander with his consort Elizabeth at his side through the crowds in the palace square market. He still loved to sketch

landscapes or picturesque ruins, to discuss architectural or art problems.

On that side indeed his accession was the herald to an attempt to make Berlin the artistic and intellectual capital of Germany. The king, full of enthusiasm, invited painters, landscape gardeners and architects to beautify Berlin and the royal estate at Potsdam, with indifferent success it must be owned, for the king was not always wise in his choice or tactful in his management of those whom he invited. Yet his affection for art or his efforts to encourage music were not at all part of a royal pose; they were indeed only too great a part of the man. Despite a simplicity which reminds us of George III of England, he had a marked love of colour and pageantry. Thus he revived for his Court servants the gorgeous uniforms of an earlier age; he introduced the spiked helmet and the tunic to replace the shako and the swallow-tail in the army; he made judges and professors wear their robes of office. To his mind these things were significant. For Frederick William—and this is the explanation of his character—was a child of the Romantic Movement, born out of due time and place. Called to rule during the most turbulent period of the nineteenth century, he hardly belonged to that century at all, but looked back, far beyond the century in which he was born, to a Prussia and a Germany which was more the product of his own dreams than an historical reality.

The conception of his own position, which he speedily revealed to his expectant subjects, was a medley of mediæval and modern. Indeed in some ways it went further back still; his attitude to his people was almost patriarchal. "Paternal rule," he said in the first year of his reign, "is in accordance with the manner of German princes, and because dominion is a legacy from my ancestors, is my patrimony, I will confront my people boldly; for this reason I can and will guide immature children, chastise those that are froward, but permit the worthy and the well-behaved to participate in the administration of my possessions, indicate what is their own patrimony, and safeguard them against the arrogant pretensions of servants." This view of his position, further fortified by his strong belief in the Divine nature of his appointment, left small room for the grant of those privileges promised in 1815,

and now looked for with more hope. The new king made this attitude clearer a little later. "I should be false to God, to my people and to myself, were I ever to grant a Constitution, a charter . . . I will not commit felony against my loyal lieges, nor will I derive the rights of my Crown either from a human Diet or from a scrap of parchment. I will not alter the Constitution of my country. I will not because I may not." And in 1845 he reaffirmed his position. "It is my definite resolve that there shall be no definite representation, no charter, no periodical fever, that is to say, periodical Reichstags, no Reichstag elections . . . because I wish to remain king of Prussia, because I will not overthrow Prussia's position in Europe."

The glamour of mediævalism was indeed very apparent in Frederick William's view of the place of Prussia in Germany and of her relation towards Austria. The idea of ousting Austria from Germany, of subjecting the lesser kings and princes to Prussian rule in order to unite all Germany under the Hohenzollern house, simply never occurred to him. To him Austria was still by right the head of the Empire; and a king was sacred because he was a king, however petty his kingdom might be. Frederick William's ideal solution of the German problem was the re-establishment of the old Empire under Austria, with himself as Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial forces. The proposal illustrates only too well how far above the realm of fact the royal imagination pursued its untrammelled way. For not merely was the old Empire dead, and the idea of its revival an anachronism (like Frederick William himself) and impossible of fulfilment, but the thought of Frederick William IV as supreme military commander almost provokes a smile. For the good king was the most pacific of all the Hohenzollerns. Not merely did he never engage in a serious war, but he was gravely upset by bloodshed—as the March Days in Berlin showed; he hated to mount on horseback because of his short sight; and his reviews of the royal army were "matters of conscience, not of pleasure." Though he took up his residence in the palace of the great Frederick, he had none of the warlike spirit of his great ancestor.

But it was more than the military spirit that he lacked. There was room in 1840 for a Hohenzollern who was not a

warrior. The fatal defect in Frederick William was that he entirely failed to understand the age he lived in. He was quite incapable of comprehending the attitude of the German Liberals; and manifestation of their attitude merely grieved him, without making any other impression. Like Pius IX six years later, he began his reign amid a chorus of acclamation, full of good resolutions and burning with zeal for the welfare of his "children." But very shortly it had become painfully clear to him that many of those children were wayward, headstrong and misguided. And it became equally clear to his subjects that the new king did not mean to make any advance worthy the name in the direction of Liberalism or unity for Germany. Both king and people were sadly disillusioned. Instead of the thunderous "Ja" which had greeted his direct appeal for support made to his subjects at his coronation, they now laughed at caricatures showing the worthy king as a street porter engaged in a "romantic conversation," or staggering drunkenly in the wake of Frederick the Great through the snow on some campaign, or "with an Order in one hand and a Counter-order in the other, whilst his forehead bore the legend Disorder."

Thus blind to the signs of the times the new king was also incapable of choosing or keeping for his service men who could help him to see. Beyond his faith in the crafty Metternich, his choice and the frequent change of his Ministers illustrate this well enough. After the solid certainty of the policy of Frederick William III's later years, the royal Ministers found the enthusiastic but ever-changing and often quite impracticable policy of the new ruler bewildering to a degree. The king, with all his knowledge of philosophy, theology and art, was a weak man. His fertile imagination and his ready eloquence carried him along he knew not where. When faced with facts or consequences he had not foreseen he had no solid basis of knowledge or of judgment on which to rely. He would make hasty decisions, and then modify them in a way which disconcerted his Ministers. "His Majesty's head," said Count Brandenburg in despair on one such occasion, "is differently organised from that of other men." Baron Stockmar, who met the king in 1842 when he visited England, found the king "a man of feeling, of the good type, full of the wish

and the will to promote what is good and right as far as he understands it, capable of enthusiasm, poetical, inclined to mysticism. He does not appear to have given anyone the idea that he possesses great political capacity or true statesmanship." To Treitschke, the great historian of the Hohenzollerns, Frederick William was a "contradictory, problematical character for whom the tragic fate was reserved, to remain a riddle to himself and to the world, to misunderstand his age and to be misunderstood of it." On Ranke, the king in 1848 left the impression of a "young man, full of intelligence and knowledge, who . . . has by some mischance failed in his examination." The tragedy of Frederick William IV went further and deeper than this. The parallel with George III of England may be carried to its close. Both fought against the current of their respective times and countries; both sustained humiliation and loss, the one in the war with the American colonies, the other in the March Days in Berlin; both felt the shock of revolution, and whilst the English king escaped revolution in his own country, the reverberations of that earlier crash in France in 1789 were more violent and lasting; and both ended their days in the mental darkness of insanity.

That unhappy fate was still far off when Frederick William IV began his reign in 1840. "A time of spring and of festivity is at hand for all Germany," wrote someone in that year. The immediate hope in Prussia was that the new king would fulfil the promise made by the law of May 22nd, 1815, that, following a reorganisation of the governing bodies of the provinces into which Prussia was divided from Poland to the Rhine, these provincial Estates or Parliaments should be represented in a National Parliament, to deliberate on all laws concerning personal freedom and property, including questions of taxation. A law of 1823 had set up elected provincial parliaments, on a restricted and classified franchise, but nothing had been done to fulfil the earlier promise. France had her Charter, reformed in a Liberal direction in 1830. England had not merely her age-long Parliament, but her Reform Act of 1832, and various German states had granted constitutions which provided for national assemblies—Bavaria and Baden in 1818, Württemberg in 1819, Brunswick in 1820 and Hanover in 1833. For a time economic rehabilitation after the great

war had occupied men's minds. The growth of the *Zollverein* or Customs Union, and the prosperity it helped to bring, continued the interest in things material. But with the increasing wealth of the middle class came an increasing demand for a share in the government of the State, a demand sharpened by the limited activities allowed in the provincial parliaments.

No sooner was the new king on the throne than requests were made to him for the fulfilment of the pledge of 1815. Frederick William was somewhat painfully surprised. He essayed to satisfy the demands of the Liberals by calling to Berlin in 1841 "delegates" from the provincial councils, a measure which rather aggravated than satisfied these demands. A measure of freedom for the Press—a freedom in which Frederick William heartily believed until he had tried it—merely provided a means for more open criticism of the Government and even of the King himself, criticism which survived the attempt to reimpose the censorship. The extent of the change in the attitude of the Prussian people towards their rulers was shown in 1844. An attempt was made to assassinate the monarch, "a thing wholly unprecedented in the history of Prussia," and public opinion pitied the fate of the would-be murderer as much as it rallied to the Crown.

Yet Frederick William was not wholly uncompromising in his attitude, though his view of his kingly position, the pious memory of his unyielding father, and Prussian tradition as he saw and felt it, all held him back. In 1845 he set up a commission which in the following year reported in favour of a national representative assembly for Prussia. Early in 1847 the king took another modest step forward and issued Ordinances which set up a united national Diet to be drawn from the provincial Diets. It was to be organised in two houses, and its duties in legislation and finance would by the Ordinance depend on the will of the monarch. Thus whilst Frederick William felt he had gone a long way, the feeling in the provinces was again one of disappointment and disillusionment. Nor did the king's speech at the first meeting of the United Diet help matters. "Other countries," he remarked in the course of his lengthy address, "may find their happiness by way of Constitutions . . . but Prussia, gentlemen, cannot endure such conditions. It has pleased God to make Prussia great

by the sword . . . no power on earth shall compel me to change the natural relation between Prince and People into a conventional and constitutional one. Neither now nor ever will I allow to come between our God in heaven and this land a written sheet, like a second Providence, to rule us with its clauses and to replace the ancient and sacred bond of loyalty."

This was plain speaking, but its effects were not what the well-meaning monarch had intended. The United Diet replied by claiming the fulfilment of the pledges of 1815 and 1820. Nor were its succeeding days of session marked by any happier temper: the entry into the struggle of the fierce Junker, the young Otto von Bismarck, helped not at all; ere the session closed the gap between king and people, instead of being bridged, had been cut more deeply. The main result of the meeting had been to stimulate political interest in Prussia to an unprecedented degree. But the peace had not been broken as yet, and had Prussia been undisturbed by outside influences, her ruler, whatever his misgivings, might have taken further steps in constitutional change.

But no nation lives to itself alone. And Prussia was a German state, the chief mainly German state, bound with Austria and the lesser German states in the confederation of 1815. Her Customs Union encouraged not merely the passage of goods but the flow of ideas. The Poles in her eastern provinces were conquered but not absorbed; there had been risings in Prussian Poland in 1846. The Rhinelanders in her westernmost provinces were open to the Radical ideas which came down the Rhine from Baden or were borne east on the breezes from France. From within Germany and from without there came during the next nine months fresh and powerful stimuli to Liberal and Radical aims in Prussia. Added to the demand for wider political freedom was the desire for a real union of Germany. Liberals from all over Germany met in October 1847 to discuss German unity; Baden Radicals had met a month earlier to formulate their demands; in Bavaria there was widespread discontent with the rule of Louis I; the king of Württemberg declared that he "awaited the storm." And all about the boundaries of Prussia and Germany there was disturbance or the threat of it: in Poland a revolt barely over; in Schleswig-Holstein dispute over the relations of

these Duchies to Denmark and to Germany; in Switzerland civil war which ended with the victory of the Radicals over the Jesuit party supported by Metternich—an omen of worse to come; in Austria murmurings in Vienna and an increasingly successful Opposition led by Kossuth. In Italy the peninsula was astir from end to end; in France it was admitted that the death of the aged king Louis Philippe would be the signal for a revolution.

The death of the old regime in France preceded that of the king, however. The news of the February revolution which set up the Second Republic in France spread like wildfire through Germany: it was the one thing needed to precipitate a revolution there. Here we are concerned primarily with the reverberations in Prussia and the effects on its ruler, though it is quite impossible to separate Prussia from Germany altogether. The first impetus came, as we should expect, in the Rhineland cities. Karl Schurz tells us how the news was received in Bonn; in Cologne there were mass meetings and the troops had to be called out to suppress “this unheard-of effort,” not without broken heads. And across Prussia from Cologne to Koenigsberg there were similar movements. The capital could not be left unaffected.

On the first news of the Paris revolution Frederick William had indited a long and characteristic letter to Queen Victoria, overflowing with concern at the possible extension of the movement and imploring her to join with him in opposition thereto. Similarly he sent Radowitz to Vienna. But England, ruled by Palmerston, did not respond in the way the king hoped; and the Austrian Government had no time to do more than profess readiness to co-operate. In any case the gaze of Frederick William was quickly drawn to unpleasing manifestations in Berlin itself. He had almost decided to grant a more fully Parliamentary Constitution to Prussia, but had not done so, and had taken no steps to provide against revolution in his capital. There on the news from Paris, and warmed by the addition of hotheads from outside, the temperature rose very rapidly in the early days of March. The Zelten, a pleasure resort near the Spree where the Berliners met to eat, drink and listen to music, suddenly became the scene of revolution-harangues; political clubs sprang up and emerged into the

open light of day; students and working men foregathered to formulate demands for complete freedom of the Press, of speech, of association, amnesty for political offenders, trial by jury and the like, which they incorporated in addresses which the king refused to receive. He did, it is true, on March 14th sign an ordinance convoking the United Diet for six weeks hence, but he still used the old language of warning and caution in a reply that same day to a delegation, language for which the people of Berlin had now no patience. The crowds in the streets grew larger, their attitude more menacing. There was a clash with the troops, a cavalry charge, arrests by the police and the beginning of barricade building in the streets.

It was to a city and populace thus excited that the news of the revolution in Vienna and the downfall of Metternich (March 13th) now came with electrifying effect. If in Berlin there was no Metternich to attack there was the army, which likewise stood for a system. Cries of "Down with the soldiers" echoed through the streets on March 16th. An effort to raise a citizen police proved almost abortive; more clashes with the troops followed, with casualties to the mob or to innocent passers-by. The next day (17th) was quiet, but no one felt that the danger was past. The storm burst, in fact, on the following day, "a most beautiful day with a sky of cloudless blue and May-like sunshine." The king, his hand forced by events in Vienna as also in part by a delegation from the Rhineland, issued a decree giving complete freedom to the Press, calling the Diet for a fortnight hence, pledging himself to work for a real unity for Germany, with liberal institutions under a national flag. He had travelled far in the last few days—but he had travelled too slowly. The news of the concessions was for the moment greeted with enthusiasm in the city. The palace square overflowed with people. There were loud plaudits for the king, who appeared on the balcony and essayed to speak. But it required merely the accidental discharge of two muskets to change the cries of "Long live the king," into shouts of "Treachery! Murder! To arms! Vengeance! To the Alarm Bells—the Barricades!" The explosion had come.

Barricades rose in the usual mushroom-like fashion in the Berlin streets, and the troops set about to clear the centre of

the city. Progress was slow and the struggle went on all that night, to be closed not by success but by the intervention of the king. The unhappy monarch had been in agony since the commencement of the fighting. Bitterly he wept that blood should be shed; he quivered at every discharge of the artillery; and only with the greatest reluctance did he allow the attacks on successive barricades and strong points to be made. The queen too was similarly agitated. After a sleepless night the king at 5 A.M. issued a Proclamation to his "dear Berliners." In it, after upbraiding the "miscreants" from abroad, on whom he lays most of the blame for the uprising, he urges the good citizens of Berlin to "Return to ways of peace! Clear away the barricades . . . and I will give you my kingly word that the troops shall be immediately withdrawn." There followed much coming and going, dismay on the part of the military leaders, who saw victory near and now snatched from them, demands from the insurgents that the troops should be withdrawn before they pulled down their barricades. The king gave way, the troops were withdrawn from the streets they had captured and, save for a guard for the palace, they were all sent out of the city to Potsdam. At the same time a new and more liberal Ministry was appointed.

The revolutionaries had thus easily and completely triumphed. It remained to be seen how they would use that triumph, and how Frederick William would adapt himself to the new situation. The immediate result, as might have been expected, was his complete humiliation: the mob surged into the palace yard, bearing the bodies of the victims of the previous night's fighting, in which over 200 civilians had been killed. Above the wailing, the crying and singing of hymns, was heard a demand—no longer a request but a demand—for the presence of the king. He came on to the balcony, his queen beside him. "Hats off," shouted the crowd, and the king obediently doffed his hat as the corpses of the slain were raised high in view for his benefit. Even this was not enough: "the king must come down," came the cry, and king and queen descended into the courtyard, the queen fainting so that she had to be carried back again, the king bowing and bareheaded before his dead and living subjects—or masters. It was an unprecedented, an inconceivable degradation for a

Hohenzollern, and one from which Frederick William never really recovered. The effect was increased by a similar scene three days later when the king stood with bared head and saluted these same victims on their way to burial. In the interval the insurgents of Berlin, now responsible for order in the city, demanded and received arms for their civic volunteer force; they secured the release of political prisoners, including Poles imprisoned for their share in the rising of 1846. The king's brother, Prince William, regarded as the leader of the reactionaries, fled the city and was sent by the king for further safety to England—to return and be in due course king of Prussia and first Emperor of the new Germany.

The unhappy king, by no means personally unpopular, pitied indeed by many of his “dear Berliners,” sought refuge from his humiliating position in a wider and fresher field. He issued another Proclamation, this one addressed to “my people and the German nation.” In it he proclaimed himself leader of the Fatherland in its moments of peril, adding, “I have this day adopted the old German colours and set myself and my people under the sacred banner of the German Empire. Henceforward Prussia is merged in Germany.” That afternoon he and his staff, his Ministers and a citizen guard, rode in procession through the streets of the capital wearing scarves of black, red and gold, the colours of the Nationalists, the king making appropriate speeches on the liberty and unity of Germany. It was tragedy turned, though all unconsciously, to comedy. For Germany was not ready to accept so vague and rhetorical a gesture from Frederick William, whose course of action bewildered everyone, including, it must be confessed, himself. Nor was Austria, as events showed, in the least prepared to surrender to Prussia its primacy in Germany. And in Prussia itself the army and the reactionary party, not unnaturally, was thinking of trying to make him abdicate in favour of his brother or his nephew.

Matters did not go nearly so far. The king moved from Berlin to Potsdam, a move decisive in its effects. There, instead of revolutionaries, he was surrounded by his army and a *camarilla* of reactionaries like Bismarck. So surrounded he watched the panorama of revolution unfold, in Berlin, in Posen, in the Rhine towns and in his specially beloved Neuchâtel, where

the Radicals and Republicans overturned Prussian rule and incorporated the canton in Switzerland. And he watched with growing dislike of what he saw, impelled thereby, as by his environment and the memory of his sufferings, to march no longer with but rather against the revolution. It is true that, having accepted the wide electoral franchise adopted by the United Diet, he opened the National Assembly for Prussia elected thereupon on May 2nd, "saluting," he declared, "with joy an assembly chosen by popular election." But when that Assembly, instead of proceeding with its task of drawing up a Constitution, spent its time in stormy debates about its rights, when above all it tried to interfere with the army and expel from it the officers of known reactionary sympathies, the king responded increasingly to the atmosphere of the Court at Potsdam. The disorder in Berlin, where the citizen guard proved quite useless, unable, for example, to prevent the storming of the arsenal there for weapons, pushed him further in the same direction. He was further encouraged as the summer of 1848 went on by signs of a reaction, partial as yet but plainly visible, in the provinces.

By June Frederick William could write to his Chief Minister that "Berlin is a festering boil which must be cut sooner or later if the State is to aspire to better things." When the left wing of the National Assembly, growing more radical as the king veered in the other direction, objected to the phrase king "by the grace of God," the monarch was deeply hurt and protested strongly, "You leave no right untouched . . . you wish to take from me my 'divine right.'" In October he called a new Ministry of the Right led by Count Brandenburg and Manteuffel, appointing General Wrangel to be military governor of Berlin, and he refused to reply to a deputation from the National Assembly which came from Berlin to protest against the new Ministers. Certainly the Assembly had reason to be suspicious of the change. In his first address to that body, Brandenburg adjourned it by a royal order which also moved its place of session from Berlin to Brandenburg. The majority in the Assembly refused either to adjourn or to move away from the capital. But Frederick William was now prepared to use the weapon that lay ready to his hand, confirmed by the example of Vienna, which had

been regained from the revolutionaries at the beginning of November. General Wrangel entered Berlin with his troops on November 10th, and within a few days, by a mixture of tact and firmness, gained control of the city. The civic guard was first dissolved, and then the Assembly, despite its protests, was dispersed without trouble. It met again less its left wing at Brandenburg as ordered by the Crown, but only to be finally dissolved early in December.

This was in reality the end of the Prussian revolution. To outward appearance the cause of the Liberals at all events appeared to have succeeded. For though the National Assembly had failed to embody its views in a Constitution, on Manteuffel's representations the king proceeded to grant one which conceded most of the privileges desired by the Liberals—individual liberty, equality before the law, the right of association, abolition of feudal rights, freedom of the Press and of conscience, trial by jury, election of two chambers as a national Legislature. The concession was a master stroke, for it took the wind out of the sails of the reformers, and regained for the Crown the initiative lost at the beginning of the year. But the stroke was Manteuffel's rather than Frederick William's. The latter soon showed that he had not altered his convictions on the subject of government at all. After confused elections the Chambers, elected in accordance with the new Constitution, met in February 1849. When the Lower Chamber proceeded to override the Ministry the king simply dissolved it (April 27th), and instead of calling a new Chamber proceeded to revise the Constitution, abolishing universal suffrage, dividing the electors into classes and doing away with the secret ballot. How far the reaction in Prussia had gone was shown by the fact that the dissolution and the alterations in the electoral law produced nothing more than a street riot, promptly quelled, in Berlin. Outside the Rhine provinces the revolution was dead and Frederick William was back where he had been before 1848, save that his dislike and fear of revolution, always present, were stronger than ever.

This fear of revolution dominated his attitude towards the efforts of the Frankfort Assembly to create a united Germany. A year ago he had declared that Prussia was henceforth merged in Germany. And in the intervening period Austria had been

so torn by civil war that had he wished and been able he might have played a dominating part in the crisis which was to decide whether a new and real German state should emerge from the ashes of the old and moribund Confederation of 1815. But though he tried his hand at constitution-making there was never any chance of success for one with his fixed and limited ideas and fear of change. He could not conceive of a Germany which excluded Austria or which was not based on the free consent of the minor crowned heads of Germany—those of Bavaria, Saxony, Württemberg and Hanover. The impossibility of reconciling these views with the work and ideals of the National Assembly at Frankfort was not for a time clear to Frederick William, never very clear as to the implications of any scheme, or indeed to the leaders of the Frankfort Assembly. So he exchanged notes with Austria, drew up drafts of a German Constitution, consulted with the other German states and maintained friendly relations with the Frankfort Assembly, where Prussia had her representatives. But when that Assembly at length drew up their Constitution excluding Austria, and elected him as hereditary German Emperor, Frederick William was forced to come to a decision.

To the deputation from Frankfort which offered him the crown he replied with his wonted skill at speech-making, appreciating the honour done him, offering Prussian arms for the German cause, but refusing to accept without the free consent of the other princes of Germany—a consent which was not in the least likely to be given. In a letter to the veteran Arndt he stated his refusal more plainly. "The crown offered me carries neither the sign of the sacred Cross nor the mark of the grace of God. It is not a crown at all but the iron collar of a slave . . . the National German Assembly has no crown to offer." "Never, never, never," he replied to the request of the Prussian Lower Chamber which requested him to accept the crown. As he admitted, he was not a Frederick the Great. "If you could have addressed your eloquent words to Frederick the Great, he would have been the man for you; but I am no great ruler." He was at least honest. Being Frederick William IV he could hardly have done other than refuse.

The refusal marked the final break of Frederick William with

the revolution. Within a short time Prussian troops were subduing the last weak efforts of the revolution in Saxony and Baden. It is true that he continued to spin from his fertile brain the web of a Constitution which he thought might satisfy Prussia, Austria and the German princes. But these gossamer threads were rudely blown away by the blunt determination of Schwarzenberg to maintain Austria's old position in Germany, Austria now being free from embarrassment at home and in Italy. At Olmütz, in November 1850, Prussia signed a Convention which marked both the end of Frederick William's efforts and the triumph of the Hapsburg over him. For Germany the corpse of the old Confederate Diet was disinterred and set up again with Metternich, its main author, still alive to voice his acclamations.

It is not necessary to follow the course of the later years of Frederick William's life or reign. His mind never entirely regained its equilibrium after the strain of the fateful years 1848-50. In 1857 he became insane, and until his death five years later his brother William Prince of Prussia acted as Regent. With the change of ruler began a new era for Prussia as for Germany, the era of Bismarck and of the Prussian king, who was to take in 1870 the title of Emperor refused by his brother a score of years earlier.



H. v. GAGERN.

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BLUM.

THE RHINELAND NATIONALISTS OF 1848

THE year 1840, which saw such high hopes raised by the accession of Frederick William IV in Prussia, saw also a stronger outburst of national feeling in Germany than had been aroused since the War of Liberation. In the European crisis of that year over Near Eastern affairs, fear was aroused in Germany of French aggression against the Rhine. A burst of national sentiment was evoked, producing among other evidence the songs *Die Wacht am Rhein* and *Deutschland über Alles*. The crisis passed, but as the 'forties advanced both Nationalist and Liberal aspirations continued to rise steadily, marked by poetic outpourings which proclaimed the coming of spring. "Springtime whispers revolution," wrote one poet of this renaissance. By 1846 there was a widely felt and freely expressed belief that change was imminent. "There is a fresh reviving breeze blowing through Germany," wrote Karl Mathy in that year. Since 1839 Liberal and Radical Opposition leaders in those states with parliamentary assemblies had been meeting yearly in Leipzig or on the Rhine, and the more advanced of them were in touch with Radicals in Paris. On the Rhine as in Prussia proper, Polish revolutionaries acted as a leaven. Encouragement and material aid came from exiles and emigrants who had found a home in the great Republic across the Atlantic. With the Rhine stream there flowed down from Switzerland a growing volume of pamphlets and articles from other exiled members of the Fatherland there. The victory of the forces fighting for unity and Liberalism in the Swiss Republic could not fail to hearten men of like aims

in Germany. As in Prussia so it was in the whole of Germany, and above all in the Rhine country, wherever men looked there was a murmuring expectancy of swiftly nearing crisis.

We have seen how Frederick William of Prussia regarded the aspirations toward political freedom and the problem of German unity. Widely different were the views of the men who played the foremost part in the effort of 1848. Yet all these men were by no means radical or revolutionary in their conceptions. The majority of them desired unity, real unity, for Germany, on the basis of parliamentary government, but they were not republicans, and of the "Socialism" or "Communism" of the French movement in 1848 there was hardly a trace in Germany. Karl Marx, whose Communist Manifesto had appeared the year before, liked them as little as they liked him. This was not surprising, because most of them belonged to the middle class which Marx attacked. There were University professors as Droysen, Dahlmann or Vogt, lawyers as Heinrich von Gagern and Hecker, journalists as Karl Mathy, a bookseller, Robert Blum of Leipsig. Whilst the majority of these men had grown to manhood in the years after the War of Liberation, all of them were profoundly influenced by the memory of those days. Some of them indeed had shared in the events of 1812-15. Arndt, the poet, and Jahn, the founder of the patriotic gymnastic clubs, lived to be members of the Parliament of 1848, as also did Uhland, whose stirring verses must be counted among the influences which brought that Parliament into existence. These men and others could recall the chill disappointment they had felt when in 1815 the Congress of Vienna had frustrated their hopes of a united Germany. Some of them as students had attended the Wartburg festival; more of them had been present at the Hambach national festival in 1832. They had passed through the long years of waiting while Metternich had made of the Confederate Diet, the pallid representative of German unity, a tool for the repression of Liberal and Nationalist sentiment alike. Some of them indeed had been driven into exile by the Austrian Chancellor's policy.

Karl Mathy, for example, a Mannheimer born in 1807, the same year as Garibaldi, after passing through Heidelberg

University had gone on a visit to Paris, and whilst there had tried to go to fight for Greek independence. He had shown his zeal for German unity by attending the Hambach festival, and his Liberal views by editing a journal for the Opposition in the Baden Chamber. Baden, it must be remembered, not merely possessed a Parliament but was a centre of Liberal and Radical feeling during these years. For his journalistic activity he not unnaturally lost his post in the Government service. And for giving aid to political refugees from Frankfurt he was himself forced to flee across the border into Switzerland. There he did hack journalism for Mazzini, and taught a village school for a time. In 1841 he was able to return to Baden, was elected to the local Parliament, and quickly made a name both as a vigorous and effective speaker and as editor of the Opposition journal. Mathy was typical of much that was best in the men of 1848. He was an idealist, passionately devoted to the cause of German unity and a believer in parliamentary government. Though impulsive at times he had a good deal of sound common-sense, considerable ability and much personal charm. Though a Badener he was not an extreme Radical, much less a Republican, and he fought the efforts of Republicans both in and outside the Baden Parliament before 1848. Mathy was not one of the leaders in the Frankfurt Assembly, but he was one of the most attractive of its members.

Dahlmann the historian was one of the more influential members of the Parliament of 1848. A Professor at Göttingen, he had been dismissed with six others for protesting against the withdrawal of the Constitution of Hanover by the new king in 1837. He played a large part in the drawing up of the Constitution of 1848, and his fiery eloquence was always aroused on behalf of the German cause in Schleswig-Holstein. More important still was Heinrich von Gagern, the son of an Imperial knight, a friend of the great Stein. He had fought at Waterloo as a boy, had become a lawyer, and for a year was a member of the Hesse-Darmstadt Chamber. But his attachment to the Liberal Opposition caused him to lose his position in the State service, and for some years he was cut off from public life though known to be in favour of unity and a more liberal regime. The impending crisis of 1848 called him out of his

retirement and for a short time he was head of the Hesse-Darmstadt Parliament. But almost at once he was called to a wider field of action; at the Heidelberg meeting he was the outstanding figure, and the calling of a National Parliament was due to him more than to any other single person. When that Parliament met at Frankfort he was elected President, and in that office, and later as head of the Ministry set up by the Assembly, he had a great deal of influence. It was the Gagern programme which essayed to make a united Germany without Austria. He was not always wise in his policy, but he was both enlightened in his views and of very high character. Indeed his influence in the Assembly was due less to his intellectual ability than to the moral earnestness which, added to his striking appearance, inevitably made him a leader. Like the majority of reformers in 1848, he wanted unity and Parliamentary government, but was strongly opposed to either Radical or Republican aims.

These men, with the majority in the Assembly, were men of moderate views. They wished for unity, constitutional government with a freely and widely elected Parliament, a free Press, and the civil rights of citizenship which normally accompany these things. But they had no feeling against monarchy, in fact they had a great reverence for it. There were, however, other men who went further, who wished not merely for a free Parliament for the German people, elected by universal suffrage, but who demanded a German Republic. A few of these, taking as their models Robespierre and Marat, were to form the "Mountain" in the Frankfort Assembly. Robert Blum represented the saner of these. A Leipzig bookseller, he had suffered imprisonment for advocating publicity of trial. He had represented his city in the Saxon Parliament. In 1848 he at once came to the front in the movement in Saxony, helping to draw up a programme of popular demands and to secure a Liberal Ministry there. From Leipzig he came to play a part in Frankfort, where, gifted with a powerful figure and a good voice, he quickly came forward as a leader on the left of the Assembly. His enemies asserted that he was a mere demagogue whose resounding perorations concealed his paucity of ideas. But though he was a Republican he was prepared to accept the monarchical sentiment of the

majority, and there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of his views. He was one of the very few martyrs of the revolution : he was executed in Vienna as a rebel, having gone there on a mission from the Frankfort Assembly.

More extreme in their views and less amenable were Hecker and Struve of Baden. Hecker was an enthusiast whose heart was stronger than his head. He had become well known and popular in Mannheim by pleading for the poor in the local courts without payment. He had championed the cause of German unity in the Baden Chamber and had gained notoriety in Germany by being expelled from Berlin by Frederick William. He declared for a republic early in 1848, and not content with that essayed to establish it by force of arms. Failing miserably in this, he escaped to Switzerland, was refused permission to sit in the Assembly to which he was elected from Baden, and finally in September 1848, seeing the cause of republicanism hopeless in Germany, crossed to the United States. Struve, likewise a Republican, was quite a different type of man. In him Hecker's South German enthusiasm was replaced by a cool and more logical, almost fanatical hatred of monarchy. And to his demands for the establishment of the German Republic he added demands for the protection of labour, the recognition of the "right to work," and the readjustment of relations between labour and capital. With him we come as near as the revolutionists of 1848 approached to the Marxian or French "Socialist" aims in Germany. Struve shared in Hecker's futile rising in the spring of 1848, and again in the autumn of that year he tried to raise the Republican standard in Germany, with no more success.

Very different from Struve was Karl Schurz, a youth of the Prussian Rhineland. He played a very minor part in the year of revolution, being, in fact, but nineteen years of age when the storm came. But he has left a most vivid account of the revolution as he saw it, and he illustrates the way in which the youth of Germany responded to its emotions. Schurz, the son of a village schoolmaster about ten miles from Cologne, was a student at the University of Bonn when the year 1848 opened, happily engaged in writing what was to be a great historical tragedy. From this peaceful occupation

he was called to play a part in one of the greatest historical tragedies of the nineteenth century. How this happened is best described in his own words :

“One morning towards the end of February 1848 I sat quietly in my attic chamber working hard at the tragedy of *Ulrich von Hutten*, when suddenly a friend rushed breathlessly into the room, exclaiming, ‘What, you sitting here ! Do you not know what has happened ?’

“‘No. What ?’

“‘The French have driven away Louis Philippe and proclaimed the Republic.’

“I threw down my pen—and that was the end of *Ulrich von Hutten*. I never touched the manuscript again. We tore downstairs, into the street to the market square, the accustomed meeting-place for the student societies after their midday dinner. Although it was still forenoon, the market was already crowded with young men talking excitedly. There was no shouting, no noise, only agitated conversation. What did we want there ? This probably no one knew ; but since the French had driven away Louis Philippe and proclaimed the Republic, something, of course, must happen here too.”

Schurz, as his account shows, was one of many, but he rapidly came to the front in Bonn, aided and inspired by Gottfried Kinkel, preacher, poet and orator, as well as Professor of Literature in the University. Schurz helped to organise a democratic club and contributed to a new daily paper of democratic views. He and his friends rapidly came to the conclusion that, as he put it, “in a republic, and only in a republic, all evils of the social body could be cured and the solution of all the political problems be possible.” He attended a national student congress at Eisenach and would probably have been elected to the Frankfort Parliament had he not been too young. The collapse of that body after the refusal of the Imperial crown by Frederick William IV drove Schurz and others of like mind into a desperate and hopeless attempt to strike a blow for the republic of their dreams. Cologne failing them, they made from Bonn a wild attempt

to seize a local armoury, after which Schurz and others fled from Prussian territory, first into the Bavarian Palatinate and then into Baden, to fight with the revolutionary forces there. Caught in the siege of Rastadt, Schurz escaped by the closest of close shaves to find an asylum in Switzerland. From there he returned to contrive another and even more hazardous escape, that of Kinkel from Spandau, at length reaching London, from which place he crossed like many another to find a home and a career, and in his case no mean career, in the United States.

Such were some of the men, and the views, of Germany in 1848. The cleavage of opinion was marked from and indeed before the opening of the revolution there. Thus in September 1847 the Radicals of Baden met at Offenburg and drew up their programme. Whilst not definitely republican it was as democratic as the English "People's Charter" of 1838. It demanded among other things the general arming of the people, with free election of officers, a German Parliament freely elected, complete freedom of the Press, of religion and of education, more equitable taxation, trial by jury, abolition of all privileges, the responsibility of all Ministers and State officials. A month later another conference was held, attended by representatives of a number of the states of Germany, including two from Prussia. Here more moderate views prevailed. Under the influence of Gagern the delegates concerned themselves primarily with the problem of national unity, agreeing to propose a new Constitution for Germany in their respective states.

But it was, as Schurz's recital illustrates, the news of the July revolution in Paris which gave the really effective stimulus to events in the Fatherland. The effect was electrical. And when to the news from Paris were added the reverberations of the crash of Metternich in Vienna (March 13th) and the echo of the events in Italy, when thus on all sides the old order had collapsed, who could doubt that a new era must begin in Germany also? A few days after the first news came from Paris there was a meeting of fifty Nationalists of all shades of opinion at Heidelberg. Whilst there was a clash of views, Hecker demanding the proclamation of the Republic, for the moment it was agreed to concentrate on the calling of a

National Parliament. Meanwhile all over Germany the spirit of unrest showed itself and rulers hastened to make concessions to popular demands, in Baden, Hanover, Saxony and Württemberg. Even the Confederate Diet wakened from its slumbers, rubbed its eyes, issued an appeal for harmony, removed the Press censorship and declared for a revision of the Constitution. It even went so far as to adopt the red, black and gold flag, "the colours of liberty" which it had earlier pursued and condemned, for its official banner. It appointed a commission of seventeen lawyers, historians and publicists of repute, who under the guidance of Dahlmann produced a draft Constitution within a week.

The initiative had, however, passed to other hands. The committee left by the Heidelberg conference had invited the Parliaments of the different German states to send representatives to a Convention in Frankfort, and on March 31st nearly six hundred men from all over Germany met there. "Frankfort swims in red, black and gold," wrote an eyewitness; "houses are decked with evergreens, streamers and flags, the streets are full of people in their Sunday best . . . Republicans with flowing beards and hair brushed well back rub shoulders with courtiers adorned with curling moustachios and hair brushed forward. Worthy burghers in smoking-caps stand before their house doors, their admiring wives and children about them, and gravely fire their guns into the air." Hopes and fears alternated, not only in the faces and minds of the good citizens of Frankfort, but also in those of the representatives called thus suddenly and unexpectedly to the full light and heat of a National Assembly. Although the meetings of this assembly (*Vorparlament*) lasted only four days, sufficient heat was indeed generated to bode none too well for the later Parliament. Hecker and Struve moved for the proclamation of the Republic, but the Convention, for the most part monarchist, avoided the direct issue by leaving the future form of government of united Germany to the Parliament, for whose calling together they now provided. The thorny question of Poland was also left over, and the Convention separated leaving a committee to keep an eye on the Confederate Diet.

Thus far events had moved without violence despite the

turbulence elsewhere. For not merely had Austria been reduced almost to anarchy, and Prussia suffered her "March Days," but there had also been disturbance in some of the smaller states of Germany. In Bavaria the opposition to the Government had found a scapegoat in Lola Montez the actress, who had been driven from Munich early in February. But that had not ended the crisis and the king had abdicated in favour of his son (March 20th). Now

came an insurrection in Poland and, nearer at hand, a rising in Baden. Despairing of constitutional methods, Hecker on April 12th proclaimed the Republic near the Swiss border, and called for supporters. The effort was, however, hopeless from the first; the number who joined was small, and both Hecker's and Struve's bands were dispersed within a week, whilst the so-called German Legion, consisting of a few men led by Herwegh from Paris, was likewise put to flight without any difficulty. The republican sentiment in Germany in 1848 was indeed very weak; its growth had hardly begun. A caricature of 1848 represents enthusiasts sowing acorns to provide timber for building a



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, FRANKFORT.

Meeting place of the German National Assembly.

German navy. Republicanism was still in the acorn stage in 1848, and the *Heckerputsch*, as it was called, rather discredited than helped its growth.

Meanwhile preparations were being made for the meeting of the National Parliament in Frankfort, and the elections took place, with some delay, in both Germany and Austria. On the 18th of May, with pealing of bells, the deputies marched in solemn procession through the beflagged streets of Frankfort

to the place of meeting. This was St. Paul's Cathedral, a circular building with a gallery and seats below it for spectators, the body of the church being occupied by the deputies, whose numbers rose to nearly six hundred. Behind the pulpit, which served as a rostrum for speakers after the French fashion, was the presidential platform, overhung with red, black and gold curtains and the double-headed Imperial eagle, the whole surmounted by a picture of the goddess Germania. The election of Heinrich von Gagern as President was both natural and fitting. But it did not at all imply that all the representatives freely chosen by the people of Germany, to say nothing of those from Austria, were of his mind. Beyond the division between the Liberal monarchists and the Radical minority of the Left which was clearly marked from the beginning, other divisions became clear as the debate went on, until there were at least half a dozen groups in the Assembly, from the ultra-conservatives on the right to what became the "Mountain" of republicans at the other extreme. The members of the Assembly were drawn from all classes, from Prince Lichnowsky representing the aristocracy on the right to a republican like Arnold Ruge on the left. The majority, however, as in the *Vorparlament* consisted of men from the middle class. There were over two hundred officials of one sort or another and nearly a hundred lawyers. Of scholars, historians and the like there were a considerable number, some of them famous in German scholarship, as Dahlmann, Droysen, Waitz and Grimm. The veterans Arndt and Jahn were there, as was Uhland. There was a sprinkling of clergy, doctors and soldiers. There was a rather disproportionate lack of representatives of landed property and of commerce and industry. This was the more unfortunate, since there was inevitably a lack of men with political experience, above all with experience of political responsibility. For neither in Germany nor in Austria had there been opportunity for the training of such men. This lack, added to the vagueness of the mandate by which the Parliament had been summoned, gave a certain air of unreality to its proceedings from the start. With no question as to either the theoretical ability or the enthusiasm contained in the Assembly, it must be admitted that its inexperience of political life rendered even

more difficult of achievement its hard task of making a free and united Germany.

Before proceeding with its work of making of a Constitution the Assembly had to set up some kind of provisional authority. This was not accomplished until after practically six weeks of debate : it was then agreed that a Regent should be appointed by the Assembly with a government of Ministers selected by him but responsible to the Assembly. The Regent chosen was the Archduke John of Austria, popular at the time but somewhat undeservedly so, for he had more ambition than either ability or love for the principles of the Parliament. The debates on the provisional authority had done little more than define parties in the Assembly. They had made no easier the drawing up of a Constitution, on which a Committee was now at work. Nor had the debates which had arisen on the Schleswig-Holstein question made for progress : a vote that the war between Federal Germany and Denmark should be speedily brought to a close, with the rights of the Duchies and the honour of Germany safeguarded, brought no nearer a settlement of one of the most complicated questions of nineteenth-century international politics.

It was, however, neither the Schleswig-Holstein question, nor the Polish question, which was scarcely easier of solution if less complicated, nor yet lack of experience or long-windedness which made the task of the National Assembly hopeless from the start. These obstacles were serious enough, but beyond there lay three problems, the first of which was quite insoluble by the Assembly with the means at its disposal, the second and third being little easier of solution. They were provided by Austria, Prussia and the lesser princes (or more exactly kings) of Germany respectively. Austria, the chief power in Germany by long tradition and the regime existing in 1848, had out of thirty-eight million no less than thirty million non-German inhabitants. To include the whole of Austria in a unified Germany would be to violate and contradict the very principle of German nationality which had brought the Assembly into existence. Altogether to exclude Austria was almost equally impossible. There were nearly one hundred representatives from Austria, many of them Germans, in the Assembly. Neither they nor the Govern-

ment of the Hapsburg dominions were in the least prepared to accept such an exclusion. Nor was the proposal finally adopted, to include German Austria only as in the Confederation, any more satisfactory: Austria showed no disposition to accept such a division of her territories. Expulsion of all Austria by force of arms was to solve the question in 1866, but the National Assembly of 1848 had neither the means nor the wish to apply the drastic measures of a Bismarck. The problem was for them, in fact, insoluble.

The Prussian difficulty has already been indicated in the sketch of Frederick William IV. However natural and right it was for the Nationalists to centre their hopes on Prussia, there was no chance of their fulfilment so long as that monarch ruled in Berlin. His own fantastic suggestions for the solution of the problem of nationality only aggravated the difficulty. The Assembly wanted unity with political liberty, an accompaniment not merely unnecessary but obnoxious to the Hohenzollern, to whom liberalism was "a disease," who was both jealous of Austria as became a good Prussian and at the same time seized with the firm conviction of that Power's sacred right to the headship of Germany.

Finally, there was the particularism of the lesser kings of Germany, those of Bavaria, Württemberg, Saxony and Hanover. The minor rulers might be dealt with perhaps by the Assembly. But these kings of the smaller states, on whose jealousy Metternich had played in 1815 to prevent any real unity of Germany, who were now highly suspicious and prepared to oppose any scheme of unity which took away—as any real plan of union must—any of the jewels of their crowns, how were they to be dealt with by an Assembly which had in practice no stronger weapon than moral suasion? Their attitude received solicitous encouragement from the king of Prussia, who went out of his way to remind the Assembly that "there are still princes in Germany, and I am one of them," and more solid support as of old from Austria, whose interests marched with theirs against revolution, against liberalism and against real German unity.

These difficulties were, of course, appreciated in a measure by the Assembly, by its leaders at any rate. Yet instead of coming to grips with them when the provisional authority

was decided upon and the Archduke John installed, and whilst the national enthusiasm which was their main force was still active, the Assembly, "at the summit of its idealism," as one of its members confessed, proceeded to draw up "The Fundamental Rights of the German People." This was a theme which inevitably provided scope for endless argument, and which divided opinions in the Assembly at least as much as any draft Constitution could have done. For over three months the debate went on ere the result of all these labours saw the light. And when these Rights were finally drawn up the larger states of Germany practically ignored them.

The Assembly was not able to thrash out the rights of German citizenship uninterrupted. In July it attempted to assert its sovereign power over the armed forces of Germany, an attempt which met with immediate and complete opposition from both Austria and Prussia, and which but exhibited the weakness of the Government at Frankfort. Later in the same month occurred a violent clash of parties over the question whether representatives of Prussian Poland (Posen) should be admitted as members of the Parliament. This raised the whole question of Poland, the Left declaring for its rehabilitation as a separate and independent state, the majority concerned for the half-million Germans settled within Polish territory and so rejecting a resolution to condemn the Partitions of Poland. Next came an equally contentious debate on the subject whether the Republican Hecker, who had been elected as a member by a Baden constituency, should be allowed to sit. The Left stormed and raved; the galleries had to be cleared. But the vote was overwhelmingly against the admission of one who had "drenched the soil of our sacred Fatherland with blood." To tempers thus roused came the news of the armistice of Malmö made by the Prussians with Denmark to end the war which Prussia had been carrying on for the Confederation. To the fervent Nationalists of the Assembly, which had declared itself "the guardian of the honour of Germany" in the Duchies, the armistice was a severe blow. And for three days the tempest raged in the Assembly over the question whether the armistice, with whose making they had had nothing to do, should be approved or not. Again the Left was defeated, this time by a small

majority, and the armistice was to be accepted without approval.

This was the last straw to the impatient Radicals of the Left, nor did a ministerial crisis aid matters. For weeks past in Frankfort and in the various states democratic sentiment had been showing itself increasingly impatient of the more decorous moderation of the majority in the Assembly. "It is impossible to convince these blockheads save by knocking holes in their skulls," wrote Karl Vogt of the majority as early as July. In Frankfort itself the vote on the armistice of Malmö provoked most violent demonstrations in and outside the *Paulskirche*. Next day (September 17th) a mass meeting of about ten thousand champions of the people was held. The Assembly, it was declared, must be dispersed, it was composed of *bourgeois*, "traitors to the German people, to German freedom, and to German honour." Next came an attempt to invade the Assembly, which was only saved by Prussian troops. There followed the building of barricades, street fighting, the brutal murder of two members of the Assembly, and the crushing of the rising, not without use of artillery or loss of life. Nor were the manifestations confined to Frankfort. There were disorders, which, however, came to nothing, in a number of other German towns, and Struve seized the opportunity to cross again from Switzerland into Baden and proclaim the Republic. His force was, however, dispersed and he himself captured without much difficulty.

Meanwhile the National Parliament continued its deliberations, but the September riots had inevitably weakened its prestige. And so weakened, after five months of irretrievably lost time, it came to its primary task, the creation of a Constitution. The chances of even partial agreement were diminished by the delay. For by October the tide had turned in Europe and had begun to run the other way, slowly at first but with increasing strength as the winter advanced. Long before the debates on the Constitution had neared their end in March 1849, the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs were masters once again in their own houses, and having expelled the sovereign people of Berlin and Vienna were less disposed than ever to admit or welcome the sovereign German people from Frankfort. Early in November indeed one of the sacred

representatives of that sovereign body, Robert Blum of Leipsig, who had gone on a mission from the Radicals in Frankfort to their brethren in Vienna, had been executed there after the recapture of that city by Windischgrätz : it was no good omen for the fate of the Assembly itself.

It is unnecessary to follow the lengthy debates over the draft Constitution brought forward by the Committee for discussion in October. Mention of two subjects will suffice. The first was that of the limits of united Germany—primarily the question whether all or any part of Austria was to be included or not. The Committee reported in favour of the inclusion of German Austria only, and after hot debate that proposal, which cut Austria into two parts, was adopted. Exactly a month later the restored Austrian Government replied by a declaration of the indissoluble unity of the Hapsburg dominions, embodying that unity in a new Constitution. The Assembly had failed to reach a solution there. And von Gagern's effort to constitute a united Germany without German Austria only provoked further antagonism with no happier results.

The organisation of the supreme Imperial authority for united Germany proved equally and indeed more surely and immediately calamitous to the Assembly. It was agreed, again after much debate, that the new Imperial crown should be bestowed on one of the reigning princes of Germany, and not, as some proposed, on an elected President or a Directory. Not until after further weeks of debate, and when Austria had issued her new Constitution and demanded entry into the new state as a single unit, did the Assembly make the Imperial crown hereditary and decide to offer it to Frederick William of Prussia. Despite his hair-splittings and procrastination his refusal to accept it was inevitable from the first. And the refusal marked the futile nature of the Constitution which was finally passed in all its details at the end of March.

It marked further the end of the Assembly. The withdrawal of the Austrian members early in April, following the offer of the crown to Prussia, and the decision of the Austrian Government to refuse henceforward to recognise the National Assembly, marked the beginning of that body's dissolution. A declaration by the Assembly early in May, that the Constitution was in force throughout Germany, provoked no

reply—for none was in fact needed. The withdrawal of the Prussian representatives came inevitably; Saxony shortly afterwards took the same step. Heinrich von Gagern's Ministry recognised that the Assembly was moribund, and resigned. Gagern, with Dahlmann, Mathy, Arndt and some sixty odd members of similar views—the cream of the Assembly—withdraw. Only the Radicals of the Left remained to issue manifestos to the German people, which deceived no one as to their impotence. Early in June this remnant moved from the encircling Prussian troops in Frankfort to the more congenially Radical atmosphere of Stuttgart, and established a regency of five. But Württemberg proved to be rather less than more hospitable than Frankfort, and on June 18th they were dispersed by force. The National Assembly had come to an end.

So the effort of 1848 failed in Germany as it did elsewhere. The members of the National Assembly were scattered to the four winds of heaven and in the *Paulskirche* the goddess Germania looked down but on empty benches. It is easy to say that the effort was bound to fail and that its authors contributed to that failure and their own downfall. But that was not quite the end. In the lifetime of many of those who sat in the National Assembly the unity of Germany under the Hohenzollerns became an accomplished fact. Not by their methods and not on their terms. Yet who, with the history of the years that followed that union of 1870 in mind, will deny that a larger infusion in the German Empire of the spirit and the aim of the men of 1848 would have been to the ultimate welfare of Germany and the greater peace of Europe? Or that if to-day Germany becomes a real democracy, it will in part be due to those who in the years 1848-49 provided her with both an example and a warning?

III
NAPOLEON III

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

BETWEEN the abortive efforts of 1848 and the fulfilment of some of the nationalist and democratic aspirations of that year lies the episode of the Second Empire in France. The establishment of an absolutist Empire, after a constitutional monarchy and a democratic republic had in turn held sway in Paris, seemed to be, and was in part, an anachronism. Yet it was inevitable enough, given the failure of the Republic, the strength of the Napoleonic legend at that date, and the skilful and crafty plotting of Louis Napoleon. It is easy to see now that such an Empire could not last, that if it satisfied some of the instincts and desires of the French people of 1851—the desire for order at home and for glory abroad—it yet violated others not less fundamental, first and foremost the belief that, as the Declaration of Rights of 1789 put it, “the basis of all sovereignty resides in the nation.” And time was to prove that Napoleon III was not so great a man as his easy triumph suggested, or as the name he bore implied. So that the Empire declined and crumbled in the 'sixties, and needed but the blow of Sedan to send it crashing. Yet it is to be remembered that if for France the Empire delayed for a time the development of democratic institutions, Napoleon III was a supporter of nationality, and aided its growth to fruition in Italy and Germany. His fall made possible the formation of the Third Republic, and rendered finally impossible the re-establishment of any autocratic system in France.



THE TUILERIES.

NAPOLEON III

THE life of Napoleon III presents contrasts more startling and more dramatic than that of any other ruler of the century. Born a prince of the First Empire, with its downfall he became an exile and, when he grew up, a Pretender. After thirty-three years so spent he returned to France and within a few months was President of the Second Republic. Within four years he was Emperor of France and the first ruler in Europe. His Empire lasted nearly twice as long as that of the First Napoleon ere it crashed into nothingness at Sedan and its ruler passed from shameful surrender to imprisonment, exile and, a few years later, death.

The tragedy began, as it ended at Sedan, with cannon and smoke. When on April 20th, 1808, the child Charles Louis Napoleon was born, cannon roared a welcome to him from one end of the Pyrenees to the other. For he was the son of Louis Bonaparte, the younger and favourite brother of the Emperor, and of Hortense Beauharnais, daughter of the Empress Josephine by her first husband. Since the Emperor had as yet no children, the new-born infant was in line for the succession; so the Emperor, who was campaigning on the Spanish frontier, made the Pyrenees echo the news to the

world. Whether, as the story went, he called the child "the hope of my race," before setting out on the campaign which led to Waterloo, is less certain; he had an heir to the Empire by that time and Louis had an elder brother, and various uncles and cousins. Waterloo seemed as fatal to the fortunes of the young Louis as to those of the other Bonapartes; his mother had welcomed Napoleon back from Elba and had naturally nothing to hope for from the restored Bourbons in France. So Hortense, no longer Queen of Holland but henceforth Duchess of Len, took her seven-year-old boy and established herself somewhat precariously in Switzerland. She was separated from her husband, who lived with the elder boy in Italy. Fate in the person of the Duke of Wellington had made the boy an exile; his mother proceeded to turn him into a Pretender, by methods peculiarly her own but peculiarly effective. Whilst the other members of the Napoleonic family accepted their fate, she refused to believe that the first of the Bonapartes who had reigned over France was also to be the last; and she inspired her son with the same belief, so deeply that the belief became a kind of religion to him. In other matters connected with his upbringing she was less careful; the boy had tutors, and went to a school in Augsburg, where he acquired a German accent which he never lost; but his education was liable to be interrupted in order that he might accompany his mother on her journeys to Italy or elsewhere. Yet such distractions had their value in acquainting him early with different countries and peoples; they established his health better than a course of hard study; and Hortense was rich, which enabled him to avoid the hardships of the exiles of the revolutionary time, or those of the young Napoleon Bonaparte.

As the boy grew up, he thought, like his uncle, of a career of arms. He was a good horseman, which helped his appearance, since he was short of leg and long of body, and rather under middle height. Though in this he resembled the first Napoleon, in face and feature he was little like him; "not a trace of the Napoleonic type," said an Englishman who observed him closely, having seen the original in his day. Wars were scarce in Europe in the 'twenties, and after meditating service with Russia against the Turks, Louis contented

himself for a time with service in the volunteer Swiss artillery. A chance of active service seemed to come in 1831, for he was in Italy with Hortense when the revolt broke out in the Papal States. With his elder brother he joined the revolutionaries, but the effort quickly came to naught; his brother died of fever and Louis was only saved from the avenging Austrians by the skill and enterprise of his mother, who got him out of Italy as a footman on her carriage. He was to come back and fight for Italy and against Austria nearly a score of years later.

Meanwhile he had had his first taste of conspiracy, and by the death of his brother he had advanced a step in the Napoleonic hierarchy. The death of the Duc de Reichstadt, the ill-fated son of the great Napoleon, in the following year at Vienna, cleared the way still further; Louis' career as Pretender was about to begin. In a letter written a decade later he described the situation at this time and the changes of the next ten years. "In 1833," he wrote, "the Emperor and his son were dead; there were no more inheritors of the Imperial cause. True, some Bonapartes survived here and there in the back-waters of the world; bodies without life, petrified mummies, imponderable phantoms. But for the people the tie was broken; all the Bonapartes were dead. Well, I have re-tied the thread; of my own self with my own strength I have resuscitated the Napoleonic cause, and I am to-day a sword of Damocles for the Government. In short I have built my boat, I have raised my mast, now I ask of the gods but a wind to carry me forward."

Some truth there was in the assertion, though not quite as much as he claimed. Certainly neither his father, nor his uncles Joseph or Jerome, nor any of his cousins did aught to press the claim of the Bonapartes to rule over France, now under the paternal rule of Louis Philippe. And by the 'forties both France and Europe were aware that he, and he alone, made such a claim. He had begun in the very year 1832 with the publication of a volume condemning the existing government of France, and trying to gain republican support by offering an Imperial Constitution, so democratic in appearance that it would possess, he claimed, "the advantages of a republic without its inconveniences." He followed this up four years

later by the wild adventure of Strassburg, a futile attempt to raise his standard there, which gave no results beyond a little notoriety, capture, and exile to America. From there he returned to play the part of a prince in exile in London, a part the young and likewise struggling Disraeli recollected well enough to depict as that of Prince Florestan when he wrote *Endymion* forty years later. It implied the spending of a great deal of money, equerries to usher him into his box at the Opéra, a carriage emblazoned with the Imperial eagles. In 1840 he made from London a second and more serious attempt to storm France, fitting out a ship with a live eagle or vulture at its masthead and landing near Boulogne, where he tried to win over the garrison. There was not the slightest hope of success, but the Government was a little more alarmed, tried him and condemned him to imprisonment in the mediæval fortress of Ham amongst the dank flats of the upper Somme. There, active in mind but laying the seeds of future ill-health, he remained for six years, at the end of which time he managed to escape, in true Pretender fashion, and returned to London to await the more favourable wind of which he had spoken.

So much he had done of himself, as he claimed. But the breeze which was to carry him to the Imperial throne came from St. Helena. In six years of exile there the first Napoleon had founded Bonapartism; he had reconstructed his career in terms of the new century, so that Bonapartism seemed to mean not despotism and war, but liberty and peace, though peace with glory. The July Monarchy gave peace indeed, but no glory, rather the reverse; nor did it believe in wide political liberty. There were older men than Louis Napoleon who as the drab days went on looked back and saw the Empire through a haze of golden mist; for the younger generation in France there were poets like Béranger who sang of it; painters like Raffet who pictured its triumphs; historians like Thiers who wrote voluminously of its greatness. Louis Napoleon by no means neglected this kind of propaganda; in 1839 he published a commentary on the Bonapartist gospel, *Les Idées Napoléoniennes*, following the text of the legend made by his uncle, and blaming Europe for the fact that France was not now the home of justice and freedom, as Napoleon meant her to be. The pamphlet, for such it was, sold for half a franc

in France and was widely translated. Even the July Monarchy fell into line; it sent a royal prince to bring home the sacred ashes of Napoleon from St. Helena and entombed them in the pomp of Les Invalides, where all France could go and reflect on the contrast between the glories of the past and the unsatisfactory mediocrity of the present.

With the overthrow of the July Monarchy Louis Napoleon had nothing to do directly. Louis Philippe had become (for travelling purposes) plain Mr. Smith ere the claimant to his throne had crossed the Channel. And when he did so he found he was not wanted and withdrew to England, in time to act as special constable in London during the scare over the Chartist agitation. In this withdrawal he was wise, for the time was not quite ripe. After a discreet delay he allowed his name to be put forward for election to the National Assembly, and was elected in four places, from Paris to Corsica. His favourable wind was coming, in gusts which carried shouts of "Vive 'Poléon," across the Paris streets. But as this disturbed the Assembly he again withdrew to London, declaring publicly that his name was the symbol of order, of nationality and of glory. Not until September did he return to Paris to stay; he put up at a hotel in the Place Vendôme where he could see the statue of the first Napoleon looking down on him from its column, and very quietly took his seat in the Assembly. His long exile was over, and just in front lay the Empire.

That was clear to him, for he believed profoundly in his star, but it was by no means so clear to those in power in the Second Republic. It was partly because the Empire seemed so remote that he was able to secure the next step, the election to the Presidency of the Republic. True he had a little group of supporters, and was beginning to get a press, just as old military greatcoats of the First Empire were beginning to appear in the streets of Paris again. But the Assembly and its leaders persisted in thinking him unintelligent, stupid indeed: "a regular blockhead," said clever little M. Thiers. He might be a useful figure-head for the Republic, since it had become clear he could not debate, and would therefore not be difficult to manage. So his name went to the polls in December 1848, along with those well known for their share

in the making of the Republic; and by a vote of five and a half millions to the next candidate's one million and a half he was elected President. The explanation of this colossal vote is clear enough. Beyond those who thought him harmless and therefore suitable, was the great mass of peasant voters who knew the name Napoleon, and voted for it; one of them in a remote part of France told an English traveller that he thought he was voting for the dead Emperor. So he was, in a sense. For the man who at this moment was swearing allegiance to the Second Republic, and backing his oaths by solemn assertions of his devotion to republican principles, was already busy with plans to restore his uncle's line to the throne of France.

As President of the Republic he lived at the Elysée Palace, where the French President lives to-day. It was here that Napoleon had signed his act of abdication after Waterloo, so it was not unfitting that where the Empire had ended it should also be restored again. And it was but a short distance to the Tuileries. Yet it took him three years to traverse that short distance, and another year before the Empire was formally proclaimed. Louis Napoleon was not a man to rush his fences, at this stage at any rate, and there was much to be gained by making haste slowly. The Republic was not well founded and could be counted upon to lose rather than gain in strength for a time: it had been set up almost by accident, had been baptised in the blood and passions of the June days, and had been provided with an unworkable Constitution; nor were the people of France ready for a democratic republic. But they would hardly of themselves revive the Empire, though they might accept its revival.

For this, time was needed. Louis had to make himself better known as a person; so far he had been little more than the bearer of a name. So he made journeys through the provinces, opening the new railway lines which were now traversing France, and found, as he hoped, men ready to shout "Vive l'Empereur" as well as "Vive Napoléon." And in Paris he tried the harder task of capturing the good citizens by elaborate fêtes at the Elysée. But more important than the bourgeoisie was the army, which had to be reminded of its connection with the Bonaparte family and won over to regard the civilian President as its natural leader and protector.

Dressed as General of the National Guard with white plumes in his cocked hat; he reviewed both National Guard and regular troops and, silent as ever, listened to the shouts of "Vive l'Empereur." So he went on for a while, suiting his note admirably to time and place, but keying it up gradually to Imperial pitch. He was not afraid to quarrel with the Assembly, as the Constitution invited him to do, when their



THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.

way and his parted company. Nor did he hesitate to crush a sister Republic in Rome when that seemed politic, to gain the support of the strong Clerical party amongst other things.

And all the time he meditated on the means by which his destiny was to be fulfilled. There would have to be a plot, of course. His uncle had needed a plot fifty years ago and had made a bad one, which nearly failed at the critical moment. Louis was by nature a better conspirator than his uncle, better than most men, in fact, and his conspiracy was very carefully

worked out. He had agents, not very reputable figures as yet, but who were to rise to great heights under the Empire, as reward for risking their necks in its creation. There was Persigny, who had followed his fortunes for years, Morny his half-brother, Rouher the lawyer, later to be called "Vice-Emperor," General Magnan, put in command of the troops in Paris, St. Arnaud from Africa, Maupas for the police



THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

arrangements, and others. In great detail the arrangements for the coup were worked out, and when Louis wrote the word "Rubicon" on the little sealed packet containing the final orders for the conspirators, there was nothing left to do but to act. So on December 2nd, 1851, anniversary of the first Napoleon's coronation, as of Austerlitz, the stroke was accomplished without serious difficulty or danger. The troops behaved as they were ordered by Magnan, and so too the police; the Opposition leaders in the Assembly were arrested

in their beds, and the Assembly itself dissipated. But the stroke was not accomplished without bloodshed: there was some street fighting in Paris in which a deputy and a number of civilians were killed; and there were proscriptions, transportations and exile to follow. Louis Napoleon's star had risen clear above the horizon, but it was slightly tinged with the colour of blood, as men remembered later. Meanwhile the President, absolute at a blow, secured a vote of seven and a half millions approving his conduct. After a decent interval spent in educating public opinion, he took the next step, and with a vote of eight millions in favour restored the Empire.

So France had an Emperor Napoleon again, the third by title, since Louis recognised the unhappy youth who had died in Vienna. Here was news for Europe more exciting than any since the battle of Waterloo. Old men revived their memories of the First Empire, and asked themselves whether the world could be on the eve of another such epoch. No one knew, for no one knew the new Emperor. France had voted him on to the Imperial throne, but France did not know him, and Europe, which had seen him as exile, could not say what he would be as absolute ruler of thirty-five million people, with the shadow of Napoleon I in the background. Most rulers come to the throne as unknown quantities; a girl queen in England, an old king in France, had both shown this in the last twenty years. Napoleon III differed from the majority of rulers in that he remained an unknown quantity to the end of his life: he was "the great Imperial Sphinx," an enigma to France and to Europe.

The enigma lay part in the history of the man, part in the contradictions of his character. For France a little of the mystery may have rested in the fact that, like all the Bonapartes, he had foreign blood in him, and had, in addition, lived most of his life abroad. He wore English trousers with his French coats, and spoke French, unless he spoke it slowly, with a German accent, as he spoke English and Italian. But his three predecessors on the throne of France had all been exiles. As an exile and prisoner he had shown enough knowledge of France to write books on conditions there. And ability to speak the tongues of the three chief neighbours of France, if unusual in a ruler, did not make him a foreigner.

Yet the air of mystery remarked in him was, if deeper than this, nevertheless closely connected with his past life. For nearly twenty years he had been a conspirator, and in the course of those years he had practised dissimulation and concealment until they became second nature to him. By plotting, by hiding his true aims and character, he had become first President of the Republic, and then Emperor; and he never entirely lost the stamp which years of effort so directed put upon him. His aspect showed it a little: someone who had known him in early life and saw him again as Emperor noticed that he had got into the way of keeping his eyelids partially lowered, as if to conceal any flash or sign of feeling. Tocqueville, who knew him at this time, remarked that "his eyes were dull and opaque, like the thick glass used to light ships' cabins, admitting the light but not able to be seen through." Yet to put him down merely as a deep conspirator would be absurd. The real difficulty in reading his character lay in the combination in him of these qualities, with others normally inconsistent with them. It has been said that one half of him was Machiavelli, the other half was Don Quixote; and if he was neither so subtly wise as the Italian, nor so fantastically simple as the Spaniard, the contradiction was nevertheless present and active in his character and his life.

As a man there was much to admire and more to attract in him. He was a kindlier man than his greater uncle, and a more polished gentleman. He had no lack of personal courage, as he showed on several occasions. And whilst nothing will rid his memory of the stain of the proscriptions after the *coup d'état*, he was free from vindictiveness. His old tutor, who had voted against the offer of the Empire to him, was told to come to lunch as usual. Lamartine, who had called him a "wild beast," received repeated offers of help from Napoleon's private purse when he fell upon evil days in his later years. He had remarkable powers of fascination. Probably the best testimonial to this was supplied by Queen Victoria, who began with no prejudice in his favour, rather the reverse, and who was not the most easily pleased person in the world. Writing to Baron Stockmar, after the visit she paid to the Tuileries in 1855, she almost gushed over her recent host. "For the Emperor *personally* I have conceived a real affection

and friendship. . . . I know *no* one who puts me more at my ease, or to whom I feel more inclined to talk unreservedly, or in whom involuntarily I should be more inclined to confide, than the Emperor. He is so simple, so *naïf*, never making *des phrases* or paying compliments—so full of tact, good taste, high breeding; his attentions and respect towards us were so simple and unaffected, his kindness and friendship for the Prince Consort so natural and gratifying, *because* it is *not* forced. . . . We parted with mutual sorrow. What I write here is my feeling and conviction: wonderful it is that this *man*—whom certainly we were *not* well-disposed to—should by *force of circumstances* be drawn into such close connection with us, and become personally our friend, and this entirely by his *own personal qualities*, in spite of so much that *was and could* be said against him. To the children his kindness, and judicious kindness, was great, and they are *excessively* fond of him. In short, without *attempting* to do anything particular to *make* one like him, or *ANY* personal attraction in outward appearance, he has the power of *attracting* those who come near him and know him, which is *quite incredible*. He is *excessively* kind in private and so very quiet.” This quietness was not all that of the schemer and plotter. Some of it was that of the dreamer, encouraged by his years of imprisonment and his fatalistic belief in his star. At times this quality could be dangerous; Falloux declared that the Emperor did not know the difference between dreaming and thinking, which reminds us of the Spanish original. Yet unexpectedly with that, he had what Tocqueville called “a natural taste for the footman class,” fruit of his past but clinging to him still.

Between Louis Napoleon as man and as Emperor there is, of course, no perceptible gulf or halting-place. An absolute ruler for most of his reign, his personal views and characteristics had full scope and sway. But the standard by which we measure him as a monarch is different in some respects from that by which we judge him as a man. He had the qualities to arrive at power, and also to charm. Had he the ability to rule France and to play a chief part—for a Napoleon could not play a secondary part—on the European stage? Here comparison with the first Napoleon is scarcely possible. The Second Empire was not a mere caricature of the first: to

pillory Louis Napoleon as *Napoléon le petit*, as Victor Hugo did, was unfair; Hugo was angered out of reason with the man who had destroyed the Republic and driven him into exile. But neither as general nor as statesmen and lawgiver did the third Napoleon compare with the first. That he was not a great general mattered less, for his age was not an age of war and it would have been folly to try to make it one. Yet he had his difficulties there, since France expected from him glory, the product of successful generalship. His defects as a statesman were more serious. They are shown as we follow his career, but it may be admitted that his political ability was only mediocre; so much of him had been put into the effort to arrive that there was not enough left to solve the problems of Empire.

Perhaps those problems were insoluble in any case. At bottom lay the fact that the Empire was an anachronism from the start. Certainly France in 1848 was not ready for popular government; Louis Napoleon was not unreasonable in the little respect he had for the democracy of the Second Republic. But on the other hand France was not Imperial in any reasoned sense, and she had passed beyond the stage of autocratic rule. For a time the pomp and glitter of the Empire sufficed, backed up as it was by some successes at home and abroad. As time went on, however, and the limitations of the Emperor and of absolutist rule became clearer, above all as the failure abroad became manifest, criticism became louder and more hostile, both of the Empire and the Emperor. It was harder to meet because the Emperor was weakening physically; he had become a sick man ruling over a sick Empire. True to his part, he concealed his illness and so shortened his life. Yet that life outlasted the Empire. By 1870 any kind of shock to the Empire would have been dangerous, and, as the Empress recognised, one cannot make a *coup d'état* twice in the same reign. It hardly needed the blow of Sedan to finish the Empire; the general failure in the war would have sufficed.

In 1852, however, all this lay hidden far in the future. The groans of the transported and the shrill cries of the exiles were drowned in the shouts of the army and even of Paris as Napoleon turned the Tuileries into an Imperial palace again. Since an Imperial throne without an Empress was but half filled,

Napoleon must marry if the dynasty was to be refounded. So he cast about for a wife, as his uncle had done when the divorce from Josephine had been decided upon. He had long ago been half-engaged to a cousin, Princess Mathilde, but her father had disapproved of the young man's plottings and the match had been broken off. After his escape from Ham he had nearly married an English woman, but again it had been prevented. Now he looked for a princess from one of the lesser royal houses in Europe. For the moment none were forthcoming, and he decided to make the best of it and to please himself. The Imperial affections were captured by a beautiful Spanish lady living in Paris with her mother, the Countess of Montijo; after a short courtship the Imperial wedding took place at the cathedral of Nôtre Dame, and France had an Empress again. Even more than the Emperor, Eugénie was an unknown quantity to the people of France. Slowly she emerged into the light, an Empress indeed, not specially intelligent or clever, but with no lack of appreciation of her position, and strong convictions on some matters, as, for example, on the need for supporting the Catholic Church. And after the birth of the Prince Imperial in 1856 she had a new interest in the life of the Empire, to secure its descent to her son. Whilst it is not easy to be precise as to her influence over Napoleon, there is no doubt that it increased in those later years, when the Emperor was ill and so often a prey to uncertainty and hesitation. And whilst opinions differ and will continue to differ as to her responsibility for that last and fatal throw, the war of 1870, to see her taking no part in the events of those critical days that preceded it gives no true picture of her.

With Napoleon's marriage came the establishment of the Imperial Court at the Tuileries. The Emperor had a civil list of a million sterling, double that of Louis Philippe, and was determined, as he put it, to "strike the imagination" of Paris, France and Europe. It was easy here to triumph over the dullness of the July Monarchy, and with no loss of time the dignitaries of the First Empire were set up again, a Grand Chamberlain, a Grand Master of Ceremonies, a Grand Master of the Horse, a Grand Almoner; the Empress had her Grand Mistress, her Ladies of the Palace, and so forth. An Imperial

Guard (*Les Cent Gardes*) was created, of fine figures in gorgeous uniforms. The Emperor appeared in knee-breeches and his Court followed suit, a revolution in itself from the be-trousered days of Louis Philippe. The ladies of the Court appeared at receptions with long trains again, and then, for a time, the crinoline frothed and billowed in the summer of the Empire. Court etiquette, which had hardly existed under the citizen-king, was imported from Bavaria to rule this new-made Court, to which not all that was best in French society gave adhesion at first. Yet there was no lack of brightness and gaiety; the Emperor set the pace in a whirl of amusements, of dinners, balls and receptions, and Paris, or much of it, followed his example.

Paris itself took on a new aspect during these early years of the Empire. The old city of the Revolution and the Restoration began to disappear under the reforming zeal of M. Hausmann, with the Emperor behind him. Ruthlessly they drove the wide new Boulevards through the maze of old narrow streets, which had served so well for barricade-making, a pastime which Napoleon considered out-of-date. When Disraeli visited Paris in 1857, after a gap of ten years, he found the city vastly changed. "Everything squalid has been pulled down or driven out of sight—a city of palaces and glittering streets, and illimitable parks and pleasure gardens, statues and gondolas, and beautiful birds and deer. The Tuileries and the Louvre joined, form a kingly residence worthy of Babylon, the Rue de Rivoli with its bright arcades . . . the old Bois de Boulogne is converted into a Paradise, compared with which in extent, all the parks in London together would form an insignificant section." Paris became more than ever the capital of Europe.

All this was not mere light-heartedness on the part of Napoleon, but policy; he believed that the Empire could dance its way into acceptance and even popularity. For the moment, since the Constitution allowed no political liberty, it mattered little what people said so long as the army was loyal, and the army was reviewed and favoured as became a Napoleonic institution. But Napoleon could not be, and did not wish to be, merely a military despot, any more than the first Napoleon: like him, he tried to gain the support

of the other elements which made up the French nation. The Catholics he had already favoured by the expedition to Rome, and he continued to favour them by concessions in the matter of education, as by keeping French troops in Rome for the defence of the temporal power of the Pope. Some success he had, but it was not complete. Though he never fell out with the Church as completely as did his uncle, quite early in his reign some of the leading clericals in France declared against him, and his Roman commitments were a growing source of worry to him.

The appeal to the bourgeoisie was less difficult. He began by declaring that the tasks of the Empire were largely economic. "We have immense tracts of land to drain, roads to make, ports to dredge, canals to finish, railway systems to complete, a kingdom to incorporate opposite Marseilles, all our great western ports to bring into rapid communication with the American continent. These are the conquests I am projecting, and you, who desire, as I do, the good of the nation, you are my soldiers." Such soldiering did not go unrewarded, for France was developing rapidly, and the increase in the number of railways, the expansion of trade and industry, seemed to show that the Empire suited France economically at all events. The exhibitions of 1855 and 1867 in Paris provided evidence of this for all the world to see and admire. Nor was the Emperor blind to the hardships of the worker. Had he not as an exile written a book on *The Extinction of Pauperism in France*? If his rule did not end pauperism, neither had any other form of government from the beginning of time; the Second Republic after loud professions had failed very conspicuously. Napoleon did a little with Mutual Aid Societies and Conciliation Boards, whilst the Empress helped to found hospitals and children's homes. The rise of the first labour international movement during the Empire was due to other causes than Imperial oppression. As for the peasants, they had put Napoleon on the throne. His uncle had declared, "It is the decent peasant class whose opinions I care for," and the nephew never forgot their votes if he sometimes betrayed their interests, with those of all France. He had done something for them in restoring order, and he promised more when he declared that "the Empire is peace"; with

peace within and without, the peasant could be counted on to support a Bonaparte, for a time.

Opposition elements there were from the beginning of the Empire. There were the rival claimants to the French throne, the Comte de Chambord with his Legitimist supporters, and the Orleanist successors to Louis Philippe, who by no means despaired of a revival of their rule. In addition to an opposition element amongst the Clericals, there were certain "Liberals," who believed that France was past the day for absolute government, intellectuals like Thiers and Guizot who could never be quite won over. More bitter opposition came from the exiled republicans of all shades, Victor Hugo thundering like the waves beating on the Channel Islands where he lived, little Louis Blanc airing his grievances from London. Many of these came back to France as time went on, to revive the republican faith in the younger generation which was to overthrow the Empire when failure in war gave the opportunity.

For it was in its relations with the surrounding nations that the decisive test of Napoleon's ability and of the strength of his Empire came, and was bound to come, for two obvious reasons. In the first place a Napoleon could not shut himself up within his own borders and remain a mere spectator of the pageant of Europe, or the world. The whole tradition forbade that; even a Louis Philippe had fallen in part for doing no other. And further, whilst Europe was not at war, developments of great importance were taking place in two neighbouring countries, Italy and Germany. Both countries were in process of changing from collections of small and comparatively weak states to unified powers of the first rank, a change of the first magnitude for France as for Europe. Beyond the natural interest of France in this process was the fact that the Emperor was sympathetic toward the Nationalist movement in Europe. He could not but intervene, an intervention fraught with the greatest of consequences for Italy, Germany, and not least himself.

His first intervention in the affairs of Europe, and his first war, lay further afield, in the Crimea. With difficulty he was restrained from going in person to lead the French legions where they fought side by side with the British, helping Turk

against Russian, for reasons no one quite understood. But after the siege of Sebastopol had prolonged the war into its third year, peace was made, and the Emperor, with the veterans of the war of 1812 about him, stood in the Place Vendôme to see the soldiers of the Crimea march past in their red trousers. And Europe met for the peace conference in Paris, with the Emperor as honorary President. Here was prestige in Europe and military glory for France. It had been a little expensive for the results achieved, but a Napoleon could not be expected to haggle over the cost; glory might be a luxury to others, it was a bread-and-butter necessity to him.

The Empire was at its height in the years after the Peace of Paris (1856), and Napoleon's intervention on behalf of the Nationalist cause in Italy (1859-60) proved effective for Italy, and not unprofitable for France. True, events did not develop entirely as he hoped: in the war of 1859 his generalship was not altogether a success, and people made comparisons between his hesitations and the dashing courage of Victor Emmanuel at his side: the Italians were alienated by his secret and sudden peace-making with Francis Joseph at Villafranca, and removed his picture from their windows and all gratitude to him from their hearts; his vague hope of seeing a Bonapartist prince rule over north-central Italy was dissipated by the union of those regions with Piedmont; and the French garrison in Rome, with all that it implied, placed him in an awkward position as the champion of Italian nationality and unity. But he secured Savoy and Nice for France, he married his cousin into one of the oldest ruling houses in Europe, and Magenta and Solferino were French as well as Italian victories.

Before the relations of Napoleon with the unification of Germany became close or critical, a change for the worse had taken place in the Imperial fortunes: the decline had begun. Neither the causes nor the course of that decline can be followed here: some of these causes have already been indicated; the course may be illustrated from the history of the ill-fated "Mexican Adventure" (1861-66). The first Napoleon had looked that way, but had learnt wisdom and had sold his claims over Louisiana to the United States for hard cash. The third Napoleon was less wise; he thought to gain fresh glory, to strike a blow for Monarchy and the Church,

seizing the opportunity when Mexico was almost in a state of anarchy and the United States torn with the war between North and South. For a time all seemed well, but soon came a change and everything began to go wrong. The Opposition leader, Juarez, showed more strength than had been expected; the French generals were not all efficient; the troops died from disease; the unfortunate Maximilian, who had gone there under Napoleonic protection to be ruler, found first hostility and then death at the hands of the enemy; the United States began to emerge from the Civil War and to make strong protests; and finally the French troops had to withdraw (1866). It was a blow from which the Empire did not recover.

So weakened, declining in health and in prestige in France itself, Napoleon turned to face the imminence of change in Germany. Here the initiative was taken by Bismarck, whom Napoleon had declared to be "not a serious person." It was an unfortunate misapprehension of the strongest statesman of the century, and had serious results. It allowed the Emperor to be vague in defining the price for his neutrality when Prussia made war on Austria, and Bismarck, once Austria had been defeated in the Six Weeks' War (June-July 1866), gave him no time to define his terms and present them properly. So Napoleon, and France with him, were beaten at Sadowa; to receive Venice from Austria to hand over to Italy was a very minor consolation, and Italy was barely grateful. To go on, as Napoleon did, asking for this or that piece of Rhenish territory, proposing to buy Luxembourg, or seize part of Belgium, merely played into the hands of Bismarck, and exposed the parlous state of an Empire which was now fighting for its life.

For between Sadowa and Sedan the decline was visible to everyone. There was still something mysterious about the Emperor; he still wove his web of diplomacy in secret, but he was bungling it badly, and no amount of mystery could conceal the fact that this man of sixty was ill, worn and tired. The Imperial machine was running badly in France too: there was increasing criticism, more bitter in its tone: the lampoons of Rochefort, the terrific accusation of Gambetta, reminding France that Napoleon had stepped on to the Imperial throne

over the dead bodies of Baudin and the other victims of the *coup d'état*, the cry for justice on a Bonaparte prince who had committed a murder, these and a hundred other signs of the times all told the same tale. Napoleon essayed an answer, but the creation of the Liberal Empire, which was hardly Liberal, and yet was no longer a Napoleonic Empire, did not seem to meet the case. It did not get a fair chance, it is true, for the crisis of 1870 came on before the Emperor and Ollivier had got the new system to work. Yet it is very doubtful whether it would have worked in any case. To a number of the still loyal Imperialists a war with Prussia seemed to offer a final chance to repair the Empire, after the peasants of France had again given a vote which could be interpreted as a vote of confidence in it. "Do your duty, Louis," cried Eugénie to her consort as the train bore him away to the front from St. Cloud in July 1870. He was piteously anxious to do so, though he was not very conversant with these duties, and he suffered so much from his illness that he could scarcely sit in the saddle. He was nominally commander-in-chief, but it was rather as an accompanying shadow than as an Emperor, to say nothing of a Napoleon, that he rode with the army into the hollow of Sedan. There he missed the death he sought as an honourable way out from the encircling cannon, and endured the bitterness of surrender to the king of Prussia, soon to revive for Germany the title which Napoleon was about to lose for France. For the breath of the news of Sedan was enough to dissolve the Empire into smoke, whither the Tuileries was shortly to follow. France was left to find the hard and painful way to the Third Republic.

So the circle was completed and Louis Napoleon became an exile again. For some months he lived in imprisonment in Wilhelmshöhe near Cassel, but in the spring of 1871 he was allowed to go to England, where the Empress and the Prince Imperial had already preceded him straight from Paris. He lived there for nearly two years, dying at Chislehurst on January 9th, 1873. He had hoped for a revival of the Empire on a vote of the people of France, aided by efforts which were made on his behalf by Bonapartists in France. But since the first Revolution the French had preferred new governments to old when given the choice; Charles X and Louis Philippe

in turn had died in exile ; Napoleon I, with greater claims on France than these, had not returned to France from St. Helena in his lifetime, and Louis Napoleon had less claim than his uncle to return. It was tragic, but it was not unfitting, and not more unjust than the fate which had put him on the throne. He had in his Empire fulfilled the Napoleonic legend ; and in fulfilling it he had destroyed its potency, leaving it to its proper resting-place, the imposing splendour of the tomb in the Invalides.



IV
THE NATION MAKERS

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

ITALY and Germany provide the two great examples of nation making in the nineteenth century, and the work was achieved by the two greatest statesmen of the century, Cavour and Bismarck. In Italy we have in addition a figure to which Germany (and indeed Europe) provided no counterpart, the romantic figure of Garibaldi. He was the knight-errant of Italian nationalism, cleaving a way with his sword when diplomacy was brought to a halt, providing at once an aid and an embarrassment to the efforts of Cavour. Yet, of course, it was for the Piedmontese statesman both to plan and to bring to fruition the work of unity in Italy, and this with a wisdom and foresight entirely beyond any of which Garibaldi was possessed. With infinite labour and skill, and not without more than a dash of subtlety, Cavour first added Lombardy to Piedmont, then joined thereto the duchies of Central Italy, then received from the hands of Garibaldi Naples and Sicily, and carved off a great slice from the Papal States. A king of Italy had called together an Italian Parliament before Cavour died in 1861, though Venice and Rome still remained to be added to make the union complete. They were to come in due course, so completing the work of the master craftsman in the art of nation making.

Bismarck was more fortunate than Cavour in that he was able to complete his design of unifying Germany under Prussian leadership, and he lived to guide the fortunes of the new Empire for a score of years ere he resigned in 1890. His strokes were more resounding, his work more magnificent, the results more pregnant for Europe. He united Germany, defeating Austria and destroying the Napoleonic Empire in France, and he added much territory to Prussia in the process. Partly because of these things, partly because of the absence of rivals, partly because of the length of his career, he came to dominate his age more really than Metternich and Napoleon III

had in turn dominated theirs. Yet it is to be remembered that he achieved success by trampling not merely on other nations, but also on the Liberal and democratic elements in Germany. There was too great an element of brute force in his creation. To-day, whilst the monarchy Cavour gave to Italy still stands, the German Empire has passed away. Unity remains but the democratic principle which Bismarck despised and flouted has beaten him at last.

The Austrian Empire was to outlast the nineteenth century, though it has disappeared in our own day. But it was to make in this period a very material concession to the spirit of nationalism. Hungary, after its failure in 1848-49, at length secured the boon of self-government in 1867 and henceforth, to the close of the late war, was an almost independent partner in the Hapsburg realm. The victory was due mainly to the perseverance and wisdom of Deák, who never despaired and never played his cards too soon, but waited until the defeat of Austria in 1866 gave him the opportunity, and then took advantage of it. He was the wisest of all Hungarian statesmen, and had his precepts and example been followed in the treatment of other nationalities included within the Magyar kingdom, it is hardly too much to say that Hungary to-day would not be so circumscribed in territory, or ringed in by a girdle of hostile nations.

The establishment of the democratic republic in France after the defeat of the war of 1870 was due primarily to Gambetta. It is not his sole title to greatness. He had been the incarnation of the spirit of French patriotism after the Second Empire had fallen, and when the peace of Frankfort ended the war, he became and remained until 1918 the inspirer of those who looked for the return to France of the lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. But in 1871 the primary need for France was a settled government. With Thiers he helped to make that government republican, and after the resignation of the old veteran he fought, and fought successfully, to make the Republic a democratic one. Like Cavour he died before his work had been quite completed or tested. But his Republic, like the Italian kingdom, was to survive its early perils, severe though these were, and Gambetta's fame has increased steadily, to be as lasting as the Republic he made.



GARIBALDI

WHILST Cavour was the statesman of Italian unity and Mazzini its seer, Garibaldi was its soldier. King Victor Emmanuel and a host of others whose names for Italy are immortal helped to make their country free and united. But the trinity of great names stands alone, each shining clear and unrivalled in its own sphere. It was part of Garibaldi's destiny that whilst Cavour and Mazzini never met or were friendly, he knew and worked with them both, to fall out and be reconciled with each in turn because of the great aim they had in common. Yet in fact he had less in common with either of these two than they had with each other. For they were both thinkers, whereas Garibaldi was first and last the man of action. D'Azeglio once said of him that he had "a heart of gold but the brains of an ox," somewhat unfairly, for Garibaldi had quite considerable military capacity and as high an aim as D'Azeglio himself. Garibaldi's own description of himself was truer. "At last," he said in May 1860, "I shall go back to my element—action placed at the service of a great idea." Lacking the "great idea," the name of Garibaldi would never have become famous had his men worn, instead of red shirts, garments of as many colours as the coat of Joseph.

An exile who had been in South America with Garibaldi, and who returned with him in 1848 to die, said with the insight of a dying man, "He is a man of destiny; a great part of the future of Italy depends on him." The prophecy was marvelously fulfilled. There was not a great deal in common between Garibaldi and that other greater man of destiny, the Emperor Napoleon, whose subject the young sailor of Nice was born. Yet in both cases destiny first hurled them to far-off lands—

Napoleon to the sands of Syria and Egypt, Garibaldi to the forests and plains of South America—then brought them back at a moment of crisis to play a leading part. And Garibaldi like Napoleon started with no advantage of birth, wealth or position.

The father of Giuseppe Garibaldi was a sailor, captain of a small craft which plied along the Mediterranean coast from Nice, his home. Thus born (1807) within sight and sound of the sea, what should Giuseppe be but a sailor, like any boy born on the English coast? Of book learning he received not a great deal, less indeed than his parents strove to secure for him, for the boy loved the hills and above all the sea better than books, and ran away, or tried to, before they agreed that he should become a sailor like his father. So he went to sea and learnt its ways and its mastery as other great men before him had done. But if in this he was like the father who taught him sea-lore, in matters other than seafaring he soon passed beyond his father's ken. For Garibaldi belonged to a new century and a new era. What Mazzini learnt from concealed books and solitary meditation, Garibaldi imbibed as he leisurely ploughed the waters of the Mediterranean and heard of the Greek fight for independence, or talked with men who dreamed of liberty and unity for Italy. The city of Rome as he saw it then was, he tells us, "the Rome of the future, the regenerating idea of a great nation."

It was Mazzini, in exile at Marseilles, and his "Young Italy" society that gave Garibaldi a positive faith. He became a member, and an ardent one, of the society and almost at once became involved in the first of Mazzini's many efforts at revolution. The sailor's allotted task was no less than to win over to revolt the Piedmontese fleet whilst Mazzini and his friends worked down into Piedmont from Switzerland. The attempt failed, as it was bound to fail, and Garibaldi, condemned to death, escaped by flight to find himself one of the many exiles who had in Italy a fatherland but no home.

From 1836 to 1848 Garibaldi was in South America. Beginning as a coastal trader he quickly became absorbed in the wars which marked the generation following that in which independence had been gained. Not indiscriminately, however: it was

the Spanish minority who wished to set up a republic independent of the Brazilian Empire which enlisted his sympathies. If he could not for the present fight for liberty in Italy he would do so in South America. Like Cavour's farming, this was part, no small part indeed, of his training. The words "arduous" and "exciting" seem too pale to describe the adventures which Garibaldi recounts so unpretentiously in his autobiography—the thousand hairbreadth escapes from death in the guerilla warfare which went on unceasingly by land and sea, Garibaldi turning from buccaneer or naval commander to cavalry leader or general, with only so much loss of time as it took to jump from a deck to a horse. Not the least romantic part of this career was his impetuous wooing and winning of his "tender Amazon" Anita, who shared to the full his tremendous adventures. For a time he settled in Monte Video, but the conflict between Uruguay and Argentina drew him in. He raised an "Italian Legion," largely of exiles, the original "red shirts" who were to become so famous in Europe. The fame of their deeds in defence of the republic of Uruguay against its greater neighbour preceded them to Europe, to Italy above all. Practically all the legionaries had relations or friends there; Garibaldi and others had retained both their membership in and their hopes of "Young Italy," and never gave up hope of returning to strike a blow against the foreigner at Milan or the oppressor at Naples. It needed but the quickening events of 1847, "the breath of revolution in the air," which Tocqueville felt in France, to blow the good ship *Speranza* containing Garibaldi and his threescore or more companions back across the Atlantic in the spring of 1848 to play their part in the great drama of that year.

A Dutch artist who saw Garibaldi for the first time at his headquarters in Rome about a year after his return has left us a picture of him : ¹

"Of middle height, well made, broad-shouldered, his square chest, which gives a sense of power to his structure, well marked under the uniform—he stood there before us; his blue eyes, ranging to violet, surveyed in one glance

¹ Trevelyan, *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic*, p. 117.

the whole group in the vestibule of the convent. These eyes had something remarkable, as well by their colour as by the frankness—I know no better word for it—of their expression. They curiously contrasted with those dark sparkling eyes of his Italian soldiers, no less than his light chestnut-brown hair, which fell loosely over his neck on to his shoulders, contrasted with their shining black curls. His face was burnt red, and covered with freckles through the influence of the sun. A heavy moustache and a light blonde beard ending in two points gave a martial expression to that open oval face. But most striking of all was the nose, with its exceedingly broad root which has caused Garibaldi to be given the name of *Leone*, and, indeed, made one think of a lion; a resemblance which, according to his soldiers, was still more conspicuous in the fight, when his eyes shot forth flames and his fair hair waved as a mane above his temples.

“He was dressed in a red tunic with short flaps; on his head he wore a little black felt sugar-loaf hat, with two black ostrich feathers. In his hand he had a light plain horseman’s sabre and a cavalry cartridge-bag hung down by his left shoulder.”

Garibaldi’s outward appearance mirrored the man he was more plainly than in most men; simplicity, directness of speech, of understanding, of aim, were as marked in Garibaldi as statecraft in Cavour. He had a singular modesty and on occasion a rare power of self-effacement, though there was a streak of childlike vanity in him. It is almost needless to add that his simplicity was abused, that he was no match for politicians or schemers. Yet he could not be wheedled into courses he did not understand. He was not merely a man of transparent and unswerving honesty, but he had, beyond his passion for Anita and his family, a fiery, glowing zeal for Italy which withered lesser aims and ambitions. It was not an altogether tempered zeal, for he was by nature impetuous and obstinate, taking unkindly to direction or control, as Cavour found. He looked to the sword to free Italy, not understanding and not caring to understand either compromise or

political necessities, such as (for example) the need in 1860 for securing the goodwill or at least the neutrality of France. Yet he could be persuaded for the great end to sacrifice his own opinions. He was a republican, yet he not merely fought under the king of Sardinia, but supported the union of Italy under that crown. As a military leader he excelled in guerilla warfare, in personal bravery and heroism and in the capacity to inspire others with the same quality. Of formal discipline he was innocent, though he could be stern when the occasion demanded it, not shrinking at the death penalty for offenders. Yet he was idolised rather than feared by his men. And whilst there were limits to his capacity for generalship there were none to his devotion to the cause he championed or the sacrifices he was willing to undergo on behalf of that cause, and hardly any to the enthusiasm he was capable of arousing. He was, in fact, indispensable to the success of the whole Italian movement, and without him Italy would not have been made in 1860.

This is to look forward. The efforts of Garibaldi in 1848-49 were no more successful than those of the other idealists of that year whose "Golden City lay just round the corner." When he landed in North Italy in the spring of 1848 Garibaldi found Piedmont, his own state, at war with Austria. He at once offered his services to Charles Albert, who rejected them. The refusal made no difference to the campaign and it left Garibaldi free to become the crusader for "God and the People" in Rome and elsewhere. He first found service with the revolutionary Milanese Government; then, when Milan was reoccupied by the Austrians, he led a guerilla troop in the Alps, achieving little but becoming better known by his countrymen. Driven into Switzerland he saw a fresh field for his activities in Sicily, but on the way there was drawn ashore at Leghorn. It was a nearer way to Rome. The murder of Rossi and the flight of the Pope opened a way into that city for Garibaldi as for Mazzini. Who should better inspire the new Republic than Mazzini, or better defend it than Garibaldi, both of them Republicans then and always?

Garibaldi did not come to the defence of the Roman Republic empty-handed. During the months he had been forced to spend in the Romagna waiting on events he had raised the

first Italian Legion. Its core had come with him from Switzerland, from South America indeed, but the body of the force was enlisted from the cities of Romagna, "shopkeepers, workmen and students," frequently boys of fourteen to sixteen years of age, with kindred elements from the cities of Northern Italy proper. Only the South American veterans had as yet the red shirt or blouse which became towards the end of the siege of Rome the uniform of the Garibaldini. The rest, except for a few lancers, had no uniform at all; they were ill armed, somewhat indisciplined and utterly lacking in the material resources of war. Devotion and enthusiasm, however, they had in plenty, and there was need of it all to protect the little Republic of Rome.

For a Republic in Rome was not merely a defiance of the Pope, it was a challenge to monarchy and Catholicism throughout Europe—to Naples where the sacred successor of St. Peter had found refuge, to Spain, to Austria, supporter of the cause of absolute monarchy in Italy as elsewhere, and to the Catholics of France, now profiting from the reaction there. The hope of aid for the Republic (proclaimed in February 1849) from Piedmont was crushed by the defeat of Charles Albert at Novara in the following month. Save for a body of six hundred men of Lombardy under Manara who found their way to Rome, the Republic had to face its foes alone.

Garibaldi's force, now grown to the size of a British battalion, grown too in organisation and discipline, was at first employed against the forces of King Bomba of Naples. But in April over ten thousand French troops landed at Civita Vecchia under Oudinot, and Garibaldi was recalled to Rome, not as Commander-in-Chief, but to guard with his legionaries the western wall of the city, the wall against which the French attack was to be launched. In that first attack on April 30th the Legion more than sustained its reputation. Pressed back at first, successive charges led by Garibaldi himself on his white horse, with his golden-chestnut hair flowing loose, his officers with their red shirts and the fiery courage of men who had charged a hundred times, not merely restored the balance but drove back the French in disorder. Garibaldi wished to follow up the victory and drive the French back into the sea over

which they had come, but other counsels prevailed and he was sent with a composite volunteer force to meet the danger from the opposite quarter, where an army of ten thousand Neapolitans threatened. By skilful flank tactics—his force was too small for direct attack—he so harassed the Neapolitan forces that their advance was first arrested and then in a second effort pressed into a disorderly retreat over the border. The menace from that side had gone.

But by this time Oudinot had received reinforcements from France; the armistice and the mission of De Lesseps, which seemed to promise peace between the two republics, were repudiated; the siege of Rome began in earnest. Garibaldi again had the western wall to defend, and in the desperate fighting of June 3rd to regain the commanding villas outside the wall seized by the French, he and his men showed heroic and desperate courage, though it is doubtful if Garibaldi's generalship was of the soundest. He hurled troop after troop up an exposed and fire-swept glacis in what became a hopeless and murderous task. To the siege there could be only one issue when the disproportion of men, munitions and supplies was so marked. Nor was the fact that the end was so long delayed due, of course, merely to Garibaldi. Yet he was the most conspicuous figure in the defence, in charge of the most critical position of the defences of the city and notorious for his coolness and reckless defiance. In the conflict of June 30th Garibaldi himself, sword in hand, led the last unsuccessful counter-attack. And when the end could no longer be delayed and the city was surrendered, he advocated and then took the course he had earlier suggested—the carrying of the standard of republican freedom into the country. As a general of the Roman Republic he issued his invitation: "I offer neither pay, nor quarters, nor provisions; I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles and death. Let him who loves his country in his heart and not with his lips only, follow me."

The story of that epic march across Italy has been written once for all by the biographer of Garibaldi, who traced its course on the ground.¹ With the four thousand of all regiments, ages, characters and aims who followed the hero was

¹ Trevelyan, *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic*.

Anita his wife. For these two it was South America over again as the diminishing force followed its twisted way towards the Adriatic. But the issue was infinitely more tragic, for in the lagoon region south of the Po, after a miraculous escape from the Austrians, pursuing by land and sea, Anita found the death which had come to others on the march. Alone save for one companion, and he lame, Garibaldi found his way across Italy again, by faithful help evading the literally thousands of Austrians hunting for him, and on September 2nd, just two months after he had marched out of Rome, he saw the Tuscan coast recede into the distance. He had kept his vow not to surrender to the hated foreigner on Italian soil.

"In ten years," he said in parting from one of the many friends who had aided his escape, "I hope to see you again with better fortune." He was right both as to the time and the fortune. His history in the interval needs no long recounting. These years were "the years of waiting," "a time of resignation," to use his own phrase, for him as for Italy. In 1850, finding no place to settle in the Mediterranean, he crossed to the United States and worked for a time in a compatriot's candle factory. But America he found to be "a land where a man forgets his native country," and having lost his beloved Anita he went back to his first love, the sea. He journeyed to South America again, commanded a sailing ship on a year's voyage to China, and so in 1854 captained a ship bound for Europe—for Genoa indeed via England. In England he met Mazzini again, busy with his plottings, and was given a "sword of honour" by the working men of Newcastle. Back in Italy he settled for a time at Nice with his children, unmolested and unmolesting, for he had no faith in Mazzini's schemes. There he watched the dawn for Italy rise slowly in the east where Piedmontese fought side by side with French and British in the Crimea. A legacy enabled him to buy a home nearer to his heart—half the little granite island of Caprera off the north point of Sardinia. This was his home for the rest of his life—the sea all round him to delight and seclude, Italy close at hand when the opportunity should come, and meanwhile the simple life he loved, building a house with friendly help, growing with hard endeavour his own food, tending his cattle and goats,

not lonely, for friends came often to see him, but not contented, for Italy was not yet free.

Yet efforts were being made to free her, not merely by exiles like Mazzini or by democrats and nationalists of every shade within the peninsula, but by the supreme genius of Cavour. To him, seeking aid not merely from France but from Italians, Garibaldi now came to be an invaluable if a difficult ally. In August 1856 came a first secret and altogether friendly interview, and shortly afterwards a pact by which Garibaldi declared his loyalty to the Crown of Savoy. Though he was to fall out with Cavour, and that bitterly, he kept the pact then made to Victor Emmanuel, who had indeed by temperament much more in common with the national hero than Cavour could ever possess. The secret and difficult paths trodden by Cavour to bring about the war of 1859 are referred to in the sketch of that statesman. It was at the end of 1858 that he invited Garibaldi to be the leader of a volunteer force which should operate among the Alps on the flank of the main theatre of war—the Lombard plain. This was an enterprise after Garibaldi's heart and that of patriots like Medici, Bixio and hundreds of others, many of them of 1849 fame and memory. It was for these volunteers that "Garibaldi's Hymn" was written by Mercantini. It has been fittingly translated by Garibaldi's biographer :

" The tombs are uncovered, the dead come from far,
The ghosts of our martyrs are rising to war,
With swords in their hands, and with laurels of fame,
And dead hearts still glowing with Italy's name.
Come join them ! Come follow, O youth of our land !
Come fling out our banner, and marshal our band !
Come all with cold steel, and come all with hot fire,
Come all with the flame of Italia's desire !
Begone from Italia, begone from our home !
Begone from Italia, O stranger, begone ! "

The war duly came in the spring of 1859 as Cavour prophesied. Garibaldi, wearing somewhat uneasily the uniform of a Piedmontese general, at first led his corps of 3,000 badly armed and equipped *Cacciatori* with the main body, but towards the end of May he was free to adventure further afield. Crossing the border river, the Ticino, and not waiting for the advance of the

main French and Piedmontese army further south, he pushed over the mountainous country between Lakes Maggiore and Como, enthusiastically welcomed by the inhabitants as the Liberator. Como was evacuated by the Austrians at his approach and, though not without fighting and check, before the middle of June he was at Brescia, a far-outstretched left arm of the main army which had meanwhile by the victory at Magenta cleared the way for the general advance through Lombardy. Garibaldi hoped to push forward further still into Venetia, but that was not to be. Instead he was sent, his force grown by volunteers to four times its original strength, to meet a threatened Austrian attack further west in the Valtelline, and so he and his men missed the battle of Solferino (June 24th) which cleared Lombardy of the Austrians. It mattered less since the war was now over: Napoleon had decided to come to terms with Francis Joseph. Garibaldi and his men had not of course "won the war," but they had made an inspiring and valuable if minor contribution thereto; and they had prepared themselves for the larger and more decisive rôle of the following year.

This was the Sicilian expedition. With the events immediately following Villafranca, Garibaldi had no direct concern; they merely confirmed his distrust of politics and politicians. For a moment it looked as if he would be drawn into an attempt to invade the Papal States from the north, but there proved to be a better way. In Sicily, ever the unwilling partner in the Neapolitan kingdom as the risings of 1820 and 1848 had shown, the events in the north had quickened feelings suppressed and concealed but never dead. By the end of 1859 there were manifest in Palermo and elsewhere the symptoms of impending revolt. Garibaldi was appealed to for aid and sent an encouraging reply. Mazzini urged action—"Garibaldi is bound to come to your help." The first effort in Palermo (April 4th, 1860) was entirely abortive, however, and there was little more than the promise of active help to encourage Garibaldi to come.

At the moment the Liberator was torn by the desire to save Nice, his birthplace, from being handed over to France as agreed on by Cavour. Barely the efforts of the Sicilian Committee—Bertani, Medici, Bixio and others—prevailed, and

he agreed to go to Sicily. There were several weeks of delay whilst the expedition was organised, weeks during which the numbers rose from the original two hundred to the famous Thousand, a small enough body to free an island garrisoned by twenty-five times their number. There was no lack of volunteers; the difficulty was to limit those who wished to come, not least former volunteers now in the regular army. From the cities of all the liberated provinces as from Piedmont itself individuals and contingents flocked to Genoa, just outside which Garibaldi had his headquarters—lawyers, doctors, professors, students, tradesmen, seamen, men of means as well as struggling artisans, the majority of them with some experience of war in the preceding year.

Yet it was not a very martial expeditionary force which, the consent of the Government at length obtained, embarked on the moonlight night of May 5th, 1860, on the two steamers which had been stolen, with connivance, from Genoa. In the difficulties of embarkation the ammunition was left behind, but "let us go on all the same," said the Chief, sanguine as ever to be both on the sea and engaged on so dear an enterprise. It was better than that of the year before, since though he fought, as he said in his Proclamation, "for Italy and Victor Emmanuel," he needed not to wear the royal uniform, but could don the dress he liked—the red shirt, wide grey trousers, grey cloak, silk neckerchief and soft black felt hat—making the Garibaldi of his most familiar pictures, for this was the dress he wore until his death. True, his men were badly overcrowded on the two small steamers, the engines of one of which were out of order; they had not coal enough to carry them to Sicily; they had no ammunition; their arms were muskets which had been condemned as obsolete; their supplies were insufficient even for the short journey; they were dressed in every conceivable garb; they had no medical service save the doctors who fought in the ranks, tended the wounded and then turned to fight again; nor had they any sure or settled landing-place. They might very easily be blown out of the water by the Neapolitan war-ships which guarded the coast before reaching Sicily; if they were to land there was no guarantee of material aid from the inhabitants. But Garibaldi was troubled



GARIBALDI.

by no fears, and fortified by their high faith in their cause and their leader this most famous expeditionary force sailed southward. They were able to buy ammunition and supplies on the Tuscan coast, coal they procured more forcibly from the Government coaling station, and so furnished they made for the western coast of Sicily. Their fortune favoured them: they found the harbour of Marsala empty and were able to land without hindrance, despite the fact that two ships of the Neapolitan navy which had left the harbour only a few hours earlier sighted them, returned in hot haste—and then delayed to fire on them until the cargo of men, ammunition and supplies were safely landed!

Thus a footing was secured on the island though their ships were gone. It remained to be seen what support they might receive from the peasantry, what opposition they might meet with from the Neapolitan troops. From Marsala they pushed inland, for there was greater safety in the hills, and that was the way to Palermo. The Thousand, as yet unaided by the peasantry, fought their first and their most critical battle before Calatafimi. "Here we make Italy or die," said the general in reply to a suggestion that they should retreat. Some of the Thousand did both that day ere the Neapolitans were sent flying back towards Palermo when the hill-top, for whose possession the battle had raged most fiercely, was won by the Garibaldini. Four days later the Dictator (as the Council of Marsala had voted him) looked down on Palermo, the immediate goal—Palermo with its garrison of 20,000, supported by Neapolitan war-ships in the harbour. Direct attack seemed hopeless, however well disposed the unarmed citizens might be. Indeed for a moment Garibaldi was driven back into the mountains, but he turned the retreat to good account, doubling back secretly over the wildest of wild country where no transport could go, to the decisive attack on the city. Early on the morning of May 27th the Thousand, now accompanied by a motley disorganised crowd of peasantry, pushed into the south-eastern entrance to the Sicilian capital, fighting over a bridge and through the narrow streets, tearing down barricades, everywhere welcomed by the civilian inhabitants. For three days the fighting continued, but then Lanza, the Governor, whose effort had never been more than half-hearted, opened

negotiations with the intruder, negotiations in which the British Admiral in the harbour had a share. Garibaldi's force was by this time practically without ammunition, but he was none the less bold in his demands for that. Within a week the Governor agreed to capitulate, and on June 7th the amazing sight was seen of an army of 20,000 men marching out of the city past barricades manned by a few red shirts, to be transported ingloriously back to the mainland. The incredible adventure had succeeded in its first and most difficult task.

The capture of Palermo reverberated through Italy and Europe. With the political questions it involved Garibaldi had as little to do as possible. But one question faced him at once. Cavour, who had aided the expedition secretly and was now backing it more openly, was anxious above all to secure the immediate annexation to Piedmont of any territories freed from Neapolitan rule. For this the Dictator was not ready, not as ready indeed as were the people of Sicily. He wished first to exploit his success in Sicily, to press on to the mainland and up to Rome. Then he would be perfectly happy to resign his Dictatorship into the hands of the king of Italy. And being supreme in Sicily, he took his own way for the time.

That way led first to the freeing of the remainder of Sicily from Neapolitan control. He was infinitely better off after the capture of the capital, for not merely did he get volunteers there and from the peasantry, to whom he was a superhuman figure unable to be touched by human weapons, but, of more importance, he could now get reinforcements from Genoa and supplies of money, arms and ammunition. With these he was able to deal the blow at Milazzo on the northern coast which practically ended the opposition in Sicily. The commander at Messina came to terms and the island was won.

The next step was to get across the strait, two miles wide at its narrowest point, which separated Sicily from the mainland. There was the Neapolitan navy in the way, and the Powers, notably France and England, might, if they wished, prevent the crossing. Britain refused to interfere, and although Napoleon wished to do so, he was unwilling to act alone. The more local difficulty was solved by a ruse. Leaving troops and a flotilla at the narrowest part of the straits to deceive the Neapolitan war-ships, Garibaldi secretly collected two steamers

and a landing force thirty miles south, with as many miles of strait to cross. On the night of the 18th August Garibaldi, with over 3,000 men, bade farewell to Sicily and, unhindered, landed on the opposite shore soon after dawn the next morning. Far outnumbered by the royalist troops there he was able nevertheless, so badly were these led, to push on and capture Reggio with little opposition. Meanwhile the flotilla further north had seized the opportunity created by the dash south after Garibaldi made by the watching war-ships, to cross at the narrowest part of the straits and now joined the main force, raising it to over 5,000 strong.

They were still far from Naples, but the march there could be made with some confidence when so many of the inhabitants of Calabria were on their side and the royal forces were demoralised and as badly led as ever. The surrender of 10,000 regular troops to 2,000 Garibaldini at Soveria on August 30th bore ample testimony to the truth of the latter statement, while it also provided more arms and even horses for cavalry. The advance continued in hot haste, Garibaldi riding or driving ahead, getting reinforcements from Sicily and Genoa as he advanced, even adding Neapolitan troops, until his force was over 20,000 strong. On September 6th Salerno was entered without opposition. That same evening the last of the Bourbon kings of Naples abandoned his capital, going by sea to Gaeta near the border of the Papal States. Left thus to itself Naples hesitated not at all; the Ministers of the departed king and the city officials promptly sent messengers to Garibaldi at Salerno bidding him welcome as "invincible Dictator" and "the redeemer of Italy." So on to Naples he went despite the fact that he had far outdistanced his troops and that the royalist garrison of 6,000 to 10,000 troops was in possession of the fortresses in the capital. This troubled him not at all in comparison with the welcome of half a million Italians, on top of the delirious enthusiasm with which he had been received as he marched northwards. "There are no cannon when the people are receiving us like this," he said, and in the ecstasy of the welcome Naples gave him, the cannon were, in fact, silent.

As Palermo was the path to Naples, so Naples was for Garibaldi the path to Rome. Yet full across that path lay now the Bourbon king with 50,000 troops with, perhaps, Austria marching

as before to defend Naples and the Holy See. But whilst Garibaldi waited for his men to come up from the south, wrestled with the hated task of governing, escaped for long days on the hills watching the Bourbons in the Volturno valley, or dashed across to Palermo to see to political affairs there, it was not as of old the German legions whose footsteps echoed along the roads of Umbria and the Marches, but the army of the king of Italy set in motion by Cavour. Yet ere they joined hands with Garibaldi's force in October, that force, instead of being able to advance towards Rome, was in grave danger of being driven out of Naples if not destroyed. The Bourbons made their last throw for this in the battle of the Volturno (October 1st)—and failed after more than a day's hard fighting. Garibaldi led his army of 20,000—a far larger body than he had ever commanded in battle—with skill, but with no loss of the inspiration which his presence and person gave in all parts of the battle-field. The victory though decisive was not, however, complete enough to open the road to Rome whilst the Bourbons held Capua, and Garibaldi had not the artillery for a siege. He had, in fact, reached with the king of Naples a stalemate which required a new piece to resolve it—the king of Italy.

Before handing over the task to Victor Emmanuel, now marching south with his army, Garibaldi had one more important task to perform, the disposal of the liberated regions. Both Sicily and Naples desired to secure their new-found liberty by union with the north. After hesitation and divergent counsels Garibaldi agreed to a plebiscite, and when this gave an overwhelming vote for annexation, it was time for the Dictator to “hand over” on this side also. Five days after the plebiscite, on October 26th, he rode out to greet the king, “the first king of Italy” as he saluted Victor Emmanuel at their wayside meeting. But though red-shirts and staff uniforms mingled on the road as king and liberator rode along side by side, there was to be no unity of action. The royal army, with temporary assistance of the Garibaldini, took over the conduct of the siege operations for which they were much better equipped. But the sieges of Capua and Gaeta, successful as they were for Italy, do not belong to the Garibaldian epic of this year. That came to an end with the official entry of the king into Naples

side by side with Garibaldi, who officially resigned his post as Dictator. Then secretly, having refused all offers of reward, before the dawn of the next day Garibaldi stole away. He was so poor that he had to borrow the money for his journey, his sole luggage was a bag of seed for his rocky farm. He slipped down to the harbour, said good-bye to the British Admiral and to his intimate friends, and sailed for Caprera ere the city was awake. It was perhaps the highest point of his career. On his rocky islet he was happy for a time with his cows and goats, and the sea.

Yet the last words he had uttered to his friends at Naples were to appoint a rendezvous "at Rome." He could never be really satisfied whilst Rome was left out of the kingdom of Italy. There was Venice too, but Venice never occupied the place in his heart and thoughts that Rome did. Even if Garibaldi had been willing to stay quietly in Caprera there were others anxious to drag him out again. Cavour was dead and Rattazzi's Government was not above using Garibaldi for political ends. Nor was Garibaldi subtle enough to perceive this when there seemed a chance of striking a blow for Rome or against Austria. In 1862, half encouraged by the Government, he began a movement first towards the Tyrol, then dashing to Sicily for an effort at "Rome or death." The Government, alarmed now, sent a force to Calabria to stop him, and Garibaldi, who had landed there as in 1860, was wounded by an Italian bullet at Aspromonte. The wound neither lessened his ardour nor, it must be admitted, increased his discretion. Following retirement at Caprera came in 1864 his famous visit to England, where he became for the moment a national hero. New plots took him back to Italy but did not come to anything. More promising seemed the war of 1866, when Italy allied with Prussia to attack Austria. Garibaldi was given his rôle of 1859 with nearly 40,000 volunteers to operate in the Alps. But the defeat of La Marmora's army at Custoza checked his advance, and when he continued it, he met with a stubborn resistance from Austrian troops better trained than his own at mountain fighting. And Garibaldi himself had not the vigour he had earlier possessed. Successes he had, but not enough to affect seriously the course of the war, or the peace forced by Bismarck and Napoleon after

Custozza and the naval defeat at Lissa. Venice was gained, it is true, but with more humiliation than glory.

Rome still remained to gain, and though Garibaldi was prepared to wait for a time, he was drawn into the schemes which continued to distract Italian politics. He committed himself to a raid which was checked ere it reached the Papal frontier. The check infuriated him. Priests and politicians had ever been abominations to him : he swore he would go to Rome and " dislodge that nest of vipers . . . in spite of priests and Bonaparte." But if the priests could not stop him the soldiers of Bonaparte could and did. Escaping from Caprera, where he had been sent after the arrest of his raid, on October 23rd, 1867, he crossed the Papal frontier with his volunteers. These had, it must be confessed, neither the quality and the leadership of the earlier expeditions, nor had they the good fortune which accompanied their chief then. He was caught at Mentana (November 2nd, 1867) and defeated by French and Papal troops. It was a " mortal blow to Italy " as well as a humiliation for Garibaldi, who was again arrested and sent back to Caprera. He lived to fight for France in their war with Germany, to see Rome become the capital of his country in 1870, and to represent that city in the Italian Chamber. But his work for Italy was over, had, in fact, been over for ten years ere Rome was gained. Before his death in 1882 he had become a legend as well as a living figure. It was altogether fitting that the poet Carducci in his funeral oration should give the legend poetic shape, making the hero the offspring of an ancient god of his native land and a Northern fairy.

" When he had reinstated his people in their rights, and had reconciled the other nations, when he had secured for them peace, liberty and happiness, one day the hero disappeared. It was said that he had been summoned to the Council of his country's gods. But each day as the sun rises over the Alps across the dawn-mist and sinks to rest in a bed of saffron and of rose, a great shadow looms between the firs and the larches. That shadow has a red cloak, loose-flying locks of gold, and an expression pure as heaven. The herdsman of Italy as he gazes at it tells his children, ' It is the great hero of Italy keeping watch over the mountains of his native land.' " ¹

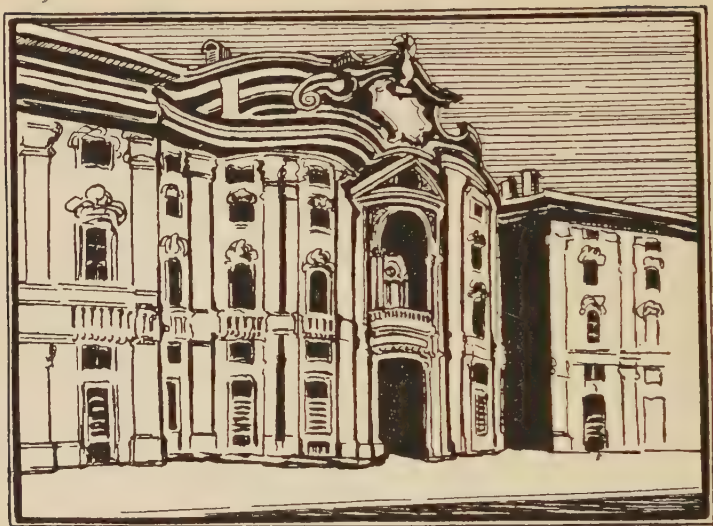
¹ Qu. A. A. Pons, *The Holocaust*, 1919, p. 320.



CAVOUR

THE differences between Cavour and Mazzini are so marked that one is apt to forget how much they had in common. Born within four years of each other under the liberalising French regime, they belonged to the same generation, the generation which was to unite Italy. By the settlement of 1815 they were citizens of the same state. As young men in 1830 they were both in Genoa, both Liberals and opposed to the existing regime. It is one of the minor tragedies of Italian history that neither then nor later did they ever meet; acquaintance at that date would probably have prevented some of the misunderstandings which arose between them later when their paths had diverged. Both desired and worked for the independence and unity of Italy, yet neither saw his aim completed—Cavour died ere Rome became Italy's capital or Venetia was gained, Mazzini was not to see his dream of an Italian Republic realised. To both alike social and economic reforms were a necessary accompaniment of national unity, both believed profoundly in the progress of society. Though Cavour never lived for long in England he was strongly influenced by English example, being attacked indeed for his "Anglomania." Mazzini, as we have seen, found both freedom and help in England. Both were men of great intellectual ability and of independence of mind, as their early writings showed. To both the temporary failure of their widely different plans but stirred them to fresh efforts. Both men were unmarried and lived a great part of their lives in loneliness, though both were men of strong attachments. Cavour had an early and tragic love affair. He was warmly attached to his elder brother, with whom he always lived in Turin, though their opinions differed considerably in politics. And he was much attached to his niece, the Countess Alfieri, as Mazzini was to his mother.

Yet of course the differences, which brought on Mazzini's side acute hostility, are more striking than the resemblance. The contrast in physical appearance could hardly be greater—the lean, sad-looking prophet, looking taller than he was in



THE CARIGNANO PALACE, TURIN.

Meeting Place of the Piedmontese Chamber of Deputies.

reality, and the short, stout, bespectacled statesman who suggested, what indeed amongst other things he was, the successful business man. The difference of birth—Cavour was the son of a noble Piedmontese family—was of less account than we might expect, since Cavour had more in common with the middle class than with the aristocracy. Nor did the fact that Mazzini was always poor, while Cavour by his own efforts became a rich man, account for much. More fundamental were the differences of character and aim. Both had in their way a passion for liberty, but Cavour's was like that of "The Trimmer" of Lord Halifax, who "owneth a passion for liberty, yet so restrained that it doth not in the least impair or taint his allegiance." By the time Mazzini had defined his faith in the programme of "Young Italy," Cavour had arrived at and defined his own point of view. "I am persuaded that the only real progress is the slow and wisely ordered progress.

I am convinced that order is necessary for the development of society, and that of all the guarantees of order, a legitimate power which has its roots in the history of the country is the best." And again, a little earlier: "I am a man of middle views, desiring, wishing, working with all my heart for social progress, but resolved not to purchase it at the cost of a general overturn, political and social. My *golden mean* position does not, however, prevent me from desiring at the earliest possible moment Italy's emancipation from the barbarians who oppress her, and consequently I foresee that a crisis, however slight its volume, is inevitable." Thus whilst Mazzini's disillusionment regarding the Piedmontese monarchy drove him to republicanism, Cavour's analysis of the situation saw in that monarchy, when modernised and guided by himself, the liberator first of Piedmont and then of Italy. Cavour's genius was far more practical than that of Mazzini. He was content to work with the existing political and diplomatic weapons, to go step by step with his feet firmly on the ground. He had little or nothing of the teacher or preacher in him to reveal himself or his aims; he was restrained to coldness save to a few, thus lacking the personal magnetism of the great exile as he lacked his imaginative gifts. To make up a story to amuse a child was as much beyond him as it would have been beyond Mazzini to handle the situation in 1860. Despite his admiration for the younger Pitt, which is indicative, he was broader-minded than Mazzini, freer from prejudices and personal antipathies.

Time showed that his judgment of Italy was more correct than that of Mazzini. Thus whilst after 1849 the latter was gradually losing touch with the Italian situation as a whole, Cavour was gaining every year a closer grasp of that situation, controlling it each year more firmly within Piedmont and without. Metternich described him as the only statesman in Europe. Yet it must not be forgotten that whilst Cavour came to accomplish what Mazzini could never have achieved, he owed a great deal, probably far more than he ever realised, to the preaching and inspiration of the prophet: he reaped where Mazzini had sown.

The young Camillo Cavour writing in 1832 confesses that he "should have thought it quite natural to awake some fine

morning Prime Minister of the king of Italy." It was twenty years ere he became Prime Minister of the king of Piedmont, sixteen ere he got into politics at all. Nor was the process easy. Birth (in 1810) into the Turinese aristocracy hindered rather than helped, since he repudiated the traditional conservatism of his family and class, and for long could find no acceptance elsewhere. A second son, he passed through the Military Academy and so, after a short period as page in the royal household, into the army. His pronounced mathematical gifts took him into the Engineers. But the army was no place for him any more than, for long, the Court. His ideas were far too Liberal for either in those days, and a period of lonely garrison residence, half exile, was but the prelude to his resignation. It was remarked of him as rather unfortunate that he "cared for nothing but politics," but whilst his father and family were in favour at Court, Camillo's opinions were too heretical for him to find either favour or employment there. He tried his hand at farming, being given a family estate at Grinzane to manage. From this he got not complete contentment but comparative freedom and, what was always very necessary to him, occupation. The young would-be politician became not merely a farmer but a highly successful one, intensely practical and hardworking, quick to see the value of new methods or to try new machinery, and this at a time when farming, like most other things in Piedmont, was in need of reform. He not merely by his farming and associated enterprises became a rich man and stimulated interest in these new methods, but he gained an intimate knowledge of the staple industry of the State, and found time to read and reflect as he would never have done in political life.

Yet neither farming nor wealth were ever ends in themselves to Cavour. His interest in political questions, and above all in social and economic matters, was deepened rather than lessened by the years spent in this way. Further stimulus, if any were needed, he found in travel. He had long been influenced by the Liberal views of his mother's relations living in Switzerland, as by his acquaintance with French and English literature and politics. He confirmed this influence by visits

to Switzerland, Paris and London. Coming not as an exile but as a man of good family—his father was now *Vicario* or Prefect of Police to Charles Albert—widely read, of easy address and good manners, Cavour found entry into the *salons* of the July Monarchy, and in England saw enough of political life, of the management of great estates, of social conditions—he made a point of visiting factories, prisons and workhouses—to make him both an admirer and a critic.

His admiration and his criticism found their way into articles. If he could not speak his views at least he could write them. This was indeed the next step in his career, for from the writing of articles for French and Swiss reviews during the years 1843-46, he passed to direct journalistic effort in and for Piedmont and Italy. In 1847 Charles Albert, "the wobbling king," veering unsteadily towards the Moderate Liberals in Piedmont, announced a reform of the Press censorship. Cavour at once seized the opportunity to found a political journal which should represent the Moderate Liberal point of view—union of prince and people, moderate reforms, independence of Austria. Not the least significant thing about the new paper was its title—*Il Risorgimento*, the Resurrection. Balbo was at its head, but from the first Cavour dominated it. Through its pages he found a voice, not at all a popular one as yet, for he was liked neither by king nor people. But with his entry into political journalism his life as a private citizen may be said to have ended and his public career begun.

It could hardly have begun at a more critical moment. The "resurrection" for Piedmont and for Italy was just about to come. The increased freedom of the Press was but one of many signs of the times. Beyond Cavour's own effort in farming, railways were beginning to be built, to break down the old separatism of the peninsula, and to assist in embroiling Piedmont with Austria. What Metternich called "the greatest misfortune of the age," a Pope of apparently Liberal tendencies, had appeared in Rome. There as in Piedmont the talk was of a Customs Union, a Constitution, and independence of the foreigner. In Lucca and Tuscany citizens armed themselves for war. The focus of discontent was, of course, Lombardy-Venetia. Manin came forward to lead the opposition to

Austrian rule in Venice; in Milan the Tobacco Riots showed the antagonism to the rule of the Austrians under Radetzky.

In Piedmont events first centred round the grant of the Constitution, *i.e.* Parliamentary rule, and then round the war. Cavour had his share in producing both. Seizing the opportunity when his brother editors were discussing what was to be their attitude to a minor popular demand, Cavour boldly suggested that the solution of this and other matters lay in the grant of a Constitution: "I propose that we demand the Constitution." His own and other papers backed the demand. Events elsewhere in Europe and Italy aided them, for this was in January 1848, when each week the tide of popular discontent from Milan to Naples rose visibly higher. Naples was granted a Constitution, Tuscany was promised one. Charles Albert overcame his fears and his scruples and in March 1848 Piedmont secured Parliamentary rule by a Constitution, the Constitution which was to grow into that of United Italy.

After the Constitution the war, for the revolution had broken out in Sicily, south and central Italy, and above all in Lombardy, ere that instrument was granted. The steeples of Milan proclaimed to the Lombard plain that the struggle for freedom had begun, and after the famous "Five Days" of fighting she expelled the hated whitecoats; Venice had done the same almost without bloodshed. Here lay the gage for Charles Albert to take up on behalf of Italy and independence. Characteristically he wavered, and equally characteristically Cavour, having made up his mind for war, spoke in his journal the word that helped the decision. "The supreme hour for the monarchy has struck—the hour of firm decision, the hour on which depends the fate of Empire and of peoples. In view of the events in Lombardy and Venetia, hesitation, doubt and delay are possible no longer; of all policies they would be the most disastrous . . . one way only lies open to the nation, the Government, the king. That way is war, immediate war." The day the article appeared the king's Government—the Parliament had not yet met—decided for war: the king would lead his armies across the Ticino under the Italian tricolour, to support the people of Lombardy and drive out the Austrian.

With the war and the disillusionment and failure Cavour was not concerned as a principal, though he was a member of the Piedmontese Chamber during the latter half of 1848. He spent much of his energy there and in his paper in fighting the Radicals



CAVOUR.

from his position on the right, and he was not at all a popular figure as yet. And when after the crash at Novara in the spring of 1849 the abdication of Charles Albert left Victor Emmanuel with the victorious Austrians in front and radicalism and discontent at home, it was some time ere Cavour was called to

office. In October 1850, D'Azeglio took him into the Ministry as Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, as much to silence a critic as to gain an ally. "Don't you see," said the king with some prescience to his Prime Minister, "that this man will kick you all out?"

From this date until his death more than ten years later, Cavour held office, save for three short intervals. In April 1851 he became Finance Minister; in May of the next year he was out of office, but six months later he was back, no more beloved yet by the king it is true, but accepted as the only possible Prime Minister. That indeed he was, in a much wider and fuller sense than Victor Emmanuel or anyone else realised at the time.

Cavour's task in 1852 was, briefly, to prepare an isolated, defeated and exhausted state of five million people to defeat an Austria of thirty-eight million people, triumphant now over revolution within as without. Only after Austrian expulsion could unity come. Piedmont could not fight Austria alone or with what help might be available from the other parts of Italy. She would require help from outside. Thus Piedmont must be regenerated within both to increase her own strength and to establish her prestige in Europe. And that established she must enlist not merely sympathy but active support from one or more of the Great Powers.

The "Great Ministry," as that Ministry which took office under Cavour in November 1852 has come to be called, had first to remove the effects of the defeat in the war, then by means of the greater political freedom now enjoyed to bring Piedmont into line socially and economically with the more progressive states of Western Europe. Cavour had earlier in 1852 taken a decisive step when from the right centre he joined forces with Rattazzi, the leader of the left centre party. The alliance (or *connubio* as it was called) was the cause of Cavour's resignation, but it gave him much greater strength and freedom to introduce reforms now that he was back in office. He began, as Finance Minister, by increasing taxation to make the country solvent, no road to popularity as other Finance Ministers have found. But his Ministry survived an election until the time when its other economic measures helped to bring greater prosperity than Piedmont had ever known.

The building of roads, canals and railways, notably the line from Turin to Genoa, the promotion of freer trade leading up to the abolition of the corn laws in 1854, contributed to this end. Meanwhile the army was remade by the zeal of the king and La Marmora, the War Minister. The excessive privileges of the Church were pruned, though not without a struggle with both the clergy, more strongly entrenched than in any other state in Western Europe, and the king, whose scruples led in 1855 to Cavour's resignation. But the crisis was overcome and within a week Cavour was back in office, stronger than before. Thus with great effort and despite such crises, or set-backs from cholera or the failure of the vine crop, Piedmont set her house in order.

This brought a degree of popularity for Cavour and his Ministry. But beyond allies in the Chamber or friends in the country, Piedmont needed friends and an ally in Europe. As in the domestic policy of the Ministry Cavour's farming and business experience was of value, so here his acquaintance with the ruling figures in France and England proved a considerable asset. For only from France and England could sympathy or aid for Piedmontese aspirations be looked for. Russia had expressed her disapproval of Charles Albert's actions in 1848 and showed no desire to renew friendly relations with his successor. There was no hope of Prussian action against Austria as yet. A minor brush with Austria in 1853 showed that British and French sympathies might be invoked against that Power. And the Crimean War gave Cavour an opportunity to act in close alliance with those two Powers. Piedmont had no valid cause of war with Russia, but "the Crimea," argued Cavour, "was the road to Lombardy." It provided a means (as he said in a speech defending his policy) "to show Europe that the sons of Italy know how to fight as becomes brave men on the field of glory." Whilst he was obliged to enter the alliance without securing any promise of reward, in the long run Piedmont probably got more out of that unprofitable war than either of the two greater Powers. She recovered confidence in her army when she saw that army praised by the British and French alongside whom it fought. Her king was received with honour as an ally in a state visit he paid to France and England in 1855. And in the next

year Cavour, Minister of Foreign Affairs as well as Prime Minister, sat at the Peace Conference in Paris. She began to have more confidence in that Prime Minister and his aims, not less because, as one of his opponents said in the Chamber, "the aim of Italian unity . . . shines out clear as day from the tangle of affairs."

But although Cavour managed to have "the Italian question" raised at the Congress, that was as far as he could win there. The Austrian plenipotentiary, Count Buol, alongside whom Cavour thus strangely sat, would not admit that there was any such "question" to discuss, above all at a Conference on Near Eastern affairs. England though sympathetic would not commit herself to a policy of direct hostility to Austria. Yet Cavour was right in claiming on his return that the Congress had not been fruitless for Italy: "the anomalous and unhappy condition of Italy" had been exposed to Europe and was discussed no longer by revolutionaries only but by the accredited representatives of the Great Powers; these same representatives had declared that for Europe as for Italy, some remedial measures were necessary in the peninsula; and the issue between Piedmont and Austria had been clearly shown to be "irreconcilable." Had he wished he might have added that through his effort Piedmont had become clearly identified as the leader in the Italian movement for unity and independence, and that to himself the Conference had made it clear that the only possible ally for Piedmont was France—or more exactly Napoleon.

The next step in Cavour's policy was then to secure that alliance. Napoleon was sympathetic towards the country where as an exile he had fought in the abortive revolution of 1831, but here as elsewhere he was torn by the conflict of character as of interest. French troops were in Rome supporting the Pope, French Catholics would dislike an alliance threatening to Papal interests, and the war with Austria, for that, of course, the alliance would mean, must be profitable to France as to Piedmont. There was England too to consider, for England would naturally be suspicious of a war waged by a Napoleon in Italy. The attempt of Orsini to blow up the Emperor in Paris (January 14th, 1858) seemed for the moment fatal to Cavour's hopes. But Orsini's dying appeal to the Emperor

to "deliver Italy" caught Napoleon's changing mood. In July Cavour, ostensibly on holiday, found his way secretly to Plombières in the Vosges mountains where Napoleon, likewise on holiday, was staying. There in two lengthy private conversations the pair worked out the terms of an offensive alliance to drive Austria out of Italy, and sought a pretext which should neither alienate Europe nor encourage revolution. Napoleon agreed to put 200,000 men in the field alongside 100,000 Italians. North Italy, freed from Austria, was to be united under Victor Emmanuel. Rome and Naples were to be left untouched. For his aid Napoleon demanded Savoy and Nice for France, and the hand of Victor Emmanuel's daughter for his cousin Prince Jerome Napoleon ("Plon-Plon"), who was more than twice her age and of somewhat sinister reputation. This meant forcing the king's hand, but Cavour was prepared to do it for the cause.

Nine months of increasing tension and difficulty for Cavour were to pass before the war broke out. Napoleon had to be kept to his bargain, Victor Emmanuel to be persuaded to give up the cradle of his race and the daughter he loved, and Austria to be made to appear the aggressor in the eyes of Europe, since Napoleon would only go to war on the ostensible plea of defending Piedmont. Nor was the domestic political situation any too easy. Cavour had fought and won a final victory over the reactionaries and Clericals in the elections at the close of 1857, but Rattazzi had left the Ministry to become a focus for Radical opinion outside. Yet Cavour had to make the war a national war. Not the least difficult part of his task was to enlist the support of Nationalists of every shade; to persuade the National Society, led by men like Manin, Pallavicino and La Farina, that Piedmont was fighting for Italy and not merely for herself; to raise an army of volunteers to swell the Piedmontese army to its fair proportion with that of France. By the spring of 1859, however, much had been accomplished. Volunteers were enrolling to serve under Garibaldi; the marriage alliance had become a fact, and a formal treaty and military convention with France had been signed. The Emperor had expressed regret that his relations with Austria were "not so good as they were," which set the chancelleries of Europe thinking. The king of Piedmont had

declared in his speech at the reopening of Parliament that "we are not insensible to the cry of woe that comes to us from so many parts of Italy." So far as the peninsula was concerned indeed the muskets would soon go off of themselves. Napoleon provided the difficulty. Sardinia had known a "wobbling king," she had now to deal with a "wobbling Emperor" who knew that his own people did not desire the war, who looked across the Rhine to Prussia, and across the Channel to England—and suggested a Conference. Cavour, infinitely disgusted and almost in despair, threatened and cajoled in turn in messages and visits to Paris. He almost despaired of success and is even said to have meditated suicide. Austria saved him. Impatient of the provocation offered by Piedmont's attitude, she sent an ultimatum to Turin demanding disarmament within three days. Cavour could appeal to France and face Europe as defending and not attacking.

"Your task," said the rousing proclamation of Victor Emmanuel to his army on April 27th, announcing the war, "is the achievement of Italian independence." Whilst the war went on and French and Italian troops pressed forward into and through Lombardy, Cavour, whose war it was, worked harder than ever. He was now not merely Prime Minister, Foreign Minister and Minister of Home Affairs, but when La Marmora went on campaign he took over War and Marine as well, working literally night and day at the multifarious duties of his many offices. And then, after the victory at Solferino had cleared the way for attack on the Quadrilateral fortresses and Venetia, with the possibility of advance towards Vienna itself, the Emperor Napoleon, without any consultation of his allies, made proposals to the Emperor Francis Joseph for an armistice. Despite Cavour's protests the armistice came into being, and at Villafranca the two Emperors agreed on terms of peace and the war on which Cavour had staked so much was finished. Lombardy was to be given to Napoleon for transfer to Piedmont, but Austria was to remain in possession of Venetia, the rulers of Tuscany and Modena were to be restored and an Italian federation under the Pope was to be encouraged. Cavour raged against the terms with scant respect for persons. "The Emperor has dishonoured me," he said bitterly, and resigned his many

offices, protesting that he would become a revolutionary to prevent the signing of the treaty.

The treaty signed, however, he quickly recovered his balance. "We have followed one road; it is now cut off, we will take another." France had failed him, but "England has done nothing for Italy yet; it is her turn now." There was more chance of this now that June 1859 had seen the change from the pro-Austrian Conservative Ministry of Lord Derby to the Liberal Ministry of Lord Palmerston, in which not merely the Prime Minister but the Foreign Secretary, Lord John Russell, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Gladstone, while suspicious of French activity in Italy, were friendly both to Cavour and to Italian unity. Not less important, the British Minister in Turin, Sir James Hudson, was a friend and enthusiastic supporter of Cavour's policy in all its tortuous windings. For Cavour, it should be remarked, was again (January 1860) at the head of the Piedmontese Government. And whilst British sympathy did not mean formal alliance or armed help against Austria, it contributed to the success of the last and greatest year of Cavour's life-work.

The first achievement in the labours of that year was to satisfy the demands of the people of Tuscany, Parma, Modena and the Romagna for union with Piedmont. Napoleon, whose troops were still in Lombardy, refused to allow the union unless he were given the price stipulated at Plombières for the enlarge-



PALAZZO CAVOUR, TURIN.

ment of the Italian kingdom—Savoy and Nice. After much hesitation Cavour signed the agreement for their cession (March 24th, 1860), earning thereby the enmity of Garibaldi, a Nizzard by birth. It was the sacrifice of Piedmont for Italy, and on this ground Cavour defended what he always regretted. The plebiscite taken in the central Italian territories was overwhelmingly in favour of union, and by April 1860 they were definitely incorporated in the enlarged kingdom of Piedmont, sending with Lombardy deputies to the first Italian Parliament, which met in Turin in that month. It represented eleven million Italians, more than double the population of Piedmont a year earlier. Saving Venetia, the northern half of Italy was united and free from foreign control.

There remained the south—the Papal States now shorn of Romagna, and the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. No one, least of all Cavour, conceived that the work of unity could stop at the point it had reached, any more than Lincoln in the same year could conceive that the Union of the United States could be broken by the secession of the southern states. A halt there might be: indeed there was something to be said for going slowly, for the south was more backward in every way than the north and assimilation would need time. But the enthusiastic fervour roused by the events of the last year recognised no boundary line within the Italian peninsula. Neither Papal nor Bourbon rule had done aught to regain that large part of the affections of their subjects which, lost to them, had been caught up by the vision of freedom and unity. Yet Cavour, responsible Minister of a state on terms of formal amity with Naples, could hardly take overt measures to detach the southern Italians from Bourbon rule, however much he might desire it. And movement from within alone, whether in Sicily, Naples or the Papal States, would hardly be likely to succeed. The knot was, of course, cut by Garibaldi and his Thousand, who landed in Sicily in May and then, having expelled Bourbon rule there, crossed to the mainland (August 19th), advanced to Naples and drove the Bourbons almost out of their kingdom.

Cavour during these decisive months was engaged with different weapons to secure the same end. He and the king had first to determine whether they would allow the preparation

and departure from Piedmontese shores of an expedition avowedly raised against the authority of the king of Naples. From the moment the Sicilian revolt broke out Cavour had thought of sending aid; secretly he gave some assistance to the expedition preparing. But the Sicilian rising failed completely and there were serious risks in letting Garibaldi go. Yet to stop him and his perfervid followers would be difficult, and risks had to be taken, so, after a decisive interview with the king at Bologna, it was decided to let the expedition sail. This meant, of course, that whilst the Liberator and his followers ploughed the waters of the Mediterranean and landed in Sicily, Cavour had to meet the protests of the Powers, of Russia, Prussia and Austria, and not least of France. Napoleon, nervous for Rome, both protested and stopped the arranged withdrawal of the French troops from that city. Even the British Government hesitated before allowing its sympathy with the effort to be clearly seen. Reassured, however, that Cavour was not scheming to gain French support by further cessions of territory, Lord John Russell gave freer rein to his inclinations, which coincided with those of Cavour's friend Sir James Hudson in Turin. Cavour was thereby encouraged to more definite support of the expedition now landed in Sicily, secretly providing money to clothe, equip and transport the reinforcements for Garibaldi in Palermo.

Yet he was far from content to leave the issue in the hands of Garibaldi. However loyal the Dictator himself might be to the king, Cavour distrusted his prudence, and some of the staunchest of his supporters were avowed Mazzinians. So the statesman tried to secure the immediate annexation to Piedmont of the now liberated island, and at the same time did his best to stir up revolt in Naples ere Garibaldi crossed the straits. "We must at all costs," he wrote to the Piedmontese Admiral Persano, "on the one hand prevent Garibaldi from crossing the straits, and on the other excite a revolution in Naples." His activities in Naples had, of course, to be conducted by secret agents. In both these efforts he was unsuccessful. La Farina of the National Society, whom he had sent to the Dictator to urge the annexation of Sicily to freed Italy, was deported by Garibaldi because of the strife his mission caused and because Garibaldi wished to complete his task, *i.e.* to win to Rome, ere

handing over to Victor Emmanuel. And Naples refused to rise alone, looking, as all Europe was looking now, across the narrow strait to Sicily.

Before the end of July Cavour had decided that if Garibaldi alone could move Naples, he must be helped rather than hindered in crossing the straits from Sicily. So he secretly encouraged Garibaldi to cross to the mainland whilst ostensibly opposing the crossing. For there was again, and more acutely, danger of European intervention. If Austria could not intervene to prevent what all Europe knew was imminent, France might do so, as Cavour well knew. There was a breathless moment when it looked as if Napoleon would carry England with him in naval intervention. But the crisis passed; Lord John Russell declared that "no case had been made out for a departure on their part from their general principle of non-intervention"; Napoleon would not interfere alone and so, save for the Neapolitan ships of war, the straits were left free.

But ere Garibaldi set foot on the coveted mainland Cavour had come to a very critical and important decision, perhaps the most important he ever made. Garibaldi had declared his intention of invading the Papal States from the south, Bertani and Mazzini had all the summer been trying to invade them from the north. Invasion either way, whether successful or unsuccessful, would imperil, perhaps even destroy, the whole summer's work. For Napoleon would never allow a revolutionary movement, or indeed any movement, to add Rome itself to Italy. He might, however, give a tacit consent to an effort by the Piedmontese monarchy, provided that effort excluded attack on the Sacred City and the Patrimony of St. Peter around it. There was risk in such an effort, most obviously of Austrian attack from behind whilst the army marched south. That risk had to be taken. But Cavour was correct in his judgment that Napoleon could be persuaded to hold his hand whilst Piedmont "restored order" in Umbria and the Marches, and thus checked a Garibaldian or other invasion, so long as they left Rome and the original Papal State alone. "Act, but act quickly," were the Emperor's parting words to the agents Cavour sent to him in Savoy. "With God's help," said Cavour, when, on their return, a date a week hence had been fixed for the invasion, "Italy will be made before three months are out."

It was Cavour's last and greatest throw. With Britain benevolent and France neutral he was ready to risk Austria. An ultimatum to the Pope demanding the disbanding of his foreign mercenaries was issued on the very day Garibaldi entered Naples. This was followed three days later by the royal army on its march south, Cavour from his eyrie at Turin hoping that they would drive through to Neapolitan territory ere the Liberator completed its conquest. The victory at Castelfidardo and the capture of Ancona opened the way clear to the south, to Rome itself indeed. But Rome lay outside their plans, and meanwhile Garibaldi, unable to advance further against the larger Bourbon army, allowed his loyalty to the Crown to triumph over his personal desires and his distrust of Cavour's policy. Plebiscites in Naples and Sicily brought them into the new Italy under Victor Emmanuel, and votes in Umbria and the Marches testified that there too the people wished for union under the same crown. Italy was made save for Venetia and the remnant of the Papal States—and Rome.

"Without Rome Italy is nothing," said the Tuscan Ricasoli. Cavour had proclaimed his views in a speech of October 1860. "Our destiny, gentlemen, is to bring it about that the Eternal City . . . shall become the splendid capital of the Italian kingdom." He reaffirmed this belief in the first Italian Parliament which met at Turin in February 1861. "Why is it our right, nay, our duty, to request, to insist, that Rome be reunited to Italy? Because without Rome for her capital, Italy cannot be constituted." To Cavour, however, the winning of Rome was more than a problem of acquisition by force or diplomacy, or both. "The Roman question," he had said a little earlier, "cannot be solved by the sword; only moral forces can overcome moral obstacles." The surrender of the temporal power by the Pope was to him part of the solution of a problem which, in a narrower but no less controversial field, had faced him when he first took office—the problem of the relations of Church and State. Cavour's attitude toward and solution of that problem were embodied in his well-known phrase, "A free Church and a free State." His efforts to apply his policy to Piedmont itself had met opposition from both Clericals and Radicals. There was little or no chance that they would be more successful when applied to Rome. The new Turinese

Chamber endorsed his policy enthusiastically, but after some negotiation the Papacy drew back. It is very doubtful indeed whether Cavour could have reached any agreement when so many thorny questions were involved. And for long negotiations he had no time.

For at the end of May 1861 Cavour fell ill, and within a week he was lying dead in the Palazzo Cavour in Turin, where he had been born fifty-one years earlier. Piedmont and Italy were stunned with the blow. Other hands using other methods than his were to complete the task of his life, to add Venice in 1866 and Rome four years later. Certainly there was nothing in the manner of gaining these two places to suggest that Cavour would not have bettered it; and there is much in his career to suggest that he would. But neither in that nor in the longer and more difficult task of fusing the different parts of long-divided Italy into one nation was Cavour to have any part. His achievement was large enough without this. Not Cavour alone made Italy or could have made it. But Cavour, as a biographer puts it, took the stones other men had quarried, stones of all shapes and sizes, and built of them a united Italy. No one questioned at his death and no one has questioned since the greatness of his work. To lead men in heroic adventures or to inspire men with religious idealism was not for him. But neither Garibaldi's heroism nor Mazzini's faith could have made Italy. Statesmanship was needed as well—the capacity not merely to envisage a great purpose but the tenacity to maintain it, the skill to turn everything to account for it, the courage to dare when daring was needed, the ability to recognise what was possible and what was impossible at a given moment; all these Cavour had and supplied in full measure. He was perhaps the greatest statesman of the century. He has but one rival, Bismarck. And to judge by the fruits of their works, Cavour built the better of the two.



BISMARCK'S COAT OF ARMS.

BISMARCK

IN the number of those who changed the political arrangements of Europe in the nineteenth century Bismarck must take the first place. By eight years of unremitting labour he united Germany. Not merely so, but in achieving that he raised her to a dominating position in Europe; he maintained her in that position for the score of years during which he continued to control her destinies; and he gave a turn to the affairs of Europe which had the greatest influence for the next generation at least.

The quality that strikes us most in Bismarck was his strength. The impression is conveyed first of all by his personal appearance: he was well over six feet in height, very strongly built and active, with a round, powerful-looking head, big bushy eyebrows and piercing blue-grey eyes, a broad nose and heavy moustache; in a helmet he looked a fine soldier. His natural expression was rather stern though his voice was surprisingly

gentle; when Disraeli called him an ogre, and Gambetta a monster, they were thinking of his record as much as of his appearance. That record, especially in the first critical eight years of his tenure of office, supports the impression drawn from his appearance. At its best, Bismarck's forcefulness was the fulfilment, with the vigour natural to the man, of the scriptural command on which Schleiermacher had preached when confirming him, "whatsoever ye do, do it heartily." At its other extreme it became a ruthless disregard of any considerations save those of force to secure a desired end for Prussia or Germany. Since he was by nature a frank man, he admitted this on more than one occasion; on the seizure of the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein, he declared bluntly, "the question of the Duchies is not one of right or law but of force, and that we have."

To suggest, however, that Bismarck achieved his ends by brute strength alone would be both unjust and untrue. His appearance, his directness and frankness of speech belied him a little. Force, the army, "blood and iron," he used, but never blindly, rather with the nicely calculated control of a giant steam-hammer, whose great weight is fully available when needed, but which can be checked and regulated to a nicety by the controlling hand, that of Bismarck. In one, perhaps many, of his statues he is represented as a blacksmith forging the unity of Germany, hammer in hand. Yet if in this task he could be hard, ruthless and unscrupulous, on occasion revengeful, he was not without defence for his actions. "I have always," he said in a speech of 1881, "had one compass only, one lode-star by which I have steered: *salus publica*; the welfare of the State. Possibly I have often acted rashly and hastily since I first began my career. But whenever I have had time to think I have always acted according to the question, What is useful, advantageous and right for my Fatherland? I have never been a theorist. The systems which bind and loose parties are for me of secondary importance. The nation comes first, its position in the world and its independence, and above all its organisation along lines that will make it possible for us to draw the free breath of a great nation. . . . For the German Empire and the German nation I demand that they be made free and unassailable. To their creation and growth I have given my entire

strength from the very beginning. If you can point to a single occasion when I have not steered by this compass needle, you may perchance prove that I have erred, but you cannot show that I have for one moment lost sight of the national goal." To estimate the value of this defence, as to understand the man who made it, we must look at his career.

Otto Leopold von Bismarck-Schönhausen was born in 1815, shortly before the battle of Waterloo, and died in 1898. Thus his life filled the nineteenth century, like that of Gladstone, who was born six years earlier to pass away in the same year. The differences between the two great men, in character, opportunity and political work, are so wide that only in the most general terms, if at all, could they be compared: Bismarck had as little sympathy or liking for English Liberalism as Gladstone possessed for Prussian *realpolitik* practised by Bismarck; to say that they were both big men, that they were both pious, and that they both preferred country to town, takes us nowhere.

Bismarck was born in Schönhausen in the Old March of Prussia, west of Berlin. There his family had lived as land-owners for centuries, longer than the Hohenzollerns, as Bismarck remembered sometimes when he was vexed with his ruler. They belonged to the nobility, though not to the richest, and were not specially eminent in any way. As a boy Otto lived on a Pomeranian estate which his family had inherited; what mountain or sea were for others, the wide wooded plains of North Germany were for him. There, hunting, riding, walking, planting or estate managing, he was happiest. When a grateful monarch rewarded his services by grants which enabled him to buy other estates, Varzin and Friedrichsruhe, it was in similar country that he bought them, and to them he escaped whenever he could get away from Berlin. From birth he was rooted in the soil, like one of his well-loved trees.

It was Prussian soil also. In the revival of Prussia against Napoleon a few years before Bismarck's birth, the lead had been taken by men like Stein, who were not Prussians by birth. Bismarck, born in the heart of Old Prussia, was all his life intensely Prussian. The proposal of Frederick William IV in 1848 to merge Prussia in Germany made no appeal to him: on the contrary, "Prussians we are and Prussians we will remain," he declared stoutly. He preferred to merge Germany

in Prussia, and did so in part. And when, after 1870, he became German Chancellor, he gave up neither his Prussian office nor his Prussianness.

Bismarck's early life gave no special promise of greatness. At Göttingen University he earned some distinction, it is true, but it was for boisterousness, high spirits, and disregard for any kind of discipline. He was a member of the crack undergraduate club, the Hannovera, inexhaustibly vigorous and strong, with a head to stand long and deep potations, but no scholar. He appeared to be heading for the army, like any other young squire who sought in life mainly an outlet for physical energy, and was a good drinker and trencherman. Yet he had friends of another kind: Roon, much older than himself, Motley the American historian, Maurice von Blankenburg. And his mother used her influence to keep him out of the army, so that he went from the university into the judicial branch of the Prussian administrative service. But he could develop no liking for so drab a life, and on his mother's death soon afterwards he resigned and retired to the family estates, learning like Cavour the art of estate management as a preliminary to the management of national affairs. With his father's death in 1845 the Schönhausen estate became his, and he moved there. To his work as landlord he added the office of commissioner for dykes, and a reputation for wild behaviour which gained him the title of "the mad squire." He was, in fact, lonely, dissatisfied and bored.

The year 1847, overture to the revolutions of the next spring, marked in more than one way a stage in his life. In the first place he was married to Johanna von Puttkamer, daughter of a neighbouring landowner. This was the beginning of nearly fifty years of unbroken domestic happiness, only broken by her death in 1894. Bismarck's affections were narrowly bestowed but exceedingly deep. On his wife and their children he lavished most of the love in his nature; the king his master had some, and his dogs he loved also; there was not much left for anyone else. His wife took little or no active share in his political life. "I have always felt a mistrust of politicians in long skirts, whether feminine or ecclesiastical," he once remarked with truth. But to her he wrote of almost everything, great matters and small, when they were absent

from each other, from Frankfort, from St. Petersburg, from Paris, on the campaigns of 1866 and 1870. The volume of these letters gives the pleasantest picture we have of Bismarck, full as it is not merely of simple and abiding affection for wife and home, but of crisp and vigorous description of events, places and persons from Moscow to San Sebastian.

It was about this time also that Bismarck found a satisfying religious faith. After long wandering in the wilderness, through the efforts of pious friends he found his way back from rationalism to the Lutheranism of his fathers. Bismarck and Christian piety, or Christian humility, scarcely seem to go together with our conception of the policy he pursued. But in fact there was no humbug in his religion. His belief in the God of Luther was as firm as his belief in Prussia or his king. Indeed it was closely connected therewith. His reverence for the monarchy was in part due to his belief in its divine rightness. The famous phrase, "we Germans fear God and naught else in the world," was a touch of rhetoric to pass an army bill, and not a declaration of faith. But the faith was there all the same, even though Bismarck, like his royal master, was prone to make his God a German deity.

The third significant event of this time was his entry into political life. In this he was contemporaneous with Cavour. But whereas the Italian was to go straight forward and achieve all his work in the next dozen years, for Bismarck there was to be a gap of almost as long between these first political essays and the crisis which, a year after Cavour's death, was to call him to twenty-eight years of unparalleled political activity and success. It was as a member of the United Provincial Diet, called by Frederick William IV after long waiting, that Bismarck went to Berlin in the spring of 1847. In the year following he was elected a member of the Prussian National Assembly which succeeded it, and he was also a member of the belated and futile Union Parliament which met at Erfurt in 1850. With the Frankfort Assembly and attempt at union he had nothing to do.

Throughout these times of acute crisis in Prussia and Germany Bismarck, like his fellow Junker squires, was on the anti-revolutionary side. Though he was not a leader, he early became known as a hard hitter in the Chamber, giving and

expecting no mercy, losing no opportunity of denouncing Liberals and Radicals alike. He helped to found, and wrote for, the Conservative paper, the *Kreuzzeitung*. He adopted the "von" of the nobility to make it clearer where he stood, being indeed, as he later confessed, "a terrible Junker in those days." Radicalism he termed "the putrid yeast of South German anarchism"; in the Frankfort effort at unity he could see no good; it was revolutionary and it would swallow Prussia. The surrender of the March days in Berlin he abominated, shocking the gentle queen of Prussia by the hot way in which he spoke to the king about it. Indeed, so violent was he that his support was rather an embarrassment to Frederick William IV; when the reaction triumphed, and Austria, with Bismarck's approval, recovered her place in Germany (triumphing over Prussia at Olmütz in the process), Bismarck's services were recognised not in Berlin but by his appointment as Prussian representative at the revived Federal Diet in Frankfort.

Bismarck found his position and work in Frankfort rather unattractive. He was bored from lack of occupation. "Frankfort is tiresome to a degree," he wrote to his wife; "life here is nothing more than mutual distrust and espionage. People worry about trivialities. . . . I am making great progress in the art of saying nothing by the use of many words. I write long reports, which read as smoothly as editorials; but if Manteuffel, after reading them, can make out what they are about, it is more than I can. . . . No one would believe how much charlatanism and pomposity are hidden in this diplomacy." Some relief from boredom he found in society, in dancing, in family life, in learning the methods of diplomacy, including the management of the Press, a department which he made peculiarly his own. He also travelled a fair amount during these years. He visited most of the German states, and he found his way to the surrounding countries, to Austria and Hungary, Sweden, Holland and Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, France, Spain and England, of which last country, however, he saw very little. Of Russia he was to see more in due course.

More important than his boredom or his distractions therefrom at Frankfort was the development of his views on the German question. So far he had been Conservative, opposed

to the changes proposed in the year of revolution. In the eight years at Frankfort, followed by three in St. Petersburg and a few months in Paris, he saw what the triumph of the reaction implied, broke with it and with his Conservative tutors, and adopted the views which he was to apply when in office. To his surprised annoyance he found in Frankfort that Prussia, with her seventeen million people, counted very little more than any other petty state in Germany. Austria was all-powerful; even his own letters to his wife were opened by an Austrian official ere they left Frankfort. Bismarck might, in protest, light a cigar at official meetings, or take off his coat in hot weather, as hitherto only the Austrian representative had dared to do, but these gestures of equality meant little so long as Austria had control of the federal Diet. The Austrian delegate complained that "Bismarck believes that Prussia forms the centre of the world." Certainly he objected to seeing Austria so indisputably the centre of Germany. He had envisaged some sort of equality between the two Powers, but finding that a myth, and seeing plainly that Austria had no intention of altering a situation so advantageous to herself, he began to see ahead a struggle with that Power, in which not merely would the inequality of balance be redressed, but the problem of German nationality would be solved. "With Austria's ambitions there is not room for both of us," he wrote to Lewis von Gerlach, the leader of the Prussian Conservatives. "In the long run we can't get on; one or the other will have to give way, and until that is settled we are necessarily hostile to each other." In truth it was less Austria's ambitions than his own for Prussia which made the situation so impossible; but the conclusion, the struggle with Austria, was the important thing. With that in view he was prepared to cultivate good relations not only with Russia, but also with Napoleon III of France, since, as he put it, "policy has no other end than the good of the state." This meant a breach with the Conservatives in Prussia, whose principle Gerlach defined as "the struggle against the revolution," a principle which Bismarck now refused to accept. But of this breach, and of its cause, Prussia and Germany were still as ignorant as they were of the extraordinary powers in this (to them) irreconcilable Junker of Schönhausen,

The three years which followed, when he was Ambassador to Russia, carried Bismarck further along the same path. His transference there in 1859 was meant, as he knew, rather to shelve than to promote him, since the king of Prussia disliked his opposition to Austria. But the move was, in fact, of the greatest advantage to him, for it was during these years that Bismarck secured the good-will of the Czar and of his Minister Gortschakov, which was to be invaluable later. And whilst he disliked the exile from Prussia, he came to see even more clearly from outside Germany the defects of the system existing within. He elaborated his views in a memorial (the Baden Memorial) for the eye of the new king, William I, offering his own services to carry them out. For that he had to wait, however. Meanwhile he preferred Russia to Frankfort, save when he fell ill there, a first serious illness which left its mark on him. But that passed and he cheered up again. "All official matters are changed from thorns to roses here, as compared with Frankfort," he wrote to his wife. "You cannot fail to like the Czar; he is extremely gracious to me." Bismarck took to Russian life, with its privileged, vastly hospitable aristocracy; he liked its spaciousness, its wide estates, the charm of its old cities; he hunted bear and elk like the Nimrod he was by nature; and he smoked innumerable cigars (100,000 was the number he declared a man ought to smoke in his lifetime) whilst he reflected on the political situation.

That situation, so far as Prussia was concerned, appeared rather to worsen than to improve during these years. For there had broken out, in 1860, the struggle over the army law of that year. It was really the issue whether the king or the representatives in Parliament were to control finance, and so policy. The Constitution of Prussia did not provide for such a dispute, and the Crown and the majority in the Lower Chamber of the Prussian Parliament were fast drifting into open war. Meanwhile Bismarck, in the spring of 1862, was moved from Petersburg to Paris, gloomy at the thought that such a move meant a further, and possibly a final, exclusion from politics in Berlin, where the crisis went from bad to worse. But during the summer the situation there grew so bitter that by September King William saw no way out save



BISMARCK.

by abdication. Roon suggested another : to call Bismarck to Berlin. To William this was hardly less desperate and scarcely more agreeable, but so hard pressed was he that he took the advice in the end. Roon's telegram to Bismarck, "Come, the pear is ripe, delay is dangerous," brought him hot-foot from France, and within two days he was appointed Minister-President of Prussia ; he had arrived at last.

To the popular view Bismarck was still the bold reactionary of 1848, a Polignac, called in to fight the Liberals and democrats of the Lower Chamber. But Bismarck, unlike the Bourbon reactionary of 1830, had learnt much if he had forgotten nothing. True, he did not believe in popular or parliamentary government, nor did he regard himself as responsible to the assembly. Since the Constitution allowed a Parliament, he was prepared to recognise its existence ; properly led and in its right place it might even be useful. But he was the king's Minister, appointed by and responsible to him for the conduct of the Government. With much of that government, for example the army, or the conduct of foreign affairs, what he termed a "house of phrases" could have nothing to do ; only where the Constitution definitely allowed could Parliament interfere ; beyond that was the business of the king and his Minister, and if Parliament tried to interfere there he would disregard it. In all this there was not much to choose between Bismarck and any other Conservative the king might have turned to in his extremity. But Bismarck differed from his former friends in two obvious ways. In the first place he was stronger, a better parliamentary fighter, abler, more subtle, less troubled with scruples, more of an opportunist in short. More important still, whereas they put the emphasis on the constitutional issue at home, to him the most decisive questions for Prussia were diplomatic ones, to be settled abroad. Given a free hand here, he would merge, not Prussia in Germany, but the Prussian question in the German one. Abandoning the old alliance with Austria to which they clung, he would not hesitate to ally with revolution abroad, even against Austria if that suited his ends, as indeed it did. So he was to solve the Prussian issue in Germany, as he solved the German question in France. He might be unpopular for a time, as he was, in fact. But

he could afford to wait ; if his policy abroad succeeded, support would come at home.

Yet though he might flout or disregard the Chamber, and take no count of Conservative prejudices, the king could not be treated in that way. On one occasion during the war of 1866, where the king caused great uneasiness to his advisers by his rashness in pressing forward to the hottest part of the battle-field, Bismarck took upon himself, not merely to upbraid his Majesty for so doing, but secretly to prick the royal steed with his spur, driving it on and out of danger. In these early years of office, Bismarck had frequently to apply the spur to his royal master, not indeed to drive him out of danger, but to press him along the road he had marked out for him. He would coax, reason, bully and sulk in turn ; the crowning argument for the simpler, soldier-like monarch was always, Does the interest of Prussia demand this course ? As his subtler-minded Minister was always prepared to meet this argument, he usually got his own way in the end. Later on, when so many of Bismarck's schemes had been crowned with success, William came to trust his Minister far more. He refused to be parted from him, on one occasion answering Bismarck's proffered resignation with an emphatic "Never." The Minister in his own way reciprocated some of this feeling. Whilst he was not above confiding to the British Ambassador how much the Emperor tried him, he recognised some of the debt he owed to his steady support as king and Emperor. The pilgrimage to lay flowers on the grave of his dead master, ere he left Berlin when dismissed in March 1890, was more than a mere formality, or a pointed retort to the young successor who had done what the old ruler would never have done, dispensed with Bismarck's services. "The faithful servant of my master, the Emperor William, king of Prussia," was the epitaph he chose for himself.

From the moment in 1862 when Bismarck took office and was installed in the official residence in the Wilhelmstrasse, his career must be followed in a series of ever-widening circles which came at length to include almost the whole of Europe. Formerly it had been Paris which, as someone said, made all Europe sneeze when she had a cold. After Bismarck had been in office for less than a decade, Berlin, or more properly the

Chancellor, performed the same office. Beginning as Minister-President of Prussia, with the control of foreign affairs thrown in, five years later he became in addition Chancellor of the North German Confederation which he had made. When in 1871 this developed into the German Empire, he naturally became Imperial Chancellor. This office, along with his Prussian offices, he held until his downfall in 1890, save for a brief period when he resigned the Minister-Presidency to Roon. And his power and reputation in Prussia, Germany and Europe grew steadily until it reached far beyond that conferred by these offices, or the title of Prince of the Empire, or the rise in the social hierarchy of landowners which his larger estates gave him, or the countless orders he received. To all men he was Bismarck, the maker of German unity, the bringer of victory over Austria, France and a host of lesser German states, the arbiter of the destinies of Europe.

To follow the Bismarckian progress through these ever-widening seas would mean, as his biographers have found, to write the history of all Germany and most of Europe; only the barest outlines of the story can be given here. We may divide his twenty-eight years of office into two periods, the first and greatest of which extends from September 1862 to the proclamation of the German Empire in January 1871. The second covers the years from 1871 to 1890, when he was getting the new Imperial machine to work, protecting it from menace of attack from without, and striving, not always successfully, to meet the changes of a new age which worshipped other gods than his own. Then followed the last eight years out of office, ending with his death in 1898.

The first period naturally divides into two parts of roughly four years each, the first of which is made up of the struggle with Austria for supremacy in Germany. Bismarck begins, characteristically, not with proposals for change in Germany, but with *rapprochements* with the neighbours whose good-will is necessary for the struggle. He supports Russia in the Polish revolt of 1863; he makes a commercial treaty with France in 1862, and secures the good-will of Napoleon III in the famous interview at Biarritz three years later; with Italy he makes a closer alliance, a military treaty for joint attack on Austria. Meanwhile the breach with Vienna is preparing;

the king of Prussia is prevented from attending a conference called by Austria and attended by all his brother princes in Germany, at which Austria makes her last attempt to revise the terms of the German Confederation; the army is made ready for the war, and the plan of campaign drawn up by the sure hand of the silent Moltke; and finally Austria's effort to secure a reasonable and peaceful solution for the vexed question of the succession to the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein is flouted, and turned into an occasion of war. The Six Weeks' War of 1866 ended, to the amazement of Europe, in the overwhelming Prussian victory of Sadowa (Königgrätz) on July 3rd, accompanied and followed by the triumph of Prussian arms in north and south Germany against those states which had sided with Austria. Thereby Austria was expelled from Germany; Bismarck secured for Prussia both the duchies, and enough North German territory to consolidate her long-strung-out borders from Russia to the Rhine; he banded all North Germany into a confederation under Prussia, and tied the south by military treaties in addition to the bonds of the *Zollverein* already in existence. And having drawn up the Constitution of the North German Bund himself, he became its first Chancellor.

From Sadowa to Sedan four years later the process is no less sure. Bismarck later declared that the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 lay in the logic of history, but it was logic largely of his own making. Without this war, German unity would not have been achieved in anything like so short a time, and Bismarck, knowing this, set himself to hasten the war for the consummation of his task. The Hohenzollern candidature to the Spanish throne provided an invaluable occasion for dispute with the declining empire of Napoleon III, and the folly of the French Government allowed the issue to develop into war. So Bismarck, wearing the white cap, blue tunic with yellow collar, and top boots of a colonel in the Cuirassiers of the Landwehr or militia, accompanied the Prussian legions in their victorious march toward Paris, met the tragic figure of Napoleon III above Sedan, sat outside Paris at Versailles during the siege of the French capital, turned the unwilling king of Prussia into Emperor of a united Germany in the hall at Versailles, and made triumphant peace with a crushed and

headless France. The age of Napoleon III was over, that of Bismarck had begun.

The triumph was personal as well as national. In recognition of this Bismarck became Federal Chancellor of the new Empire, he was made a Prince, he added a new estate, that of Friedrichsruhe in Lauenburg near Hamburg, as a gift from a grateful ruler; the French indemnity paid for it. The old unpopularity was largely swallowed up in the noise of victory. The old king and Emperor, three years older than the century, looked more certainly for guidance to the man whose policy had brought to Prussia triumphs unparalleled since the days of Frederick the Great. There was no rival to his power in Germany, and no Minister in Europe who enjoyed such security of office or wielded such wide powers therein. Sure of his position so long as William lived, he could afford to retire from Berlin and live in the country for long intervals, for over a year on one occasion. Was it any wonder that he grew more autocratic and egotistical? He had never been patient of opposition or criticism, and as the "Iron Chancellor" he liked it less than ever. Interference or insubordination he could not brook, breaking men like von Arnim, branding those who opposed him in the Imperial Parliament as enemies of the Fatherland, and requiring a good deal of humouring by representatives of foreign Powers in Berlin. Implacable in his political dislikes, he was also apt to be forgetful of those whose loyalty deserved his recognition; Bismarck *triumphans* was an awe-inspiring but not a very agreeable person, save to those few whom he really loved.

The nineteen years during which he was Imperial Chancellor were filled with activity for Bismarck, both in Germany and outside it. He was not primarily a constructive statesman in the field of domestic affairs. His phrase, "put Germany in the saddle and she will soon learn to ride," expressed his attitude pretty well. But having created a new state, and being its First Minister, he was necessarily responsible for seeing that horse and rider did not part company. Much of the preparatory work had been done for the North German Confederation, and required but extension to the new Empire. But that was no small or simple matter in itself. The functions of Emperor, Imperial Chancellor, Federal Council and

Federal elected Chamber (the Reichstag) had to be worked out for the federal state and so far as possible harmonised, with no loss of efficiency or power to the executive, *i.e.* to Bismarck. The susceptibilities of the South German states had to be considered. Imperial finance called for continuous attention; codes of law for the Empire were needed, civil, military, criminal and commercial; banks, railways and post-offices had to be given the imperial and federal stamp; the military system had to be extended to take in the southern states. That all this was successfully accomplished in the early years of the Empire was due in part to Bismarck's energy and driving force, in part to the support given him in these years by the party of the National Liberals led by Bennigsen.

It was not accomplished without criticism, or opposition to Bismarck's methods or rule. He had ridden rough-shod over Prussian Liberalism in the 'sixties; but he had by no means put an end to its claims, though he had converted many of its adherents to his own gospel of power. He had, as he later put it, thrown universal suffrage for the Reichstag into the frying-pan of German unity. It did not mix as he had hoped. In addition to some of the old opposition from Prussia, there were new opposition elements from some of the non-Prussian states of Germany, capable of combining against the Chancellor on behalf of parliamentary government, or for some special end, or in protest against his arbitrary methods. Bismarck could, and did, denounce them as partisan, mischievous and anti-German, but he could never entirely ignore or destroy them.

There arose, too, new parties and causes which had to be met. First of these was the Catholic party (the Centrum), led by Windthorst in the Reichstag, and representing in the new-made Empire the revived strength of the Catholic and Ultramontanist claims illustrated by the Decree of Papal Infallibility of 1870. The story of Bismarck's clash with the Catholics, of his attempt to subjugate them by the May Laws, of the long-drawn-out struggle in the Reichstag and the Empire, ending in the partial defeat of the proud Chancellor, who had declared that he would not go to Canossa either in body or in spirit, but wound up by accepting a Papal decoration, withdrawing the laws of proscription against Catholics,

and actually allying with that party in the Reichstag, is too long and complicated to follow here, important as it is for Bismarck's career. Nor can we follow that other struggle, more lasting and no less dangerous, between the Government and the Socialism whose emergence into politics was likewise a sign of the new age. Bismarck fought it at first by repressive measures and by prosecutions, "pig-sticking," he termed it, which rather increased its growth. Then, with more wisdom, he attempted to take the wind out of its sails by social legislation, old-age pensions, sickness insurance, accident liability for employees, measures which made Germany a leader in state-socialist legislation. They did not, however, end Socialism in Germany. And if Bismarck in these measures to some extent anticipated the needs of the new age, here, as in general in domestic affairs, he was the empiricist and strategist, conceding what was necessary for the sake of securing greater strength and freedom in serving ends which were to him larger and more important.

These larger ends concerned Germany's position in Europe. Here he was a more undisputed master, without rival not merely in Germany but also in Europe. His touch was surer here, and though some new factors presented themselves after 1870, as, for example, Balkan developments and the growing demand in Germany for colonies, on the whole he was able to follow a far more steady and continuous policy there than at home. In 1871 Germany was, in the Chancellor's phrase, a "satiated Power," needing time for digestion. Peace was needed for the tasks mentioned above, and Bismarck's primary concern was to secure and maintain that peace. The Empire had been made, however, by successful war, first against Austria, and then against France. One of the wisest things Bismarck had achieved was to check the military triumph over Austria after Sadowa, to secure moderate terms for her, and to do all in his power to heal the breach and win back the old friendship. In this he succeeded.

France was another matter: there had been no softening of the defeat or the triumph there; and there was Alsace-Lorraine. Bismarck could no more prevent France from thinking of the return of the lost provinces than he could check the rapid revival of her strength which brought that

return within thinking distance. He was tempted to invade again ere she got too strong, and "bleed France white," in 1875, but drew back and denied the project when England and Russia protested. In general, since France was not dangerous alone against armed Germany, and Germany was always armed under Bismarck, he bent his energies to seeing that France remained isolated in Europe. Her isolation in 1870, and her unsettled government, made this the easier, as did French colonial rivalries with Italy and England. Thus one side of the shield of Bismarckian diplomacy after 1870 was negative, the avoidance of the "nightmare of coalitions" against the Empire.

The other, positive, side of the shield was the creation and maintenance of good relations, formal alliances, in fact, with the other neighbours of Germany—Austria, Russia and Italy. He began by encouraging fraternal relations between the three Emperors, his own, the Czar, and the Emperor of Austria, relations illustrated by their meetings in the years 1871 and 1872. For a time he was able to drive the team of three, but the task grew more difficult as time went on. The crisis of 1875 shook the good relationship with Russia, and the emergence of a Balkan crisis shortly afterwards, with Russian and Austrian interests in opposition, was still more decisive. Bismarck, who professed not to be interested in the Balkans, had to choose which of the rival Powers to support, and his attitude at the Congress of Berlin left no doubt that he had chosen Austria. This Congress, called to revise the settlement of San Stefano for the Balkan states, showed the place Bismarck had come to occupy in Europe. It met in his capital. Disraeli, himself no mean figure there, reported that "Bismarck soars above all . . . he is a complete despot here, and from the highest to the lowest of the Prussians, and all the permanent foreign diplomacy, tremble at his frown and court most sedulously his smile."

In the following year Bismarck made formal alliance with Austria, and three years later, by a master-stroke, he drew in Italy to turn the Dual into the Triple Alliance. Yet he did not want to give up Russia; in his view a defensive alliance with Austria did not exclude the continuance of good relations with his great Slav neighbour, and 1884 and 1887 saw "Reinsur-

ance" treaties signed with that Power. They represented no small triumph, for the trend of Russian policy by this time was away from Germany and toward France. After Bismarck's downfall both sides of his policy gave way: the isolation of France was ended by the bonds drawn between her and Russia, and later by the *entente* with England. The Triple Alliance lasted, but the Italian side became more insecure and finally gave way in the crisis of 1914. Thus in his own day Bismarck's policy may be said to have succeeded. But in a wider judgment Bismarck helped to bring about the gravitation of the extremes of Europe toward each other against the centre. For he had first made Germany by armed force, and then continued the system by his military alliances, which left no choice for those nations outside his system save to ally and to arm against the central European colossus. And out of this was bred the war of 1914.

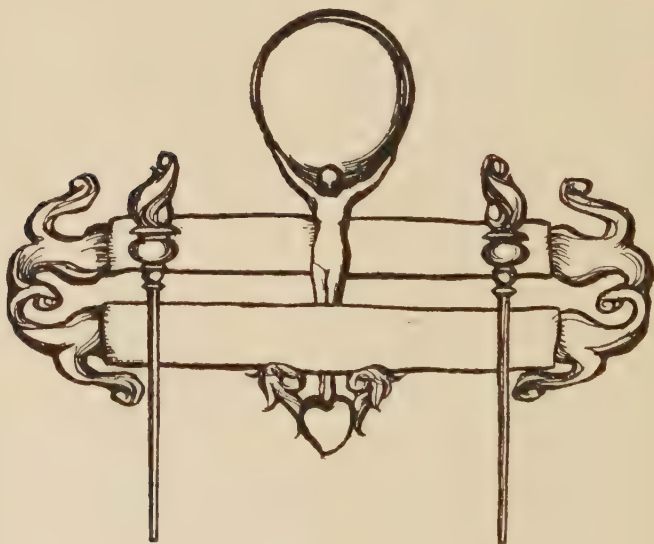
In 1887, when he secured his last reinsurance treaty with Russia, it seemed incredible to think of his supersession. A year later his aged master died, to be followed in a few months by his son, which brought the young William II to the Imperial throne. Bismarck felt strong enough to tell the Czar, in reply to a direct question, "I am absolutely sure of remaining in office all my life." But, as Bismarck himself had likewise said, there are no certainties in politics. Within six months of his declaration to the Czar he was forced to resign by his new master, who wished to guide his own ship, and so, as *Punch* put it, dropped the old pilot. It was, in Hohenlohe's words, a question, "whether the Hohenzollern or the Bismarck dynasty was to rule," rather than a difference of opinion on any particular issue, though differences there were. The blow was startling and its effects immediate. In Berlin, wrote an eye-witness of events, "individuals seem to have grown larger. Formerly the individual was oppressed and restricted by the dominant influence of Prince Bismarck, but now they have all swelled out like sponges placed in water." In Germany, and in Europe, men felt that not merely a man, but an age, had passed.

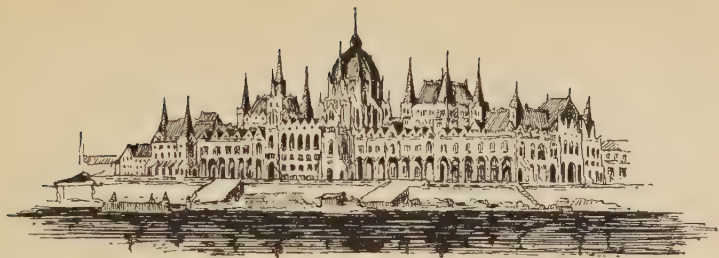
Bismarck himself could scarcely bring himself to believe that the incredible had happened. He had often before retired to the country, but on these occasions he had been followed

by a constant stream of visitors, and the business of Germany and Europe had been settled at Varzin or Friedrichsruhe. Now a rival, Caprivi, occupied his house in the Wilhelmstrasse, and cut down the trees under which Bismarck and the old Emperor had so often walked and talked. Bismarck did not feel so old, though he was seventy-five, but at Varzin he felt as though he were put out to grass like an old and worn-out horse. Since he naturally still possessed a great deal of influence in the country, he allowed himself for a time the luxury of criticism, to work off his spleen against Emperor and Minister. He gave interviews to newspapers hostile to the Government, and let out diplomatic secrets which embarrassed Berlin. He was still powerful enough to disturb the foreign exchange by an interview with a journalist, and the Government was unable to control its anxiety when he journeyed to Vienna for the harmless purpose of seeing the marriage between an Austrian lady and his son Herbert, whom he had trained to be his successor, but who had resigned office with his father.

That stage passed, however. The Emperor was wise enough to avoid making a martyr of his ex-chancellor, and in 1894 took the first step toward a reconciliation. Caprivi went, and his successor, Prince Hohenlohe, was tactful enough to visit the old tyrant at Friedrichsruhe and secure his blessing before entering on his labours as Chancellor. And in this same year the old man had been chastened by a heavy blow to his deepest affections in the death of his wife. Thus the last few years were more tranquil. If they did not attain the full richness of the Victorian sunset, his evening was yet shot through with mellow light, like that which gilded the tops of his oaks and beeches at Friedrichsruhe. There he lived after his wife's death, removed now from the atmosphere of controversy, and becoming for Germany and the world a sort of legendary giant, like that great Frederick Barbarossa of an earlier age, who, men long believed, sate all unchanged and unsleeping in his secret cavern. Bismarck found some occupation, like other great men whose memoirs he had once despised, in writing his own reminiscences, which mirror the man more truly than they do the events he describes. With his children, his physician, and one or two others, and his dogs, about him, he walked and drove about his estate, planted and cared for his

beloved trees, smoked innumerable pipes, or made very occasional visits to the baths at Kissingen. He received visitors graciously; the old pungency, which made Disraeli find his conversation so "appalling from its frankness and audacity," had softened, though he repented nothing of his views. He realised that times were changing, and on seeing the great ships in the harbour of Hamburg about the time of his dismissal, noted that a new era had dawned for Germany. When at length he died on July 30th, 1898, that era had already taken his country some distance along a road Bismarck did not know, and perhaps would not have trodden. Within a score of years after his death the rulers he had raised so high, and who had dismissed him, had fallen into the dust, Prussia and his Empire were shaken to their foundations, and the Europe whose map he knew so well had vanished for ever.





THE HUNGARIAN HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, BUDAPEST.

DEÁK AND THE RECOVERY OF HUNGARIAN FREEDOM

IT may seem presumptuous to include the name of Francis Deák in a list containing those of Cavour and Bismarck. The restoration of Hungarian freedom and self-government after the defeat of 1849 was not a task of the magnitude of those performed by the great statesmen of Piedmont and Prussia. Deák's field of action was narrower. He never held an official position at all comparable to those held by Cavour or Bismarck, in fact his work was done without holding any official position at all. He was not concerned save indirectly with European affairs; he was never more than a name to the Chancelleries of the great nations, to whom his fellow-countryman Kossuth was infinitely better known. Nor was he, like the statesmen of Germany and Italy, maker of a national unity which had not previously existed. He restored but did not create. Like Thiers and Gambetta he went back to 1848 for his standard, though his model was widely different from theirs. Yet if he cannot be placed on the same high level as Bismarck and Cavour, his achievement was considerable enough to give him a place amongst the statesmen of the century. And it may also be said for him that his career was free from some of the blemishes revealed by the fiercer light which beat upon others. He needed not to apologise for any of his public any more than for any of his private actions; he was throughout transparently honest and honourable in the means he adopted to secure his ends. And whilst, as with Bismarck, his creation crashed within half a century, he was less responsible for the defects

which brought that end than the "Blood and Iron" Chancellor. As a man he had something in common with Cavour. He was more fortunate than the Italian in that he lived to see the completion of his work. Though a lawyer there was nothing dry about him; he had, in fact, more personal charm than Cavour. But in the bachelor life he lived in Pest in the 'fifties and 'sixties there is something that reminds us of the way Cavour lived in Turin during the first of these decades.

Neither Deák nor Kossuth were typical members of "the nation of Hussars." Kossuth's radicalism savoured of Paris; Deák's more sober spirit was more akin to the English type of mind. Though Deák never quarrelled with Kossuth—he never quarrelled with anyone if he could help it—he had not a great deal of sympathy for a zeal which was not tempered by his own ruling passion, his reverence for law. He was no born orator as Kossuth was. His appeal was to the reason rather than to the emotions. His gift lay in simple exposition of a subject or a situation, leading his audience step by step to the conclusion he had himself arrived at. The conclusion, when arrived at, seemed to be less his than theirs. That was characteristic of Deák; of ambition for himself he had none; there was no trace of egotism in his nature.

Beyond his reverence for law, and the moderation which marked all his views and actions, he had after 1848 two main and connected political principles. His great aim in life was to secure again for Hungary the degree of independence which had been hers of old, which had been agreed on in the Pragmatic Sanction of 1723, defined and modernised by the laws of 1848, and lost after the failure of the War of Independence in the following year. But bound up with this was his belief in the age-long connection with Austria, chiefly and above all the connection with the Hapsburg monarchy. For Deák was a monarchist as much as he was a lawyer. The principle of "legal continuity" which he championed so ardently meant freedom for Hungary, but freedom under the crown of St. Stephen. Republicanism had no attractions for him. He saw no compelling logic in the view that to secure Hungarian freedom, separation from the Hapsburgs was necessary. When that connection seemed to make Magyar independence impossible, his attitude was expressed in his phrase "we can wait."

Revolution and revolutionary methods he disliked. When in 1848, after the break with Austria had come, he was asked to draw up the appeal to the Hungarian nation he replied, "I do not understand that sort of thing; give me the making of your laws." Yet though he was thus conservative in many ways, he was not afraid of or averse from reform, as his earlier and indeed his later career shows. To that career we must now turn.

Though Deák's main achievement was the famous "Compromise" of 1867, his public career had begun long before. Born in 1803 of an old Magyar family, he found his way to the Diet after a legal training and experience in the County Assemblies. But whereas Kossuth, whose road was similar, was not an elected member of the Diet until 1847, Deák was chosen to the Lower Chamber in 1833. He was thus in time to share, in the Diet, in the growing interest in political and social questions which preceded the year 1848. Deák attached himself to the Liberal or Reforming party, whose main concern at the moment was to improve the condition of the peasantry of Hungary. A sentence from one of his early speeches will illustrate his attitude towards this most numerous but as yet unprivileged class. "That indeed would be an unhappy country," he said, speaking of the burden of compulsory labour on the landlord's estates, "whose institutions should require us to deprive of the very means of existence those to whom all rights have already been denied; to rob of their support those whose sole privilege consists in the permission to eke out a livelihood on the soil of their native country, whose burdens they bear, though they are forbidden to share in its possession." To zeal for the emancipation of the peasants must be added a parallel activity in the cause of legal reform. He drafted a complete new civil code and later a penal code also, which, however, found no favour in the eyes of the pro-Austrian and bureaucratic Government. He supported too, with no better result, proposals for educational reform.

But whilst these early efforts of the Reform party produced little effect, Deák's efforts served to point him out unmistakably as a coming leader of his party, and when the Hungarian Parliament met again in 1840 he was generally recognised as the spokesman of the Liberal Reformers in the Lower House.

These combined with their zeal for reform demands for more freedom for the Hungarian Diet from the control of Vienna. His influence and position may be illustrated from a picture drawn by a contemporary and friend, descriptive of Deák's entry into the political club of his party at a moment when opinion was greatly excited over a feared attack on the freedom of the Diet. We get also a picture of the man.

"At this moment," writes our eye-witness, "there enters the hall a man, still young and of sturdy build; on the broad shoulders and somewhat short neck is set a round head with a face full of *bonhomie* and humour; bushy eyebrows overshadow the grey eyes, twinkling with a mixture half fun, half kindliness. Nothing about him bespeaks the orator. His black clothes are neat, but somewhat old-fashioned; in his hand he carries a stout ivory-handled walking-stick; you might take him for some good citizen of Pressburg, coming to take his daily glass of beer at the *cabaret*. He walks to a couch, settles himself comfortably in the corner, and lights a fresh cigar from the one he has just finished.

"At first he follows the discussion with grave interest; then, as all seem to be waiting for his opinion, he speaks in his turn, expressing himself simply, as though in conversation; in a few words he lays down the subject of the debate, shows the points on which all are agreed, and the end they have in view; points out exactly the means by which success may be attained, the weak side on which the enemy must be attacked, the concessions that may be made, the rights that must be maintained at all costs. He enlivens this exposition—as closely reasoned as the demonstration of a theorem—with homely humour, anecdotes and illustrations. Under this vivid and diffused light, sophisms are exposed, excitement is allayed, the Magyar imagination sobers down. Good sense has spoken, the party has received its instructions; the plan of campaign is drawn out; the members break up and go home to supper. The *bon bourgeois* who thus rules the majority of the sovereign assembly is Francis Deák."

Such was Deák the party leader, and such were his methods of leadership. The laws now passed to turn the Hungarian peasant into a small proprietor free from feudal burdens, the relaxations of the Press censorship, the securing of the release from prison of Kossuth and other political prisoners, testify to the success of these methods, as to his political aims. But in the elections of 1843 Deák found himself unable to accept the seat offered him. He had protested against electoral corruption and violence, and when he learnt that against his wishes both bribery and force had been used to elect him, he felt he had no option but to withdraw. It was a tragedy for Hungary that just when counsels of moderation were needed, Deák was no longer in the Chamber, for example, to use his influence in the agitated debates which resulted in the law that the Magyar tongue only was to be used in the Diet, a law which helped to provoke Croatian feeling strongly against the Magyars.

Yet his place was not lost. In the Diet of 1847, though Kossuth was the most arresting figure, it was Deák, still not a member, who drew up the programme for the Liberal Opposition. This contained, in addition to demands for further reforms (including safeguards for the interests of the non-Magyar peoples in Hungary), the establishment of a Ministry responsible to the Hungarian Chamber in a constitutional manner. So, closes the Manifesto, "a greater unity of interests and a greater degree of confidence being thus established, every part of the Empire would be invigorated and knit together by a common tie, and the united monarchy . . . would be enabled to brave with impunity the storms and convulsions by which it might be hereafter assailed."

Those "storms and convulsions" came in the following year. Deák, whose health had been far from good, was living in the country in retirement—he loved country life far better than politics—when the outburst came. The victory of Hungary in its demand for self-government brought to him naturally enough a call to join the Ministry newly chosen by Batthyany, as Minister of Justice, with Kossuth as colleague in the Ministry of Finance. Here he found ample scope for his moderating influence, for example, in checking extravagant claims on the part of the newly liberated peasants to the land

of the nobles, or in resisting Radical proposals such as that for the confiscation of all religious endowments or for the abolition of state recognition of religion. To the peasant he urged that "generosity is a fine thing, but justice is more, it is a duty." To the Radicals he protested, "we are always saying that 'Liberty, Equality and Fraternity' is the watchword of the century. Was there ever in Europe a more flagrant infringement of individual liberty than in this case? Is it consistent with liberty to try and compel a Church to forgo the exercise of its rights? The Legislature ought not to wound even prejudices, unless forced to do so in the interests of the State; for what we call 'prejudice' is often with the people a sentiment with which their happiness is bound up." He viewed with alarm the jealousy of intolerant nationalism, whether Magyar or Croatian or Serb, which threatened the unity both of Hungary and of Austria.

When the inevitable breach with Vienna approached he was strong for compromise, thankless and ineffectual though any efforts at compromise were almost bound to be. He accompanied the Prime Minister to Schönbrunn in September 1848 to make an appeal to the Emperor himself. He was a member of the deputation to Windischgrätz after the battle of Schwechat which met with the answer, "I do not treat with rebels," and again two months later he went on a similarly futile errand. But after this Deák passed out of sight for a time—he had resigned his office with Batthyany in September 1848. During the war, which in its uneven course filled the larger half of 1849, he lived quietly on his estate in the country. While fully alive to the injustice and lack of faith in Austrian policy toward his country, he could not bring himself to throw over his allegiance to his king. Nor did he possess the qualities needed for revolutionary leadership. The times had gone beyond him and it looked as if, whatever happened, his political career had closed.

In truth, however, his work was just about to begin. In Hungary's dark hour following her defeat Deák proved that he could serve her in other and in the long run more effective ways than with the sword. For the moment there was nothing to do. Hungary lay prostrate. At first she was under martial law administered by Baron Haynau as Commander-in-Chief,

which meant proscription and death, or flight. This was replaced by the rule of the Archduke Albrecht as Viceroy under "Bach's System," which lasted to 1859. To Hungary the "System" meant more and worse than the return to the absolutist bureaucratic rule of Metternich's era. It meant dismemberment by the separation of Transylvania and Croatia, the carving up of the country into five districts, administration by Germans, many of whom could not speak the language of the country, the all-pervading Austrian police and spy system which Lombardy and Venetia had known so well, where "the wearing of a feather, the shape of a hat or the twist of a moustache" made men suspects if not criminals. The March Laws and the Diet had gone down the wind and Hungary was simply a province of Austria, an Austria as reactionary and illiberal as ever in her history. To the bureaucratic control resting on armed force was added the influence of the Catholic Church after the Concordat of 1855. Hungary, as Bach put it, had "nothing to do but obey, be silent and tremble."



DEÁK.

Yet Hungary though defenceless was not entirely without resources or strength. She had the burning memories of her sacrifices during the war, she had the greater unity given by the liberal laws of 1847-48, a unity helped by the oppression she now suffered. And she had Francis Deák. It was in what were for Hungary as for Italy the years of waiting that Deák came to be by 1860 the spokesman of the nation, and by 1867 the national hero whose portrait hung in the cottage

of the peasant as in the political clubs of the Magyar capital. He was, it is true, almost without rivals, for Kossuth was in exile, Batthyany executed and Szechenyi had gone almost insane.

Deák attained this position in a curiously quiet way. He engaged in no conspiracy against Austria, he issued no manifesto, wrote no newspaper articles, made no public speeches, gave no cause of offence to the authorities. But gradually the "Queen of England" hotel in Pest where he now lived, having sold his country estate that he might not be tempted to withdraw thither, became a centre whence hope radiated through the Magyar nation. Deák's popularity with the people was in large measure due to the simplicity, fairness and unselfishness of his character. Children knew him for a friend, and his charitable nature made him an all too easy prey to any appeal to his purse or his time. His political aims were clear and simple enough—he wanted the restoration of the Hungarian Diet and Hungarian self-government within the Empire as defined in 1848. With such a restoration would come, as a matter of course, the restoration of the March Laws. As a corollary to this belief came the view that elsewhere in the Austrian Empire also, harmony could only be secured by a similar grant of liberal institutions. And beyond these aims he had faith in their attainment. The Bach System he believed was bound to destroy itself if given time. If Bach and his bureaucrats could not be converted, the Emperor Francis Joseph might be, which was of more importance. The Empress Elizabeth showed her sympathies by gaining an amnesty for Hungarian exiles when in 1857 she accompanied Francis Joseph on a visit to Hungary.

The year 1859 saw the beginning of the change. Austria was defeated in Italy by the combined forces of Piedmont and Napoleon III: Lombardy, one of the richest provinces of the Empire, was permanently lost. Bach's System had lost one province to the Empire, Kossuth and other exiles were working to produce similar results for Hungary. Bach resigned and the Imperial attitude towards Hungary underwent a change. A Hungarian was invited to become Minister of the Interior; he refused. Hungarians were invited to co-operate in the revision of Bach's Law for municipalities; they also refused.

Hungarians were called to the Privy Council of the Empire; some of them likewise declined to serve. The Emperor went a step further; he issued a "Diploma" or decree in October 1860 which stated that the Emperor gave up for ever the absolute rule of his dominions; henceforth he would rule with the assistance of representatives of the people of the Empire, in local Diets, and in a central council or parliament.

It was now necessary for Hungary to decide whether she would accept this. The occasion showed the place Deák had come to occupy in the minds of his countrymen. "The entire nation," says an observer of the time, "believes that from him alone can it receive the word of command . . . once let him give the word, and all Hungary will obey his voice like one man." Much was at stake, for Hungary would get something by the new law, and by refusing this portion of a loaf might starve for lack of any bread. Deák took the risk of that. Welcoming the evidence of a change of heart and policy at Vienna, he yet saw more danger in acceptance than in refusal. For this offer of 1860 bore no relation to the position Hungary had held and still claimed. So he declared for "recognition of the laws of 1848," and the nation echoed his words. Some men indeed wished to go further and to use the liberty of holding local elections to attack the connection with Austria root and branch. Against this attitude Deák protested.

The importance of Deák's views at this juncture is shown by the fact that he was called to Vienna for a private audience with the Emperor. Nothing came of the interview immediately, but it at least prepared the way for other and more momentous interviews. Meanwhile the elections took place and the Hungarian Diet met, Deák taking his seat for Pest. The royal speech opening the session invited the Diet's co-operation in the new scheme. The irreconcilables wished to reply by a resolution stating that Francis Joseph could not be regarded as king of Hungary until he had been crowned on the terms laid down in 1848 and earlier, followed by an adjournment of the Diet. Deák preferred an Address which would define their attitude, show how impossible it was for Hungary to accept the proposal made them, yet not close the door to further negotiation. He drew up his Address, presented it to the Diet and secured its unanimous adoption, though not

without a hard struggle. This First Address was a state-paper of note. Its main contention was that Hungary could not possibly accept the new law because by so doing she would be destroying her own Constitution as defined by the laws of 1723, 1790 and 1848.

“Sanctioned laws can only be abrogated by the power which brought them into existence. . . . The king of Hungary becomes only by virtue of the act of coronation legal king of Hungary, but the coronation is coupled with certain conditions prescribed by law, the fulfilment of which is indispensably necessary. The maintenance of our constitutional independence, and of the territorial and political integrity of the Diet, the complete restoration of our parliamentary government and our responsible Ministry, and the setting aside of all the still surviving consequences of the absolutist system, are the preliminary conditions which must be carried into effect before deliberation and reconciliation are possible.”

The Imperial reply came in July in the form of a “Rescript” which refused all recognition of the laws of 1848 and insisted on Hungarian acceptance of the Imperial ordinances passed earlier in the year. To this Deák composed a Second Address, likewise unanimously accepted by the Diet. In it, he replied point by point to the Rescript. He showed that “the rights of the country did not owe their origin to the agitation of 1848, but have existed according to older laws. The laws of 1848 have only given the rights of the nation a newer, clearer and more determined form. . . . With regard to the relations between the nation and the sovereign, no new rights were created or established.” Yet even if 1848 had created new rights, these rights would be valid, for “these laws were enacted by the constitutional Legislature, by the common consent of the king and the nation, and are therefore binding until repealed by the same common consent of sovereign and nation.” Yet, goes on the Address, “we have no desire to endanger the existence of the Empire; we do not wish to dissolve the union lawfully existing through the Pragmatic Sanction.” On the other hand, “a forced unity will never make the

Empire strong. . . . If, therefore, your Majesty wishes your Empire to be free and really strong, your Majesty cannot attain that object by a compulsory unity, but by a mutual understanding arrived at through the free consent of the nation." In taking so uncompromising an attitude Deák well knew that Hungary might suffer for the time being. "It may be," closes the Address, "that our country will again pass through hard times, but we cannot avert them at the sacrifice of our duty as citizens. If it is necessary to suffer, the nation will submit to suffering in order to preserve and hand down to future generations that constitutional liberty it has inherited from its forefathers. . . . The nation will suffer, hoping for a better future and trusting in the justice of its cause."

Whilst Hungary had not again to endure the miseries of 1849-50, Deák's fears were in part justified. The Austrian Prime Minister declared the Hungarian Constitution to be forfeited and therefore abolished; the recalcitrant Diet was dissolved at the point of the bayonet and martial law was set up in the counties. Again Deák sat down to wait, as before taking the line that time would correct matters and that meanwhile all illegal action should be avoided. The situation was far more hopeful than a decade earlier. The issues were defined, Hungary was more united behind the Addresses, yet feeling between Hungary and the Empire had lost some of the bitterness left after the War of Independence. The Emperor indeed was not unfriendly. In 1862 he declared an amnesty for all political prisoners in Hungary, and shortly afterwards he declared, "It is my wish to satisfy Hungary not only in material matters but in other respects also." A visit to Budapest shortly afterwards seemed to show further evidence of interest in Hungary's welfare.

The dismissal of Schmerling from the post of Chief Minister of the Empire in 1865 opened the way for new negotiations with Hungary, whose attitude created far the most serious problem the Empire had to face. Deák, in a famous "Easter Article" in a Pest journal in the same year, had appealed to the Emperor to step in where his Ministers had failed and were bound to fail. He followed this up by a series of articles which were accepted in both Austria and Hungary as the

authoritative statement of the Hungarian position and claims. An Imperial order of September 1865 marked a necessary step towards their settlement; it suspended the Constitution of 1861 which Hungary had refused to accept, and restored the provincial Diets. Accordingly the Hungarian Diet met on December 14th, with Deák controlling a large majority of its members. The Emperor himself opened it. But the royal speech showed how far Francis Joseph had still to travel ere he could agree with the views so clearly and insistently voiced by Deák. There followed again an Address controverting the Imperial speech, an equally uncompromising reply by the Crown, and a second Address which showed no more signs of surrender than the first. One step of importance was taken, however, on Deák's motion: the Diet appointed a Committee to discuss how matters where common policy and action for both Austria and Hungary were indispensable, *e.g.* foreign affairs and war, could best be controlled.

It was the solvent of war which gave reality to these discussions and speedy victory to Deák. On June 18th, 1866, Prussia and Italy declared war on Austria. This war of 1866 is primarily important as expelling Austria from Germany and so hastening the union of that country under Prussia, but its effects on the Hungarian issue were no less direct. Had Austria been victorious in Germany it would have meant victory in Hungary also. Deák and his followers refused to weaken Austrian effort by encouraging rebellion or discord within as a few more violent spirits essayed to do, encouraged by Bismarck and the exiles. The speed with which a decision was reached in the war made these efforts negligible. But the crushing Austrian defeat at Königgrätz (Sadowa) had an immediate effect on the Hungarian situation. A few days after the battle Deák was summoned to Vienna. He reached the Imperial palace at midnight, but was at once shown into the presence of the Emperor, who asked him what was to be done now. "Your Majesty," replied Deák, "must first make peace, and then give Hungary her rights." Those rights, Deák declared, were unchanged by the Austrian defeat.

Peace without for the Empire was secured by the Peace of Prague, and then came the effort to secure peace within. The Emperor was still unwilling to go so far as Deák demanded, but

his new Minister, Count Beust from Saxony, declared for a settlement. The difficulty was far from all on one side. The temper and hopes of the Hungarian Diet had risen with Austria's defeat, and the Nationalist opposition party was not now inclined to be conciliatory. It required all Deák's influence to prevent a breach. There were visits of Deák to Vienna, of Beust to Budapest, ere in February 1867 the bases of a settlement were agreed upon. The Hungarian Constitution was restored and a responsible Prime Minister, Count Andrassy, was appointed for Hungary; Deák himself had refused the office. Further, in June the Emperor was crowned king of Hungary with the old formulæ and the old ceremonial. The enthusiasm in Budapest and indeed in all Hungary was unbounded. It was heightened by the grant of a complete amnesty for political prisoners and exiles and by the news of a royal gift for the Hungarian widows and orphans left by the war of 1848-49.

It is not necessary in a sketch of this sort to describe in detail the famous Compromise which set up the Dual System implied in the title Austria-Hungary, and which has lasted down to our own day. As Deák had recognised in setting up the Committee of the Diet in the previous year, more was involved in a final settlement than a simple return to the laws of 1848, which had left unsettled some of the most important issues. The new edifice was in large measure based on the work of that Committee. Briefly, Hungary (with Croatia and Transylvania restored) was to manage her own affairs under the Crown. The control of subjects whose management could not wisely be severed for the two halves of the monarchy—foreign affairs, the army, and the finances therefor—was to be exercised through Ministers for the whole Empire. Over these Ministers, and in particular over their finances, Hungary was to share control by means of a "delegation" from both houses of her Diet, which was to meet with a similar Austrian delegation for discussion of these common subjects. Hungary was to take over thirty per cent. of the common debt.

It is easy to-day, when that settlement has gone to pieces, to see some of its defects, though the fact that it lasted half a century is some testimony to its quality. However satisfactory it might be for Hungary to secure her ancient and

more recently defined rights, and however wise of Austria to grant equality to the eastern half of the Hapsburg dominions, such a settlement could hardly hope to be satisfactory to the various branches of the Slav family in those dominions, or to the Rumanians, all of whom had equally vivid memories of their struggle for self-government in 1848, and who had hoped for some kind of federal settlement for the whole Empire. It was on this rock of Nationalist feeling that the Hungarian effort of 1848 had foundered, and the new settlement was again to founder on it in 1918.

For Deák as the main author of the Dual System two things may be said. First, however superior the federal solution might have been, there was little or no chance of its adoption in 1867. Hardly had the pertinacity of Deák, backed by the Nationalist feeling of Hungary, availed to secure the Compromise. It is safe to say that no statesman of the nineteenth century could have secured more. Further, Deák is not to be held responsible for the Hungarian (much less for the Austrian) policy towards their different nationalities. His words and actions show that he was fully alive to the injustice and the danger of over-riding the legitimate claims of the Croats and other peoples in respect to language and other matters. As we have seen, he was absent from the Diet which passed the most intolerant measures against the non-Magyar groups in Hungary. In his Second Address in 1861 he said, "We know that the constantly developing feeling of nationality deserves respect, and must not be weighed by a measure derived from former times or older laws. We shall not forget that the non-Hungarian inhabitants of Hungary are in every respect citizens of the country, and we are prepared sincerely and readily to secure to them by law whatever their own interests or that of the country demands."

Nor did his actions belie his words. In 1867, when the Croats protested against the settlement, Deák with a sub-Committee of the Diet prepared a bill to secure the rights of the various nationalities in Hungary. This was passed in the following year after discussion with the Croatian Diet. Before this the law which decreed the compulsory use of the Magyar tongue in the county Assemblies was annulled. The Croats, for example, might use their tongue there or in the Hungarian Diet.

Deák lived for nine years after the compromise of 1867. True to his principles and earlier career, he refused all honours or rewards from the Emperor for his services in bringing peace to Austria. He was asked to be Viceroy to crown Francis Joseph as king of Hungary, but refused this and, feeling his age, refused to hold office of any kind. It was not the least of his accomplishments that whilst his influence remained very large and was always at the service of the Government whose existence he had made possible, he was careful not to abuse that influence. The "Deákist" party was large and powerful but, as he put it, "I am not a Deákist, I am only Francis Deák." And plain Francis Deák he remained until his death on January 28th, 1876. At his funeral, to show that he belonged to the whole nation and not to any part, soil from all the fifty-two counties of Hungary was brought for him to be buried in. It was a fitting symbol of the national affection.



MONUMENT TO GAMBETTA, CAHORS.

GAMBETTA

IN 1920, when the Third French Republic celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its birth, associated with that celebration was the name of one man in particular, that of Léon Gambetta. As it happened, the ceremony had to be postponed and was held not on September 4th, but on November 11th, when the body of an unknown soldier from Verdun was buried with the highest honours which France could pay. In solemn procession, the remains of the unknown defender of France, and the heart of Gambetta, brought from his cottage at Les Jardies just outside Paris, where it lay under the bronze presented to him by the grateful people of Alsace-Lorraine, were borne through the crowded streets of the capital. Arrived at the Panthéon, the temple of French Republicanism, a gold casket received the heart of the statesman, M. Millerand made a speech, the Marseillaise was sung, and the procession moved on to the burial of the unknown who had helped to say "They

shall not pass" at Verdun. It made a profoundly moving spectacle.

It was a happy accident which thus united the memory of Gambetta so intimately with that of the latest defenders of the Republic. For the first and deepest memory of Gambetta is of his work in rousing France to defend herself in 1870, stirring the provinces with his words, which rang like a trumpet-call, labouring with inexhaustible energy to check the tide of German invasion. Had Gambetta done no more than he then accomplished, he would have deserved well of his country. But in connecting his name with the celebration of the fiftieth birthday of the Republic, more than this was implied. He not merely defended France, he did more than any other man to ensure that out of the turmoil of defeat and the crash of the Empire there should emerge the Republic. And it was Gambetta again who made it clear that the new Republic was to be a democracy, and who laid down the broad dominating principles upon which its future was to be based. So it was as Patriot, Tribune and Statesman that Gambetta took his part in the celebrations of Armistice Day, 1920.

Léon Michel Gambetta was born on April 2nd, 1838, in Cahors, north of Toulouse, the son of a small shopkeeper there. His family had migrated a generation earlier from the coast of the Gulf of Genoa, where they had been seafaring folk. So the boy was part Italian, and by law had the choice of nationality when he grew up; he chose the land of his birth. But just as the Empress Eugénie could claim to be twice Catholic, once French and once Spanish, so Gambetta was twice Latin, once French and once Italian. As his biographer puts it, "Genoese, Gascon and Cahorsin—such was Gambetta. Genoa gave him adaptability, charm and talent; Gascony gave him dash, daring and natural eloquence; Cahors gave him his tenacious will." Léon (he dropped the name Michel) began life with no advantages of birth, wealth or position; his mother, like any other shopkeeper's wife of Cahors, went bare-headed to market until her son was one of the best known men in France. Whilst Léon grew up physically strong, he had an illness as a child which later helped to shorten his life; and he lost the sight of his right eye by an accident. When the question of a career arose, his father wished his only son to go

into the family business. But his mother had greater ambitions for him, and the boy himself, after an early passion for sailing, had likewise developed ideas which looked for their fulfilment far beyond the little shop in Cahors. He had shown ability in school; and he had shown also, as a boy during the events of 1848-51, an unusually passionate interest in politics; at twelve years of age he detested the Empire. After much consultation, with the local mayor giving sound advice, it was decided that Léon should study law.

So the young Gambetta, like many a southerner before him, travelled to Paris, carrying in his knapsack much good advice from his parents, boundless ambition, and a very little money. During the four years before he was called to the Bar, and indeed afterwards, he was in fact very poor, living meagrely on the small allowance which was all his father could afford him, but looked after with unflinching devotion latterly by his "Aunt Tata." Throughout his life Gambetta was not concerned to make money, just as he was careless about his clothes. Slowly in the years after 1861, when he began to practise, there came relief from actual poverty, and later, largely by the exertions of his friends and the success of his newspaper, he was assured of a large enough income for his comparatively simple needs.

During these years of study and early practice, Gambetta's interests were two: politics and law. There was little room for political life in the Second Empire as it existed when Gambetta reached Paris, but the young man needed no conversion to be a republican and consequently a bitter critic of the Empire. He was in time to share in the revival of political interest and the rise of a real opposition to the Government of Napoleon III. In the talk and endless argument of the cafés he found his tongue and poured out upon his hearers passionate floods of rhetoric, making a name for himself there as an uncompromising republican. He became known to the few republican politicians—Favre, Picard, Ollivier and one or two more—who sustained the unequal fight in the Chamber, and he spent much time in listening to the debates there. Having discovered that he could speak, by 1863 he was busy electioneering for the Opposition in the provinces.

But however politics might draw him, he was as yet an

advocate seeking to make a name, and the place to do that was, of course, the courts. His provincial accent notwithstanding, he made good progress, and by 1863 could write home to his father, "I am getting into my stride." Already the leaders at the bar in Paris had marked him out as one who would do great things there. Yet for a time, the more since he had no influence, he had to take what work came his way, and wait for a chance to make a reputation. It was the Baudin case (November 1868) which brought him before Paris and France at one bound. Baudin, a deputy of the Assembly in 1851, had been killed in the fighting at the time of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*. For seventeen years he had been forgotten, but now, as opposition to the Empire rose again, his memory was revived; his long-neglected grave was sought out and decorated with flowers, and a subscription begun to raise a monument to his memory as a republican martyr. The police authorities replied by arresting the editors of the newspapers which supported the project, as "exciting hatred and contempt for the Government." In the trials which followed, Gambetta defended Delescluze, one of the accused. His method would not agree with our ideas of a barrister's defence of his client, and it was not likely to be effective with a judge of the Second Empire; but it told politically and it made the reputation of its author. Gambetta turned his defence into an arraignment of the Second Empire from start to finish, growing more violent as the judge tried to stop him. The Empire, he reminded the court, had never dared to make a festival day of December 2nd, the day of its creation as of Baudin's death, despite the example of earlier Governments from 1789 onwards. This day Gambetta and his republican friends would take: "we take it for our own, and we will celebrate it always, unceasingly, every year; it shall be the festival of our dead, until the day when the country shall once more be master, and shall subject you to a great national expiation in the name of liberty, equality and fraternity." Someone who heard him at this time said of him, "he is not merely a man, he is a force. We listened half stupefied, our hearts stood still."

The decline of the Empire made this force effective in politics. Gambetta's fame spread throughout France and in the elections of 1869 he was chosen for both Paris and Mar-

seilles, in the latter place, for which he took his seat, defeating the great Thiers himself. It was in the spring of 1870 that he made a name in the Chamber, by a speech on the proposal for a plebiscite, by which the Empire hoped for a new lease of life from the peasants of France. In July, when the crisis with Prussia became acute, Gambetta opposed the policy which threatened to plunge the country into war. But once that war had begun, he supported the national cause with all his power. On September 3rd the news of Sedan reached Paris, and at once precipitated a crisis. In the Proclamation of the Republic next day Gambetta played a leading part; he used what influence he had to control the mob which flooded into the Palais Bourbon where the deputies met; when this effort failed, he ascended the tribune and read out a form of deposition for the Empire. Then, like Lamartine in 1848, he proceeded to the Hôtel de Ville, and with Favre and other republicans helped to set up a Provisional Government to carry on the war. In that Government he was appointed Minister of the Interior.

In the history of France for the next six months the name of Gambetta stands above those of all other Frenchmen. His hour came when, after Paris had been invested on September 17th, he was chosen to go to Tours to represent the Government in Paris over the rest of France. His journey was dramatic enough: he travelled by balloon, nearly coming down within the German lines; he was shot at from all sides, and drifted out of his way, in the end to come down near Amiens. He reached Tours on October 9th, and from that date until his resignation after the armistice in February of next year, this young man of two-and-thirty governed France, except Paris and those parts occupied by the enemy. Within a fortnight of his arrival in Tours he was Minister of War as well as of the Interior, and the combination made him, what he was in fact, a Minister of National Defence, whose task was to save France.

Into that task he threw himself with all his heart and soul and body. It was, in fact, his greatest achievement that in the hour of supreme danger, and even when the war seemed hopelessly lost, he aroused a passionate faith in the possibility of resistance; refusing to believe that all was lost, though

Emperor and armies had been swallowed up, and Paris besieged, he revived the faith of France in herself: by proclamations, by letters, by speeches, by journeys, and above all by incessant labour, he swept the provinces into the struggle against the invader. His call to arms rang across the hills and valleys of France like the call to the Crusades many hundred years earlier; for Gambetta the cause was no less holy, for France was his religion, whose sacred places had fallen into enemy hands.

He began his labours by putting an end to the symptoms of division which the collapse of the Empire and the failure in the field had allowed to appear. With that he combined the task of securing loyalty to the new Government in Paris. This well begun, he turned to the war. We know now, with our experience of the late war, what labour is involved in making armies in a hurry. Gambetta's task was similar to ours, though his resources were far more limited, since the capital, half the country, and the whole military organisation were lacking to him. Nevertheless he made his armies, organised them, supplied them with rifles, artillery and ammunition, raised the necessary technical services, provided them with maps, and put them into the field. He could not make veterans of them in a few weeks, of course, nor could he entirely overcome the deficiency of trained commanders. But all that human energy and devotion could do he accomplished during those few months. His zeal sometimes ran away with him and made him interfere with the actual conduct of the campaign, for which he has not escaped criticism.

In any case it was impossible, at least after the fall of Metz (October 23rd) had released 180,000 German soldiers, either to turn the tide of the war or to save Paris. Gambetta's Army of the Loire had some successes: the victory at Coulmiers (November 9th), by which Orleans was recovered, has been called the greatest French success during the whole war. But it proved impossible to follow up the success, or even to hold Orleans, the key position to the Loire, though Gambetta thought more could have been done to clear the way towards Paris. He did not lose heart even when Orleans was evacuated again on December 4th. "I will make head against the storm. Not for an instant have I dreamt of despair," he wrote

to the Government in Paris. So with Chanzy on the Loire and Bourbaki sent east to relieve Belfort, he struggled for a time, despite the bad weather and the inexperienced troops.

It was the Government in Paris which ended the war, by the armistice of January 28th, 1871. The day before, Gambetta had written to Favre there that if Paris surrendered, the country would go on. "We must continue the war until we are rid of the enemy—that is the task before us." But the armistice had been made for the whole of France, except, by an error, for that eastern corner where Bourbaki's army, now hemmed in, had to choose between surrender or crossing the frontier into Switzerland. This was a blow to Gambetta. Another followed. The armistice had provided for free elections. Gambetta, being concerned with elections as Minister of the Interior, issued a decree on his own account prohibiting the candidature of anyone who had held office during the Empire. Bismarck protested, the Government in Paris annulled the decree, rightly it must be admitted, and Gambetta indignantly resigned. "I have played my part: there is nothing for me to do now but to retire." He was filled with the sense of having failed where success was possible. Looking back half a century later, we may see that the failure was inevitable, but that Gambetta's effort was far from being so fruitless as he thought in his despair.

He had one more duty before he withdrew from the scene. In the new National Assembly he was chosen for ten departments, and chose to sit for the Lower Rhine in Alsace. At the end of February, Thiers returned to the Assembly in Bordeaux with the terms of peace offered by Bismarck. When, on March 1st, the Assembly voted for those terms, ceding Alsace-Lorraine to the foreigner, the oldest representative for the lost territory rose in his place in the Assembly and read a protest. It had been drawn up by Gambetta, and for the next half-century was to be almost as well known in France as Lincoln's Gettysburg speech in America. It declared flatly that a treaty which disposed of the provinces without their consent was "null and void." It went on:

"The vindication of our rights will always remain open to each and all of us in the manner and to the degree

dictated by our consciences. As we withdraw from this place where our dignity will no longer allow us to sit, the supreme thought in our hearts, despite the bitterness of our sorrow, is the thought of gratitude toward those who for six months have wrought unceasingly in our defence, and of unchangeable devotion to our country from which we are thus forcibly torn away.

“We shall follow you with our affection, and, with complete confidence in the future, will await until France rises again to fulfil her glorious destiny.”

This duty accomplished, Gambetta resigned his seat and withdrew to San Sebastian in Spain to recuperate health and spirits, both worn down by the intensity of his recent labours. He had aged ten years in half as many months; already at thirty-three his hair was greying, and he had the look of a man in middle age. Yet his illness and withdrawal saved him from any share in the tragic episode of the Paris Commune, which was something. For four months he remained in exile, silent. In June he yielded to the urgings of his friends to return to political life, accepting a nomination for a bye-election to the Chamber, and making a speech at Bordeaux on June 26th which gave his party a programme.

Certainly France in 1871 needed the ability of all her sons. Defeated, her territory occupied, condemned to pay a large indemnity, her armies dissipated, her defences shattered, her finances seriously damaged, her Empire gone and no Government lawfully established in its place, the blood of her own children on her hands from the Commune, her place in Europe lost irretrievably: the future was gloomy in the extreme. In one very important matter it was also most uncertain. A provisional republic had been declared in Paris in September 1870, as we have seen, but the new Assembly, called primarily to declare for war or peace, contained a monarchical majority. There were Legitimists hoping for a return to the Bourbon line in the person of the Comte de Chambord; there were Orleanists to press the claims of the sons of Louis Philippe; and there were Bonapartists who by no means regarded the day of the Empire as over. Who could say what form of government would be set up? There were republicans, of

course, and the head of the Assembly, the veteran Thiers, was coming round to a republican solution. But it was by no means certain that the Assembly would see eye to eye with Thiers, in fact the contrary began to be more likely once the peace was made.

That out of this welter of defeat and confusion the Third Republic finally emerged was due above all to Thiers and Gambetta. It is not to minimise the share of the older man in that issue to say that the outstanding influence for the Republic was that of Gambetta. To him the Republic was already made; it needed, however, to be organised and its members educated in their duties as citizens. During the next few years, indeed for the remainder of his life, Gambetta laboured for this in three ways: by the Press, by speeches through France, and by his work in the Chamber.

It was in this year 1871 that Gambetta and some of his friends established a newspaper, *La République Française*, in Paris. Through its columns Gambetta spoke to France as Cavour had spoken to Piedmont in his famous paper *Il Risorgimento*. After the death of his aunt, Gambetta lived in the house containing the offices of the paper. There each night he delivered himself of his views on the political situation, and his words were taken down and shaped into articles to appear in next day's edition of the paper. This was one way of preaching republicanism to France.

More characteristic, and better known perhaps, was the way in which Gambetta made speeches all over France. It was not merely that he was a great orator, with a power which no contemporary could rival of moving a vast audience, or of coining a phrase which would at once pass into the currency of political speech. It was in part the novelty of the spectacle which impressed people. Oddly enough the man who preceded Gambetta in this practice was the man he most abhorred, Louis Napoleon; for both believed that power rested in the people, though the one drew from that basis the Empire, the other the Republic. Whenever the Assembly was not sitting during these years, Gambetta might be found in different parts of France—at St. Quentin, at Angers, at Grenoble, on the new Alsatian frontier, preaching the gospel of republicanism. He preached particularly to the labouring classes,



GAMBETTA.

whose entry into politics he recognised and welcomed. With no compromise on the main issue, he preached moderation, coolness and practicality. The Republican party must educate itself and France in the duties of good citizenship, once the Republic had been established. First among those duties lay naturally, for Gambetta, devotion to France. His good citizen must be prepared not merely to vote but also to fight. Nor was Gambetta thinking solely of defence. He was still the spokesman of Alsace-Lorraine, and despite his own phrase, "think of it always but never speak of it," the thought of the recovery of the lost provinces was ever in his mind. Gambetta never separated his republicanism from his patriotism :

"France in all her glory, France under the auspices of the Republic, once more at the head of civilisation, offering to the world her legions of artists and workmen, of peasants, traders and professional men—yes, it is worth while to belong to that France, and there is no man who would not be proud to say, in his turn, 'I am a French citizen.' But there is another France I cherish no less, another France just as dear to me—the France that has been vanquished, overwhelmed, humbled in the dust. Yes, I adore that France as a mother; it is to that France that we must sacrifice our lives, our love of self, our personal enjoyment; it is of that France that we must say, 'Where France is, there is our country.'"

He did not preach without criticism, mainly in the Chamber, where he was called a demagogue, a pot-house orator, and motions were made to inquire into his proceedings. One critic accused him of going about like a commercial traveller, a phrase which provoked one of his most effective retorts. "That is true enough," he admitted, "I travel for the democracy: I hold a commission from the people. If I believe any government but a republic to be fatal for my country it is my bounden duty to say so. That is my mission. I will fulfil it, come what may."

In the National Assembly Gambetta sat on the left, in a corner seat from which he could overlook the whole house. He was not on the extreme left, for he differed fundamentally

with Louis Blanc and his Socialist allies there. For a time he lost no opportunity of arguing, and not without reason, that the Assembly had no mandate to make a Constitution, as it had been elected merely to decide the question of war or peace. But as he saw that the Assembly was determined to give France a Constitution, and as the bye-elections went decidedly for the republicans, he changed his attitude—he was never afraid of so doing—and strove with might and main to secure a republican solution from the tangle of conflicting views and ambitions represented in the Assembly.

The general course of events by which, after four years, the National Assembly with its majority of monarchists made the Third Republic lies outside our scope. With the lengthy negotiations between the Bourbons and the Orleanists Gambetta was, of course, not concerned, though he naturally rejoiced at their failure. He was rather opposed to Thiers at first, because of his earlier record and his peace-making, but the two men gravitated toward each other as time went on, and Thiers supported the Republic more openly on the ground that "it divides us least." Gambetta aided Thiers in the reorganisation of the army; he supported the motion thanking the aged statesman for liberating French soil from the German army of occupation in September 1873; and it was Gambetta who inspired, if he did not actually make, the interruption to an orator of the Conservative Right who was boasting of what the Assembly had accomplished, by pointing to Thiers and shouting, "There is the liberator of our country," a cry which roused the whole Chamber to a spontaneous cheering of the little old man who sat there with the sudden tears streaming down his face. Gambetta's worst enemies were the Bonapartists. When Rouher, their leader, tried to defend the Empire, Gambetta roared at him, "Mexico has you in its grip; Mexico is dogging your heels. Mexico, by the eternal Nemesis of events, has wreaked a just vengeance on all who have risked the honour and the greatness of their country in that nefarious enterprise." This was in 1872. Two years later his wrath had not abated, and after another such recriminatory episode in the Chamber, Gambetta was assaulted by a Bonapartist outside. A similar altercation later on led to a duel, in which neither Gambetta nor his opponent was hurt.

Slowly the sky cleared and the unwilling monarchists in their jealousy of each other allowed the Republic to be made. On January 29th, 1875, a motion which would in effect have constituted the Republic was lost, and Gambetta and his party were in despair. But next day the famous Wallon amendment, which achieved this by a different form of words, was passed by one vote (353 to 352), and the republicans were jubilant. They had reason, for the Republic was within hailing distance, and its rivals had disappeared. With little delay there followed in February the laws organising the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies we know to-day, defining their powers and the position of the President and so forth. The Republic was not merely constituted but organised. Its structure was not yet completed and it remained to be seen how it would work. But in name and in fact France was a Republic, as Gambetta had hoped ever since he began to think about politics at all.

After the four years of making came the four years of trial. Put briefly, the issue in these four years was whether the Republic was to be a parliamentary democracy or not. Was the vote of the majority in the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate to decide, or could the President of the Republic (Marshal MacMahon) override such a vote, or appeal to the country against it when he thought fit? This was not settled in 1875. It was, again, due above all to Gambetta that the question was settled by the victory of Parliament. From the first he had no doubt about the result, once the people of France had grasped what was at stake. In a speech at Lille he put this clearly: "When the authority to which all must bow shall have spoken, no one will make bold to deny it. Believe me, when these millions of peasants, workmen and employers, the electors of the free land of France, have made their choice between the alternatives submitted . . . no one will say them nay, whatever his rank in the political or administrative hierarchy. Take it from me, gentlemen, when once France has lifted up her sovereign voice, there will be no course possible save to give way or to give up."

This speech at Lille was one of many Gambetta delivered in different parts of France during these years. In this, in his newspaper, and in the new Chamber of Deputies he was as

active as ever. As a republican teacher he had to explain the new Constitution to the people of France. He had to explain why, having opposed a Second Chamber, he now supported the new Senate. He did so characteristically, in a phrase which has become famous, in a speech to the working men of the Paris district which he now represented. The Senate, he argued, would not be a stronghold of birth and wealth, since it was to be elected, though indirectly, by the peasantry of France. It would rather unite the whole country and be "the Grand Council of the Communes of France." His faith was justified to some extent when the senatorial elections of 1878-79 returned a majority of republicans to the Upper Chamber. They had already secured a majority in the Chamber of Deputies as early as 1876, in the first election held under the new Constitution. The decisive conflict came in 1877, when MacMahon, defeated in the Chamber of Deputies, appealed to the country. The people of France gave their verdict as Gambetta had predicted, and MacMahon, after carrying on for a little over a year, resigned from a position which had become insupportable for him; in Gambetta's phrase, he "gave up." With that resignation in January 1879, and the succession to the Presidency of Jules Grévy, a republican of long standing, the first great struggle as to the interpretation of the Constitution was over: the Republic, for good or ill, was to be a democratic one.

This victory marks the close of Gambetta's constructive work in the making of the Third Republic. The three years or more that followed were in the nature of an epilogue. We might have expected that since Gambetta and his party had triumphed, he would be called on to form a Ministry. Yet neither in 1877 nor in 1879 was Gambetta asked to do this. A complete explanation would take us deeper into the intricacies of the French Constitution and French politics than we can afford to go. This much is clear: so long as MacMahon was President, Gambetta would never be called on to form a Ministry, for MacMahon was not merely a conservative and a monarchist, he was also a devout Catholic, and Gambetta had come out strongly against the political influence of the Catholic Church. "There is one thing," he said in the Chamber of Deputies during the crisis of 1877, "no less

abhorrent to this country than the old regime, and that is to see clericalism in the saddle. I am only voicing the sentiments of the French people when I repeat what my friend Peyrat once said : Clericalism, that is the enemy." The death of Thiers in September 1877 also decreased the chance of Gambetta's being called to office. Grévy did not like Gambetta, and instead of asking him to form a Ministry in 1879 he proposed Gambetta for the Presidency of the Chamber of Deputies. It was a high office, particularly in the early days of the Chamber's life, and perhaps it was wisest that he should go there. He had made enemies inevitably; the republican party itself was already split into groups of which Gambetta's was only one, and the policy of "opportunism" by which Gambetta had gained his ends had not escaped criticism even among his followers. When Gambetta finally came to form a Ministry in November 1881, it lasted but two months and a half. Ironically nicknamed the "Great Ministry," it was doomed from the start. The moderate republicans could not or would not forget how Gambetta had appealed to the "mob" by his speeches through France, and so would not join him. The extremists could not forgive his compromise with the moderates, and even with the royalists, in forming a republic which seemed half a monarchy, and which included a Second Chamber. Time was to prove the soundness of Gambetta's willingness to compromise, but time was the one thing he was not to have.

Bismarck is reported to have said in 1878 that Gambetta would not last long. "He perpetually overdrives himself. He rests neither night nor day. At night he works on his newspaper, during the day he is either in the Chamber, or on some Committee, or travelling in the provinces making speeches, or abroad striving to form alliances for France." Since to Bismarck Gambetta was the most dangerous man in France, we may imagine that the Chancellor's speculations on his health were not entirely disinterested; but they were not untrue. Gambetta had achieved a great deal in ten years, but not without cost to his health. Men remarked that he was ageing rapidly, and when he finally became Prime Minister of France, he found the strain very considerable. After the downfall of his Ministry early in 1882 his physical powers showed a

visible decline, though his interest in affairs was as keen as ever. One day late in November of the same year he accidentally shot himself in the hand whilst unloading a revolver, and though the wound appeared to heal, complications set in, and on December 31st, 1882, he died, at the age of forty-four. At his death Paris and France forgot for a moment the feuds of which he had been the centre, and the man whose republicanism was his religion was buried with the honours of a king.

If in these last years of Gambetta's life the enmities which he had aroused seemed to bulk larger than his friendships, it would be a great mistake to regard him as ending his career in loneliness. He had no lack of friends, supporters and champions, both in his political and his private life, though for Gambetta politics left little room for much else. Yet there was room for romance, as the story of Gambetta and Léonie Léon shows. Starting from admiration for his speeches in the Chamber, their acquaintance ripened into deep and abiding affection. She was a devout Catholic, and could not for a long time bring herself to marry an anti-clerical, but that did not prevent her becoming and remaining the greatest influence of his later years. To her he wrote completely of all that happened to or interested him, and from her he received advice, encouragement and, when he needed it, consolation. It was for her that he bought the little cottage of Les Jardies between Paris and Versailles, where his heart rested until 1920, and it was there the happiest days of his life were spent.

It is as a great patriot that Gambetta appeals to us most of all. In this, as in his oratory, he reminds us of Danton, like himself not an orator of the finished literary kind, but moving men through the extraordinary fire and passion he possessed. In the days at Tours Gambetta had shown that he had a capacity for organisation, and in the struggle for the Republic he displayed a good deal of political strategy, nay more, of statecraft. He was not merely capable of dealing with present problems, he foresaw more clearly than most Frenchmen the future problems and tendencies of the Third Republic. Nor was his view confined to domestic affairs. He had come into power in an international crisis, and for the next ten years much of his thought and effort were occupied with the problems raised by the defeat of France and her isolation in Europe. Germany

he visited several times; he engaged in indirect negotiations with "the Monster," as he called Bismarck, more than once, and he may have seen him on one occasion. Bismarck did not dislike Gambetta's radicalism, since that helped to prevent any alliance between France and Russia; but he knew that Gambetta never for a moment accepted the loss of Alsace-Lorraine as final, and tried to discredit him by declaring that as Prime Minister of France Gambetta "would act upon the nerves of Europe like a man beating a drum in a sick-room." In general, Gambetta's efforts were directed toward the building up of alliances and good relations abroad, to end the isolation of France. "Never break off the alliance with the English," he said in one of his last speeches in the Chamber, long before that alliance was actually made. Beyond this he looked for future alliance with Russia and Austria, and to the establishment of closer relations between the Latin nations, France, Italy and Spain. By these means, and by the rise of the Slav Danubian nationalities which he foresaw, the menacing supremacy of Germany in Europe would be lessened. And then might come the fulfilment of his nearest and dearest hope, the regaining of the stolen provinces of Alsace-Lorraine. In a speech at Cherbourg in 1880 which caused a great stir, he put this hope into words. "We may have a full restitution if it be based upon right; we or our children can look forward to it, for no power on earth can say to any man, 'Thou shalt not hope.' . . . We, who have seen France fall so low, must raise her to her feet and restore her to her rightful place in the world. If our hearts beat, it is to reach this goal, and not to pursue an ideal of blood and slaughter; it is to ensure that not one jot of the France that remains shall be lost; it is to feel that we can count upon the future, to know whether, here below, there is an immanent justice in things that will come on its appointed day and at its appointed hour."

NOTE ON BOOKS

THE following books in English will be found of value for further reading :—

I. HISTORIES.—

C. A. Fyffe, *History of Modern Europe*, 1792–1878, continued by Gooch ; C. Seignobos, *Political History of Contemporary Europe* ; Fueter, *World History*, 1815–1920 ; Emile Bourgeois, *History of Modern France* ; Bolton King, *History of Italian Unity* ; W. H. Dawson, *The German Empire*, 1867–1914 ; H. Wickham-Steed, *The Hapsburg Monarchy* ; C. E. Maurice, *The Revolutionary Movement of 1848–49*.

2. BIOGRAPHIES.—

G. A. C. Sandeman, *Metternich* ; Bolton King, *Mazzini* ; E. Hinkley, *Mazzini* ; H. R. Whitehouse, *Lamartine* ; G. M. Trevelyan, *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic*, *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, *Garibaldi and the Making of Italy* ; P. Guedalla, *The Second Empire* ; F. A. Simpson, *The Rise of Louis Napoleon* ; *Louis Napoleon and the Recovery of France* ; E. L. H. Martinengo-Cesaresco, *Cavour* ; P. Orsi, *Cavour* ; Robertson, *Bismarck* ; Otto Bismarck, *Reflections and Reminiscences* ; Forster, *Deak* ; Deschanel, *Gambetta* ; Stannard, *Gambetta*.

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